PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1978 $2.00

SPECIAL ISSUE

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE

INCLUDING NOTIONS ON INTERSTELLAR LUST, ROBOT LIB, DEATH AFTER DEATH, FUTURE CARS, 1985 BY ANTHONY BURGESS, COSMIC CENSORSHIP, A CHAT WITH LEONARD NIMOY, PREVIEW OF THE 1ST SPACE-AGE MAGAZINE, AND SEX WITH A DOLPHIN

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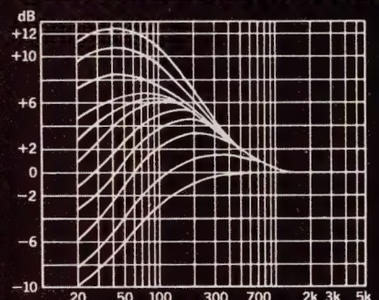
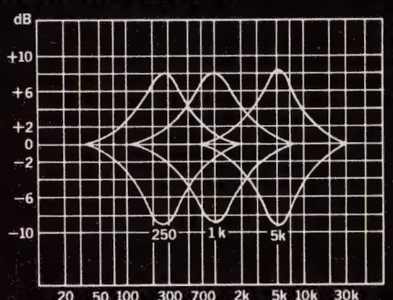
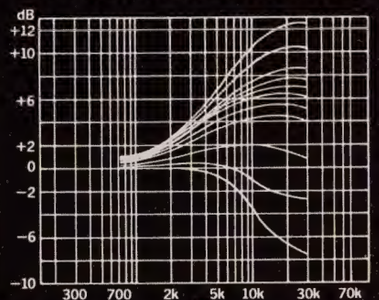


Bass Control characteristics (Low Boost: On)



Midrange Control characteristics (variable range)



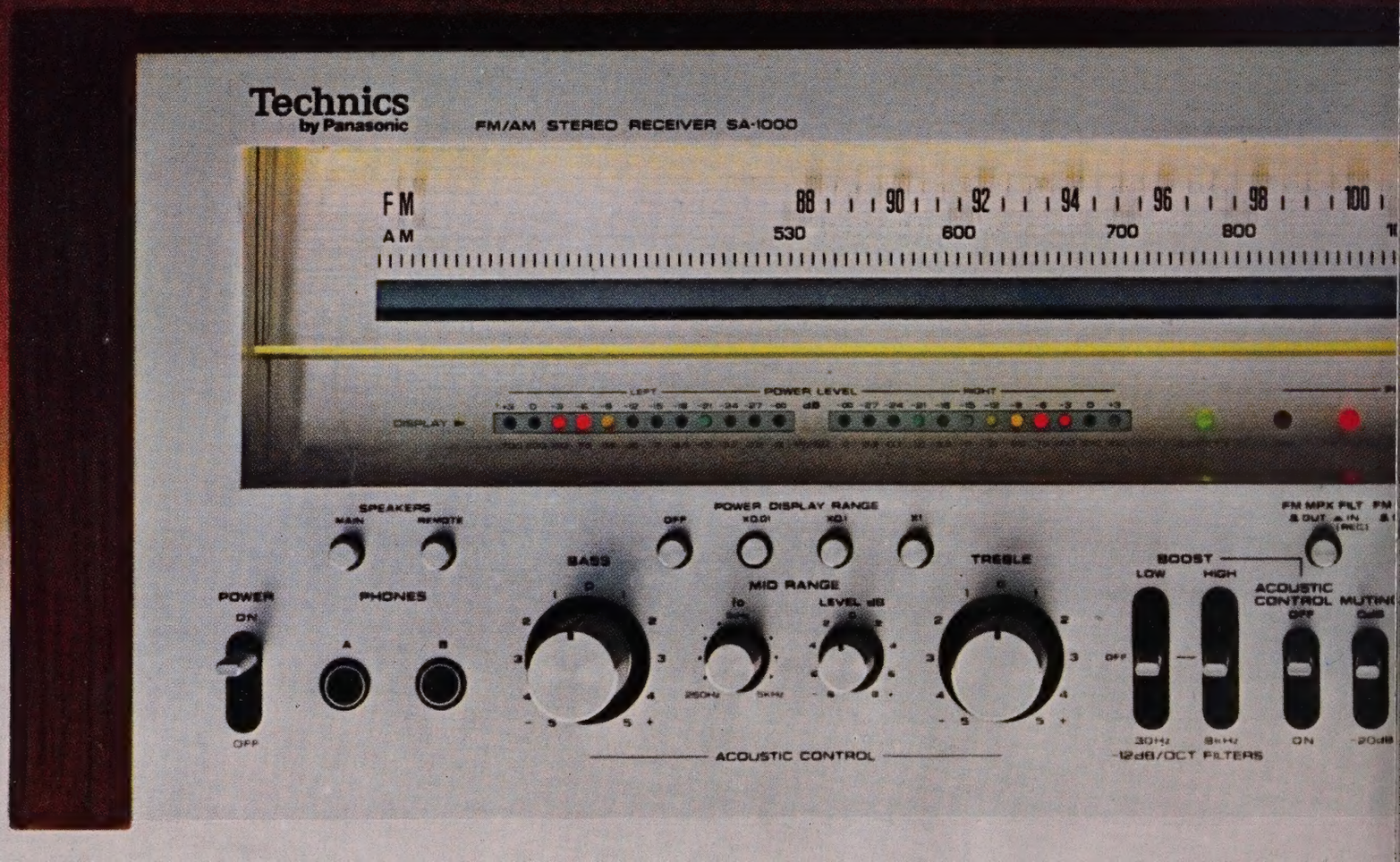
Treble Control characteristics (High Boost: On)

Still, you expect the unexpected from Technics and with Acoustic Control that's just what you get. With the low-boost switch and the bass control, you can accentuate drums and bass instruments with a minimum of boominess. Or use the treble high-boost switch to bring out the brilliance in both vocals and instrumentals by boosting the frequencies starting at 2 kHz, all the way up to 30 kHz.

You can also decrease the bass response starting at 100 Hz, or attenuate high-frequency response, thereby suppressing hiss and other noise. And with the SA-1000 shown below, there's a midrange control with a variable center frequency adjustment. So you can isolate any frequency between 250 Hz and 5 kHz. Then boost or attenuate it, according to your needs.

Still, you don't have to buy our most powerful receiver to get our most sophisticated circuitry. Because every Technics receiver has direct coupling, conservatively rated power supply capacitors, current mirror loading

Big power with little distortion from Technics isn't news. Acoustic Control is.



from the desk of

MARIANNE HOWATSON

Advertising Director

PENTHOUSE magazine continually provides its readers with a focus on the future. The magazine reflects the new attitudes and values that first stimulate young readers and then spread to other segments of the population. Moreover, the magazine concentrates on investigative journalism, disclosing political, social, and economic headlines that later break in the newsweeklies or the daily newspapers.

In the October issue the editors have paid special attention to the future. Included in the articles are a glimpse of the sizable, $2 billion industry of science fiction, a prediction that computers will supplant man as the next form of life, and a report contending that the government systematically suppresses evidence verifying the existence of UFOs. This specific emphasis on the future—of science fact, fiction, and prediction—is all part of our new publication OMNI, which debuts in September.

The October issue of PENTHOUSE takes another step into the future with the actual production of the magazine. This issue is the first to feature the expanded gravure section that we brought to your attention earlier this summer. The gravure section has been increased to eighty pages, and advertisers are already taking advantage of the quality benefits this printing process offers.

PENTHOUSE feels very strongly that the expanded use of gravure is the future direction of the printing industry. We think that you will agree that the extra effort on the part of the advertiser or the advertising agency in supplying material specifically prepared for the gravure process is worthwhile, because the process ensures the highest standard of print quality. It should be noted, too, that the use of gravure ads in PENTHOUSE enables the advertiser to appear in the main editorial section of the magazine.

With competition ever so keen for the consumer dollar, advertisers are always looking for new and better ways of ensuring the maximum impact of their advertising message. The use of the gravure section in PENTHOUSE is one relatively simple way advertisers can increase their efforts to win the attention of the readers.

The advertisers will, of course, reap great rewards. The audience that PENTHOUSE reaches is young, involved, educated, and affluent. They are the prime consumers of a wide variety of products and services, and they pay attention to the advertising in PENTHOUSE. We have recently received the STARCH READERSHIP ADNORMS for ads measured in the 1976 and 1977 issues of PENTHOUSE and other publications. The ADNORMS clearly show that the scores for PENTHOUSE are often higher than those for Playboy, Time, Newsweek, and Sports Illustrated (based on percent noted averages for ads, within product classification, of the same size and color combinations).

PENTHOUSE has subscribed to individual Starch reports for several years. This is the first time, however, that our score averages appear in the ADNORMS report, and we are quite pleased with our standing. If you are interested in receiving a detailed analysis of the PENTHOUSE scores compared with those of the other publications mentioned, please contact your PENTHOUSE sales representative, the PENTHOUSE research director, or me. We shall be pleased to pass the results along to you.

Sincerely,

Marianne Howatson

Marianne Howatson

PENTHOUSE

More than just a pretty face

October 1978

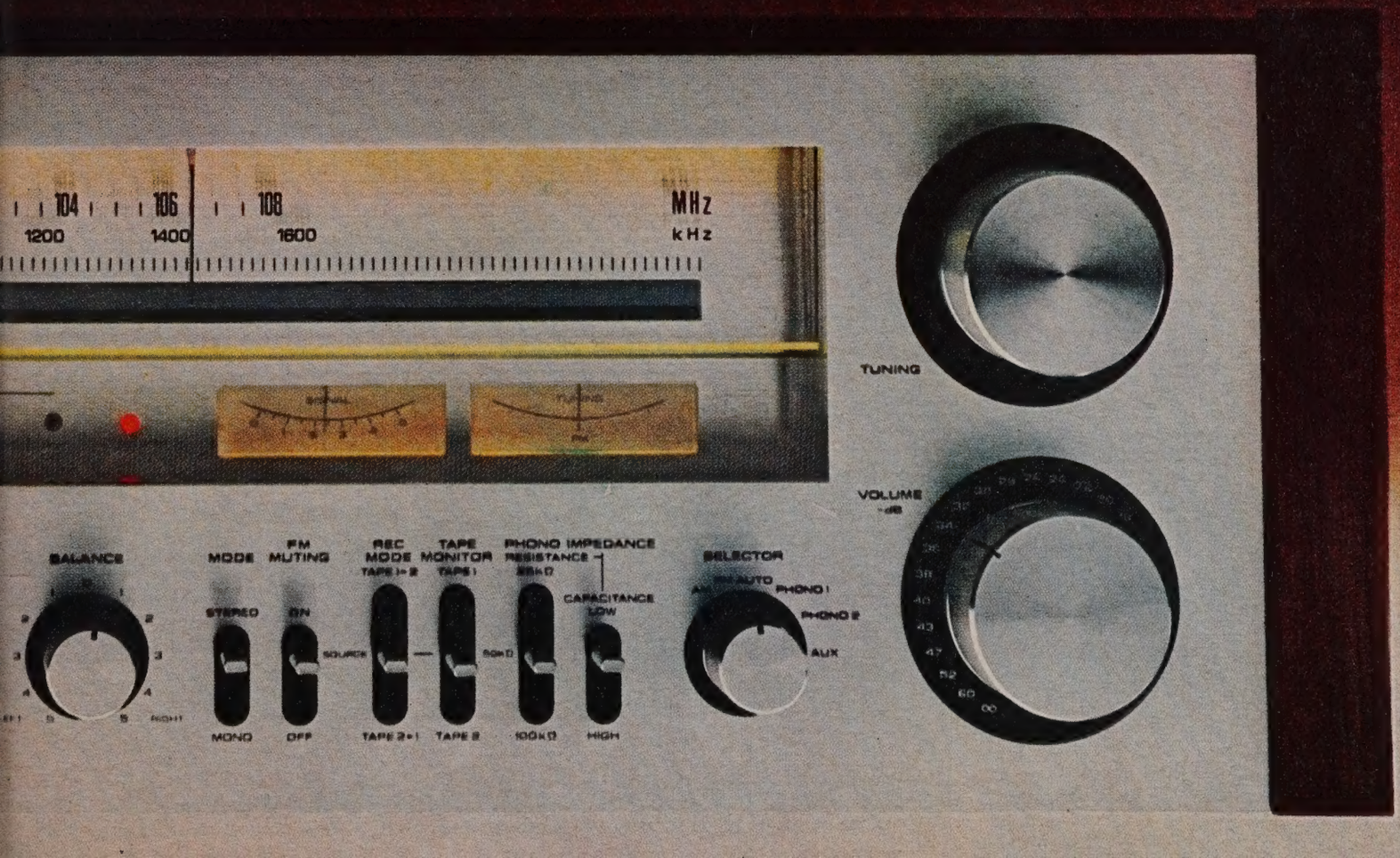
Technics

and single-packaged matched-pair dual transistors. They all add up to one thing: An amplifier that's clean and stable even under the most demanding dynamic conditions.

All your records will love the phono equalizer section in every Technics receiver. Because they all boast super-quiet S/N ratios, an extremely wide frequency response and an overload-resistant phono pre-amp.

For outstanding performance on FM, even from an overcrowded band or a marginal signal, every Technics receiver has Phase Locked Loop IC's, flat-group delay filters and a frequency response that's both flat and wide. And with LED power level indicators, your eyes can see what your ears will hear. Because Technics separated each channel's indicators into individual power levels—from as low as 0.3 watt to as high as 700 watts. And what's more, at the flick of a range switch, the indicators will read up to 100 times the actual power generated. With far greater accuracy than conventional mechanical meters.

Technics new receivers. Big power with little distortion as well as outstanding performance isn't news from Technics. Giving you more ways to control it, is.



PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/October 1978

Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*

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PENTHOUSE, 1978, U.S. Volume 10, Number 2. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by Comag, Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE.

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Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required.

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Subscriptions: U.S., AFO—$20.00 one year; Canada and elsewhere—$26.00 one year. Single copies $2.00 in U.S., Canada, and AFO ($2.50 December and January issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: *New York*: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest*: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601; Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast*: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067; *U.K.*: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York.

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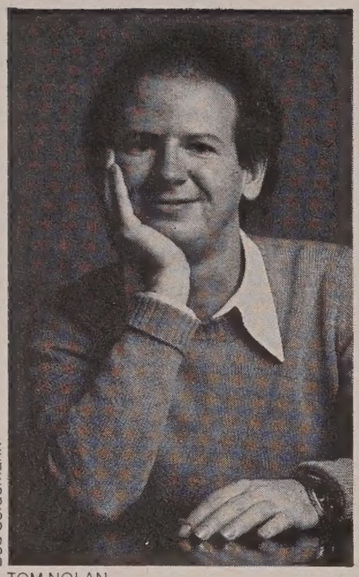

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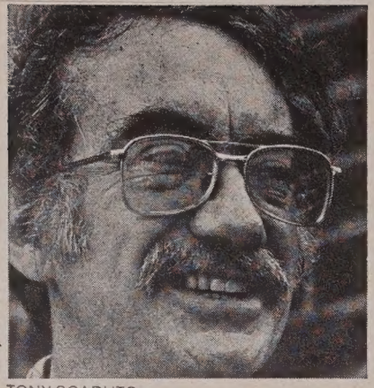

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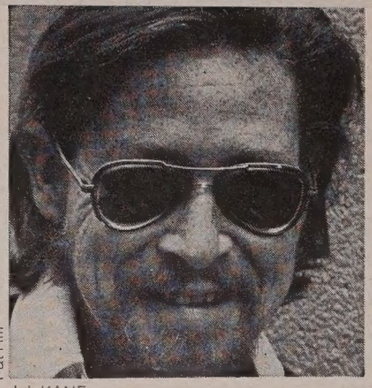

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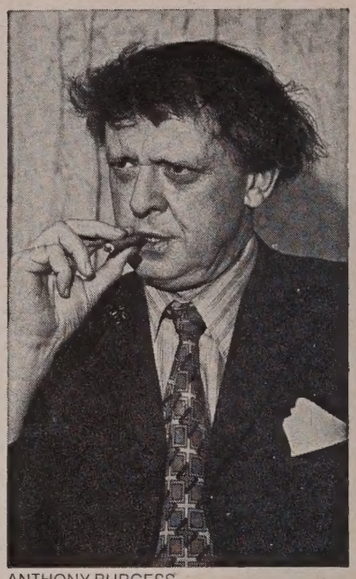


ANTHONY BURGESS

EARL MILLER AND SYDNEY LAURAN

HOUSECALL

The future, as inscrutable as it is compelling, normally provides the setting for most science fiction, which helps to explain why this one-time fringe-cult genre has become a sophisticated $2 billion-a-year escapist industry. Science fiction in every form—films, music, books, gadgets, and television—has become the subject of unerring commercial exploitation. In "Science-Fiction Fever" (page 62), free-lance journalist **Tom Nolan** reports that by the end of next year, the sale of *Star Wars* memorabilia *alone* will total $220 million. Nolan also talks with such masters as Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury about what constitutes true science fiction and listens to other longtime critics and enthusiasts who trace the history of the art from its pulp origins to its present-day glossy respectability.

Because technology is now advancing at such a breakneck speed, factual science has become as wondrously incredible as the fictional kind. *Penthouse* contributor **Richard Ballad** interviews **Dr. Robert Jastrow**, who is director of NASA's Institute for Space Studies and whose predictions about the future illustrate this merger of fact and fantasy. For example, Jastrow feels certain that human life will eventually be supplanted by forms of computerized "silicon intelligence" not unlike *Star Wars*' R2D2 or the "Hal" of Stanley Kubrick's *2001*. It may seem unlikely to most of us, but Jastrow points out that such computers have increased in capacity by a power of ten every seven years since 1950. "Man, on the other hand," he observes, "hasn't changed in a long time."

As to whether such computers will ever feel anything resembling human emotions, that is still speculative at best—a hypothetical but interesting subject explored by **Bob Schneider**, a free-lance writer and mixed-media artist, in "Robot Lib" (page 88). Within thirty years, some scientists forecast, robots will have replaced a third of the human labor force. Schneider maintains that no matter how efficient present-day robots may seem, they are still drones. ("They lack panache," he complains. "They're as versatile as galoshes and as personable as a microwave oven.") But many of the experts whom Schneider interviewed insist that computerized metal men of the future will have developed a quasi-human sensibility. Freed from the social and psychological burdens of having to provide food, shelter, and other "squishy protoplasmic" necessities, they could in fact go on to become "more human than we are; they could even disinherit the animal in us."

Such conflicting opinions merely stoke the furnaces of scientific inquiry, and few of these controversies are as heated as the UFO debate. In "Cosmic Censorship" (page 92) investigative journalist **Tony Scaduto** contends that since the Cold War scare of the fifties, our government has systematically suppressed evidence verifying the existence of UFOs. This cosmic Watergate is supposedly designed to keep the American public ignorant in order to avoid mass panic. Another reason given is that old familiar standby, "national security." As a result, we've been conned into believing that most UFO reports can be explained away as natural phenomena, hallucinations, or hoaxes. Even Jimmy Carter claimed that he himself had seen a UFO, and he promised to open all government files on the subject to the public. We're still waiting, of course. In any event, it's time for our elected officials to stop the stonewalling and end what Dr. J. Allen Hynek, a noted UFO expert, calls our persistent "it-can't-be-therefore-it-isn't approach."

On a somewhat lighter level, who knows more about UFOs than **Leonard Nimoy**, the actor who portrayed the pointy-eared, linear-minded Mr. Spock on the "Star Trek" television series? In "A Conversation with Leonard Nimoy" (page 190), West Coast regular **Robert Kaiser** talks with Nimoy about his new career as a writer and a poet, about the "mass tribal celebrations" that "Star Trek" conventions have become, and about the joys and problems of being typecast in such an indelible and enduring way. (At one convention, the adoring Trekkies gave Nimoy such a resounding ovation that he intoned, "You're a very emotional group of humans.")

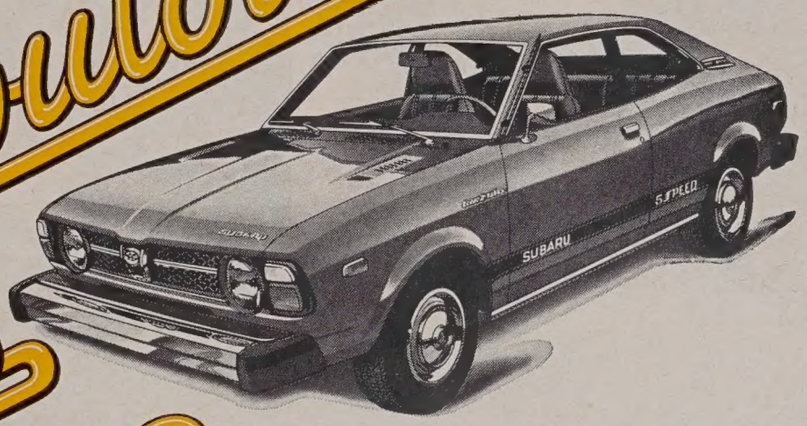
Another emotional group of humans is the one whose breathless life-after-death testimonials have spawned a number of books on the subject and a flurry of consternation among believers and nonbelievers. In "Death after Death" (page 116) humorist **J. J. Kane** satirizes such intimations of immortality. While he's at it, Kane (who describes himself as a free-lance writer with a special interest in death) also pokes fun at pop culture, the magazine business, and the plight of all-too-mortal wordsmiths like himself. His object, he tells us, is to make his readers die laughing.

Anthony Burgess, the distinguished social critic, novelist, and author of *Clockwork Orange*, exemplifies science-fiction writing at its finest. Our fiction selection, "1985," is excerpted from Burgess's long-awaited novel of the same name. Burgess foresees an England one year after George Orwell's vision of 1984: the country is owned by Arabs, labor unions have become barbaric hordes, books like *The Carpetbaggers* are considered great literature, and, in order to survive, intellectual rebels are forced to practice the violence they despise.

When you're in the mood for more whimsical future fantasies, you'll enjoy the close encounter in "Lust in Space" (page 72), produced and photographed by *Penthouse* staff photographer **Earl Miller**, with set and wardrobe designed by **Sydney Lauran**. Our lucky protagonist finds himself marooned on a distant planet, where two alien (but friendly) young things make him welcome indeed. Our other Pets, as usual, could easily compete in any Miss Universe pageant on any planet, although we're glad they're on this one!

And since there is no time like the future, this special issue also contains a nine-page, sneak preview of *Omni*—the world's first spage age magazine. *Omni* will combine science fact, fiction, and fantasy, providing a unique insight into the tantalizing world of the future. *Omni* goes on sale nationally on September 14. Buy it, or people everywhere will hate you.

Subaru Announces The Fabulous Fifties



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*1978 EPA test estimates. Actual mileage may vary due to the way you drive, driving conditions, condition of car and optional equipment.
This vehicle not available in California. †In Conn., it's 1-800-822-6500

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1 .4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1 .3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cemented friendship

I never thought that I would be writing to *Penthouse* until the other day, when an incident happened to me that I would like to share with you. I read *Penthouse* every month and especially enjoy the "Forum" letters.

I'm a straight male, twenty-one, and enjoy sex with my girl friend very much. Well, the other night, my best friend—whom I'll call Sam—was out riding around with me. Having nothing else to do, Sam and I decided to go to his house and party for a while. (His mother was out of town.) We got there, fired a few joints, and drank some liquor. I was getting pretty fucked up, so instead of driving home, I decided to stay with Sam and sleep it off. I'd done this several times over the years, but this night was different.

We went to bed, listening to the stereo and talking about pussy. Pretty soon I had a tremendous hard-on, and Sam did, too. I slipped my hand into my underwear and was fondling my dick a little, hoping Sam wouldn't notice. To my surprise, he did. He rolled over to me, slipped my underwear down, and started masturbating me. I didn't know what to do, but I was feeling awfully good, and it made me incredibly horny to think that Sam was doing this and not my girl friend.

Then Sam stopped masturbating me and, more to my surprise, proceeded to give me a hell of a blowjob. He took all of my cock into his mouth and rolled his tongue around on the head of my dick. He then started licking my balls and my ass hole. Then he went back to sucking my cock, and I couldn't control it any longer—I shot my load into his mouth, and he swallowed every drop.

I had now lost control of myself. I told him to lie back and relax and then went down on him and gave him head until he came in my mouth and I swallowed it. By then I had another hard-on. Sam saw this, went to the bathroom, and came back with some Vaseline. He proceeded to grease my cock and then got down on all fours. I mounted him from behind, put my cock up his ass, and proceeded to fuck him until I came a second time. It was, I might add, fantastic. I grabbed the Vaseline, greased Sam's cock, and got on all fours. His cock is only about four inches long, but it still hurt a little, and I couldn't have taken it if it had been any longer. Sam fucked me in the ass until he lost his load again. The warm come felt good up my ass hole.

After we got into bed and smoked another joint, I started touching Sam's cock again and got another hard-on. We got into a sixty-nine position, gave each other a long and slow "blow," and both came about the same time. By then we were so worn out that we fell asleep.

I had never been to bed with a man before this, but now, occasionally, when we have nothing else to do, we get fucked up and sleep together. We're thinking about springing it on our girl friends and trying a foursome!—*Name and address withheld*

Tootsie roll

I'm twenty-six years old and very experienced in sexual matters. In the four years that I've been reading your magazine, I've read many articles about those people whom you call "foot fetishists."

I first discovered myself to be one of those people when my wife and I were sitting in bed after a nice, enjoyable fuck. We were both watching television in the nude. Then I noticed a funny look in her eye when I scratched my balls, and I attained a slight erection from the look she gave me. I knew that in her mind there lurked the idea that I wanted more excitement.

Soon she positioned herself into what became a sixty-nine position, her warm mouth engulfing my now-erect penis, her round ass and tight, pink pussy in my face. I put my tongue inside her pussy, the smell and taste of her love juices exciting me even more. Her mouth then came off my throbbing cock, and she told me to reach over to her night table and get her vibrator. I did so, and she rewarded me by putting her mouth back on my cock. I inserted the vibrator inside her pussy and turned it on. She then lifted her feet and covered my face with them. Her toes were now on my lips. I smelled and kissed her feet, and soon I was in a state of ecstasy. I began to kiss her toes and soon came to an orgasm that proved to be the most enjoyable of my life.

I am sure the woman you are with will be able to provide you with just such intense orgasms. There is nothing quite like having your dick sucked off while you kiss her feet and feel her tits caressing your stomach. Every orgasm I have had since then was as ecstatic as the one I have just described to you. I request that you put more feet into your pictorials, because I think there are a lot of men like me.—*S.H.*

Rear-entry romance

I was just sitting and reading your magazine, and I've decided I would like to tell you

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. *West Coast:* Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067. Tel. (213) 277-7125. *U.K. & Europe* (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England. Tel. 01-262-0331. Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8737 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel. 01-385-6181. Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)

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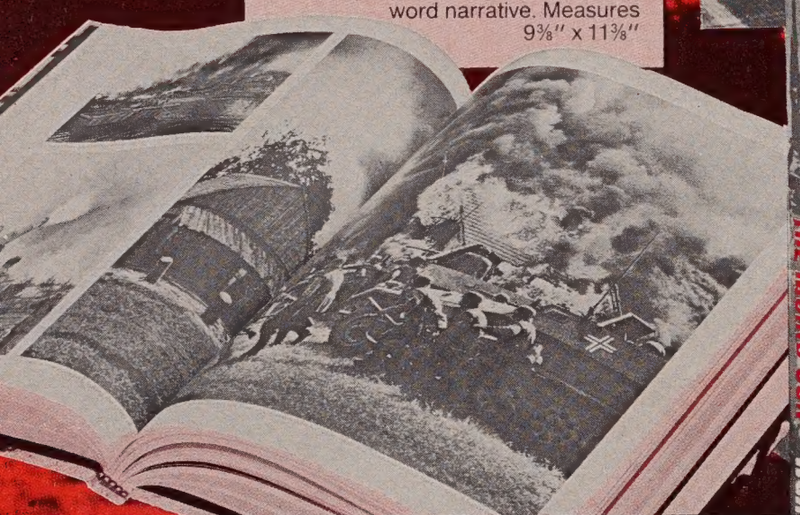

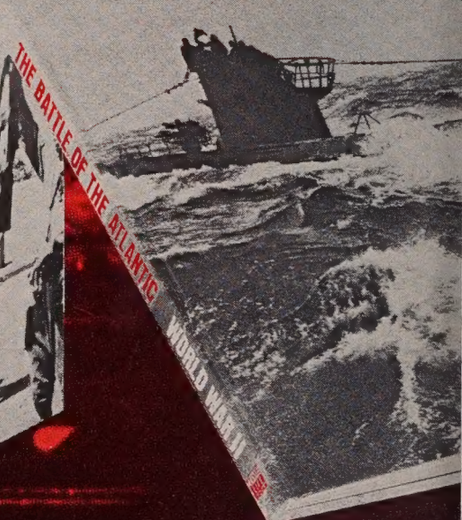

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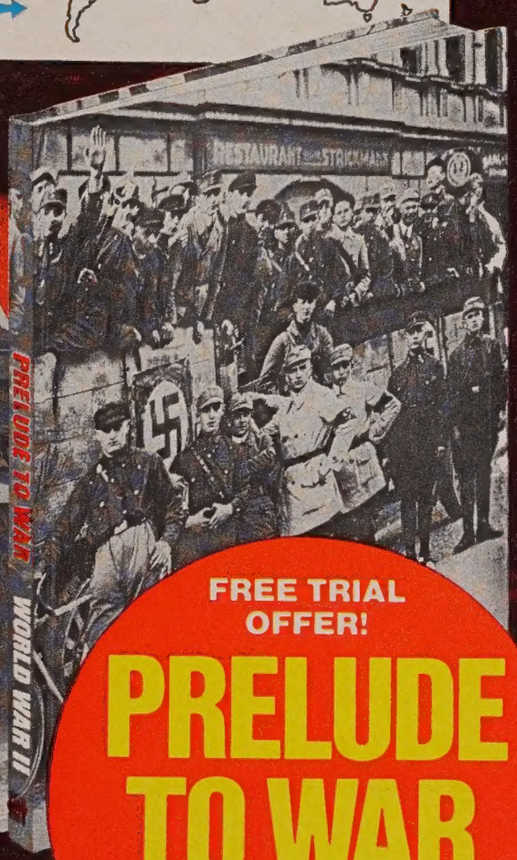

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about the first really exciting sex I ever had.

My friend Bob was living in New Orleans with his wife, Carol, when they invited me down for a long weekend. I cut my classes at the Missouri college I was attending and flew down for Mardi Gras. Bob fixed me up with a date, but at one point, when I was dancing with Carol, I whispered in her ear, "If Bob weren't my friend, I would sure like to fuck you." She seemed embarrassed and laughed nervously, and I dropped the subject.

But the next morning, after Bob went to work, Carol knocked on the guest room door and came in, bringing me a cup of coffee. She was wearing a cotton housecoat, open just enough to reveal her ample cleavage. Even this early in the morning, she was quite beautiful.

I began to apologize for my comment the night before, but she stopped me, adding, "I'm flattered that someone besides Bob finds me attractive enough to fuck." Her use of this word both surprised and excited me, and, judging from the way her nipples expanded under her robe, I could tell that it did the same for her.

I put my hand on her leg then and told her that, given the chance, I would fuck her any time. She glanced down at the blanket, where my cock was building a tent, and chuckled, "I can tell you mean that."

At this point we both realized there was no turning back. She took off her robe and stood in front of me, naked and beautiful. I had known Carol for years but had never suspected that her body was so incredible. She was slim and dark, with full breasts, and her nipples were hard and swollen. She stood tall and proud, and the lust in her eyes was so strong it was almost scary. She became the aggressor, threw the blanket off me, and began kissing and caressing my entire body. After what seemed like hours of ecstasy, she began to give me my very first blowjob. I was going crazy as she licked and sucked my rock-hard dick.

When I was sure I was going to come, she suddenly moved down and took my come-swollen balls in her mouth. I thought that nothing could be better than this, and I felt the sperm rise from my balls. I'd had fantasies all my life, but I never dreamed she'd do what she did next. She let go of my balls and moved farther down, licking into the crack of my ass and plunging her tongue into my ass hole. I became excited beyond my wildest dreams, and after about thirty seconds I began to shoot semen high into the air.

Carol immediately moved up to my chest and began to lick up the come. After she had swallowed it all, she looked me in the eye and said, "Now, you do me. Bobby never eats my ass hole, and it's what I love best." She rolled on her back, spread her legs, and pulled her knees up to her chest. Right before my eyes was the most beautiful pussy, pink and delicate, and the very first ass hole I had ever seen up close. It was just a tiny, wrinkled hole, but from what she said it was the center of her sexual arousal. I began to lick her pussy in long, soft strokes, and she started a soft moaning that increased as I moved downward toward her anus. I licked all around it without touching it, until she was practically screaming with passion. I then plunged my tongue deep inside her ass and began licking and sucking her most sensitive part. She began to come immediately, one orgasm rolling over the next in a series that seemed endless.

I rolled her over onto her knees and spread her cheeks, then plunged my cock all the way into her ass in one stroke. I began to spurt immediately, and she fainted dead away. That was the beginning of the most exciting day of my life up to that time. Our guilt feelings kept us from repeating our adventure, but I count that day as one of my fondest memories.—*H.B., Jefferson City, Mo.*

"Wonderful! What is it?"

Young, gay, and glad!

I thought I would write and tell you about a most fantastic part of my life.

I started jacking off when I was twelve. I'm now eighteen, and I still love pumping my penis and watching the semen squirting out its tip. When I was thirteen, I taught my best friend's ten-year-old brother how to bang his balls. We've been masturbating each other ever since.

Before I turned sixteen and got my driver's license, Freddie and I would get together at my house, while my parents were at work, and beat each other's meat raw. When I did start driving, we would skip school. I would drive us to a secluded spot, and we would do it to each other until it was time to go home.

Just recently, we started experimenting with oral sex and fucking each other in the ass. It's great. After I move into an apartment, Fred and I are going to have the best times of our lives.

I wish other men would write and tell of their experiences with their male lovers.—*Name and address withheld by request*

More than a mistress

I would like to share a recent experience of mine with your readers. Lynn and I are both in our thirties and work for the same company. Last spring, I requested a supplemental training course that was to be held in one of the now-famous Sun Belt cities this winter. Even though I had met Lynn only once, I certainly was excited when I found out, at the last minute, that she, too, had been selected to attend the training session.

Lynn is a tall, sandy-haired beauty, with long, slender legs, nice, pert breasts, and a truly great ass, plus a pixieish look in her eyes. During the daylong training sessions, I secretly admired her from a distance, as erotic thoughts danced through my mind. We managed to get together a few nights, but only for relatively harmless activities. Then one night I managed to sit next to her,

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and we played the high-school game of footsie and did some mutual leg fondling. This was to be our last night together, and to my regret, nothing happened. I went back to my room and masturbated wildly in the shower.

The next day, about one hour before I was to catch my plane, Lynn called and asked if I wanted to go swimming. I was back in my room and in my suit in near-record time. Lynn appeared at the pool about the same time, wearing a sexy white bikini. After a short swim, we walked back to her room. Once there, we just stood near each other nervously (we are both married) until I made a very bold move. I took her in my arms and kissed her very deeply and lovingly. I felt her crotch rub against mine. My hands played down her back, and I massaged her ass, one cheek in each hand. She began to moan softly as her crotch ground against my rapidly rising member. We lay down on the bed and kissed and fondled each other for a few minutes. Our swimsuits disappeared, and we looked at one another's bodies and fondled each other. We got more and more excited as our mutual fondling got bolder.

Lynn looked at me and asked apologetically if she could give me head, though she claimed she wasn't very good at it. I told her head was always good, but that some instances are better than others. After my comment, Lynn slowly knelt beside me and took my erect, throbbing member into her mouth. Her strokes were slow and lovingly topped off with a swirling tongue motion that soon had me in the throes of a powerful orgasm. She looked at me as I was exploding in her mouth and took it all down.

I could tell that she had gotten pretty well worked up by now, and I wanted to help her out. I laid her back on the bed. Her eyes were glassy with excitement, and her cunt was sopping wet. I lay next to her on the bed and kissed her left breast, teasing the nipple to erection with my tongue. I gently massaged her tummy and worked my fingers in ever-widening circles to her inner thighs and cunt. She moaned as I slipped a finger into her hot honey pot. Her body twisted with pleasure as I rubbed two other fingers against her moist inner lips. Orgasm was not long in coming, as I vibrated my index finger on her clit. Lynn's orgasm was so powerful that she literally lifted off the bed.

Feeling like a heel for cheating on my wife, I hurriedly left to catch my flight. But we traded mutual assurances that we would get together when we got back to town.

We did, and each time we meet, it gets better. Lynn loves to give head, and I certainly don't discourage her. Our meetings have been marathon love orgies. There are no pretenses or false fronts. We both like sex. We have a new game of acting out our most intimate fantasies. Clothes disappear, and we seem to easily get excited just by snuggling together on the bed. Lynn puts her arms over her head, and I settle next to her on the bed. Since our fantasies involve teasing, passive restraint, and almost mild hypnosis, I hold her arms over her head rather securely. She closes her eyes as my narrative fantasy begins. As I talk, my free hand begins to explore her luscious body. After teasing her nipples to erectness, I play my hands down her stomach and dance my fingers along her inner thighs and along the outside of her now rapidly moistening cunt. My story begins to get more erotic as a finger enters her honey pot. Lynn's eyes are closed as she almost gets hypnotized and imagines herself taking the passive role in my fantasy. Slowly and gently, I work her up to a feverish pitch. I can hear moans and groans and purrs of excitement, and I can feel it by the way her vagina flexes. The tease begins by slowing and/or changing strokes. Sometimes I remove my hand completely as she writhes in pleasure, until she begs me to enter again.

Only when the fantasy story and my own desires dictate do I allow her to come. My fantasy story and the induced sexual stimulation begin to match up. I sense that she is on the edge of orgasm. I end my story and quicken my strokes at the same time. Lynn comes explosively, and her orgasm lasts for several minutes. I always see a very satisfied look in her eye as she tries to relax. She tries to regain her composure, which is very difficult, since my fingers still tease her dripping cunt.

After she recovers, I get the best head of my life. Her technique improves with practice. She will suck on my member for an hour or more, and my orgasms are explosive. I always try to leave enough energy for our favorite position—from behind. We end our orgies completely drained. What Lynn doesn't know is that I will eventually end up in a permanent arrangement with her.—*Name and address withheld*

"He wants to speak to you."

Sapphic solution

I'm a twenty-five-year-old dental hygienist, single, and live in my own apartment. About a year ago I broke up with a guy I had been going with for six years. Since then I haven't even been out with a man. I don't seem to get to meet any. I'm fairly attractive, but a little on the chubby side. An Irish girl at work, Pat, and I began discussing this problem. She's in the same boat. Not long ago we went to a bar but didn't have any luck. I was used to getting laid a couple of times a week, and since my guy and I broke up, I've been going nuts. I'm horny twenty-four hours a day. About a week ago Pat told me at work that she had a solution to our problem and that I was to come over to her apartment that night. I assumed she had found a couple of guys and was going to surprise me.

I went home after work, showered, and put on a pair of jeans and a sweater. I arrived at Pat's place, and she was the only one there. She has curly, reddish brown hair and was wearing a dungaree skirt and a

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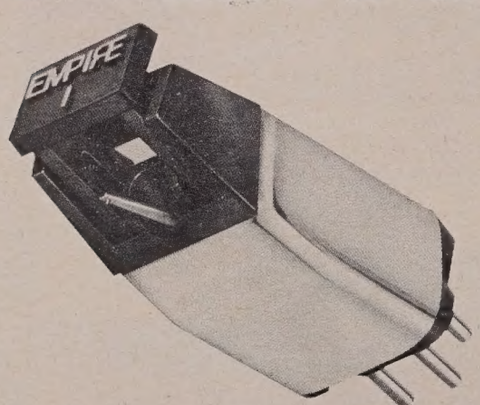

turtleneck jersey. I was really surprised to see that she wore no bra. Her breasts were averaged-sized but very firm and high, and the nipples were hard and erect. She handed me a drink, and we sat down. I immediately asked her what the surprise was. She said I'd get it later. I hadn't had a chance to eat supper after work, and she kept handing me one drink after another. She also was drinking quite heavily. Not long after I arrived, I felt drunk. My friend also was getting bombed, as I doubt that she had had any time to eat also. When she came back from the bathroom, she sat next to me on the divan. She asked me what I thought about her going braless. I told her I thought she looked good. She then asked me if I ever do it. I said no, because I never really have. She suggested I try it—now. She slid her hands up my back, unfastened my bra, and took it off.

I began to realize at this point what the solution to our horniness was—each other. I had never touched another woman before this way, and I had never really thought about it. Since I was drunk and desperate for some sex, I didn't refuse. After she took off my bra, she told me to stand up so that she could see how I looked braless. Because I was a little chubby, my breasts were a little flabby. As I stood up, they fell to the sides. She told me to walk over to the other room and then walk facing her. I did as she asked, and I could feel my breasts bouncing loosely under my sweater. This really turned her on. As soon as I sat down, she put her hand up under my sweater and felt my breasts. They ached, and by now I was in such a state of sexual excitement that I reached over and grabbed her breasts. I was feeling them and going crazy. About a year's sexual tension was being unwound and released.

Simultaneously, we got up and staggered to her bed. We threw our clothes on the floor and crawled into each other's arms. She began by going down on me, and I spread my legs as wide as I could. It had been a long time. My nipples were aching, and I told her to suck them. She did, and they felt better. After our lovemaking, we got under the covers and went to sleep. I felt much at ease in the morning and hadn't the slightest feeling of guilt.

We've been getting together about twice a week, and so far it's been better than I thought it would be. However, I'm still looking for a man. Lady-licking is great, but there is something luscious about a prick.—*Name and address withheld*

Unexpected treat

My roommate and I have been reading *Penthouse* "Forum" for two years, and we love it, but we weren't sure how authentic the stories were until about a month ago. First of all, let me tell you, my roomie is endowed with ten and one-half inches of prime, circumcised meat (I'll call him Sam). I myself have only nine and a foreskin, but I put every inch of it to good use.

One day, when we were driving home from a basketball game, we eyed two feminine beauties hitchhiking. From the car we could see their erect nipples backed by thirty-six- and thirty-eight-inch chests. We were dazzled! Sam told me to pull over, and we picked them up. They introduced themselves as Barbara and Sue, and I asked them where they were going.

"Your house!" Sue said. We then knew what was in store for us. We both felt our bulges starting to grow. The rest of the ride was quiet. We got to our apartment, entered, and stood there as the girls enticingly fondled their own tits. We were excited beyond expectations. Sam took Sue, and Barbara and I sat on the couch. Sam started playing with Sue's yoni. As Barbara unzipped my pants, she was surprised to find a swollen nine-incher. At the other end, Sam was feasting upon Sue's nipples, as she gently caressed his cock. The action was getting "hot and heavy" as Sue jumped on Sam and gave him the fuck of his life!

While I was just beginning to ram my rod into Barbara's pussy, I could see Sam's ten-incher slowly disappear into Sue's hot, swollen, juicy cunt. Sam moaned with excitement as he reached a violent orgasm, at the same time that Sue did. Barbara was pumping and gyrating with such intensity that I couldn't hold back any more, and I exploded my come into her tight, tight pussy.

We all lay there, exhausted, for an hour, and then Sam and I switched to enjoy it once more. After we both climaxed, we got dressed and drove the girls home. Sam and I hope we'll run into them again!—*Name and address withheld*

Mistress of the house

I am a thirty-two-year-old woman who is married to an army officer stationed in Europe. I do not know why my husband, Hank, allows me to have complete control and power over him, but he does, and I make the most of it. He likes me to give him orders, punish him, and humiliate him. I get so turned on by having this power that I spend each day dreaming of what I will do when he gets home that evening. If someone here recognizes us from this letter, my husband will be even more humiliated.

He is a very handsome man and has a bigger endowment between his legs than any other man that I have ever seen or heard of has. He could have any woman he wants and control her, but he likes it this way, and I love it! I love to make him sit naked in front of me while he slowly strokes his huge cock. I won't let him come. I make him stroke himself for over an hour and then I command him to stop without coming. One night I was watching him, and I began to wonder if he could suck his own cock, since it is so long. I ordered him to take his hands off of his dick and undress me. The fool almost went crazy. He thought that I was ready to let him fuck me. I stopped him just as he started to take me. I made him sit on the floor in front of me as I sat in a chair with my legs opened wide. I parted my cunt and made him watch as I played with my-

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self until I was very wet.

Then I ordered him to sit on the footstool and put his lips to his cock. He was shocked, but he obeyed and kissed the rounded glans of his dick. When he looked up, I slapped both of his cheeks and shouted at him, "No, damn it, take it in your mouth and suck it!" "But I can't," he whined. I slapped his face three more times, and he obeyed me by taking the glans and about two inches into his mouth. I pushed his head down about two more inches and ordered, "Suck it! Suck it hard!" He sucked while I watched. I got so horny that I put my hand into my pussy and worked it in and out until I came. Hank sucked his own dick until I saw it start to jerk and spurt come into his mouth. "Keep sucking!" I demanded. "Swallow that come the way I do." As I watched drops of come escape from his mouth and run down his cock, I wanted that magnificent dick in my cunt, but I held off and made him suck my ass until I came again.

Then I made him get the big rubber dildo and gently fit it into my cunt. He had to lick and suck my toes while I fucked myself with the rubber cock. When I saw that he was hard again, I made him slowly pull the dildo out and hand it to me. I made him bend over while I beat his ass with the dildo. When his ass was red all over, I hit him on his cock several times. He loved it. Then I lay back with my legs spread wide and ordered him to fuck me. He put that giant cock in me and came in less than a minute. Of course, I whipped him again for coming too quickly but only after I made him keep fucking me until I came.

After whipping his ass and legs, I made him wash my cunt and ass before I allowed him to clean himself and go to sleep.

Several weeks later I ordered Hank to find a sailor, an enlisted man, with a dick as big as his own and bring him home. He protested, but I slapped him and made him do it. He could not find anyone with a cock that big, but he did the best that he could. He brought home a beautiful young man, Jerry, twenty years old; he had short blond hair, deep blue eyes, and a slim, muscular body. After dinner and a few drinks we turned the conversation to sex. That's when Hank told me that Jerry's cock was not so large as his own. Later, when we were all undressed, I saw that Jerry had a beautifully shaped cock to match his body. I sucked it until it was hard, and then I measured it. It was just a little over eleven inches long. Not quite so big as Hank's. I lay back on some cushions on the floor and spread my legs wide, allowing both men to look into my pussy as I drooled over those two big, throbbing peters right in front of me.

"Hank, take Jerry's cock and put it in my cunt," I ordered. He obeyed, guiding that beautiful dick into my pussy. As he slowly pushed deeper and deeper, I raised my knees higher and higher until I felt his balls on my anus. I made Hank put his face within inches of my pussy so that he could see it being stretched as Jerry's cock plunged in and out. Then I had Hank put his cock into my mouth so that Jerry could watch. Suddenly, I felt hot come spurting up inside of me. All of this was just too much for the inexperienced young man.

I made Hank take his dick out of my mouth, and I quickly moved around to put Jerry's still-spurting prick into my mouth. I drank his come and kept sucking until he was hard again. I felt as if I were floating. My head was spinning with delight. Then I got on my hands and knees and ordered my husband to grease my anus and Jerry's dick with K Y. Then I made Hank fit Jerry's cock into my anus. He had to fuck me with only about half of his peter in me because I couldn't stand it any deeper. My anus was on fire, but I came over and over as he gently slid his lubricated dick in and out. At that point I allowed Hank to join in. With him on his back and his huge cock deep inside my pussy, I had Jerry reinsert his wonderful prick into my bum. I demanded that both men hold back and not come. I was full of cock, and it was like a dream come true. I had never felt so satisfied before.

I had both men get on their sides, buttock to buttock, so that their balls were touching. Then I attempted to get both cock heads in my mouth at once. I couldn't do it. I finally gave up and rolled over on my back and had the men kneel on each side of my head while I took turns sucking them. Young Jerry couldn't stand it. He shot come into my mouth, all over my face and neck, and all over Hank's cock.

Jerry left then, and I punished Hank for not bringing home a cock as big as his. I tied him down with his ass up in the air. Then I whipped him with the rubber cock until he cried. Then I made him suck it while I greased his anus. I pulled the dildo out of his mouth and shoved it up his big, sexy ass until he screamed. I fucked him like that for half an hour. I punished him further by not letting him come that night.

The next day was Sunday, and Hank was off all day; so I decided to be really mean. I woke him up and told him to stay naked. Then I tied a heavy cord around his cock and led him to the kitchen by pulling on the cord. I warned him that if he complained, I would tie the cord around his balls, which I love—they're big as oranges. I made him cook breakfast and made him drink seven cups of coffee. Then I told him that he was not allowed to piss unless I gave him permission.

I had confided in a friend, Jo, about our relationship; so I called her to tell her what I was doing to Hank. She begged me to let her come over and watch; so I agreed. When she arrived and saw us both nude, her eyes almost popped out. She gasped when she saw Hank's cock. She became horny and wanted to take off her clothes. I agreed and got her to spread her cunt for Hank to see. His prick got hard, and with that cord around it the veins stood out and made it look even bigger. Jo begged me to let her suck that huge cock. I agreed but told them both that Hank was not to come

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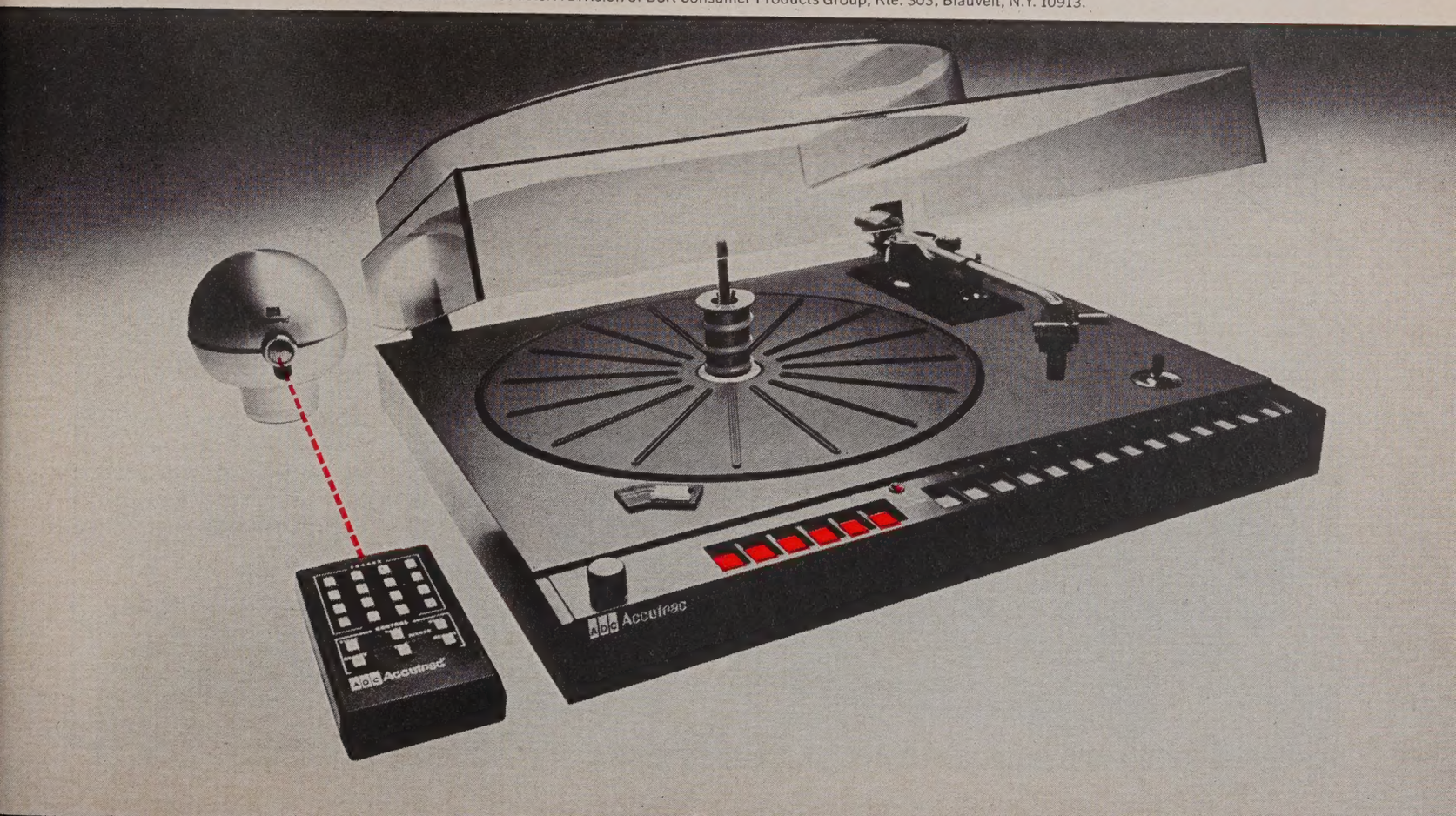


ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder?

The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

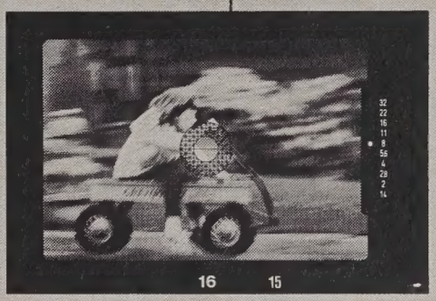
How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

yet. She dropped to her knees and started sucking. After a few minutes I made her stop. Hank was begging me to let him piss, but I said, "No, not yet." Jo and I were really horny by this time; so I got out a double-headed dildo, and we fucked each other with it. Then we let Hank watch us sixty-nine until we came. Jo and I made love to each other until late in the evening, when she had to go. Don't misunderstand about my affair with Jo. Hank's cock comes first!

At that point it was throbbing; it was very hard, and he had to piss badly. I finally took the cord off and made him put his cock in me. He was fucking like a wild man when I felt hot liquid spurting into me. At first, I thought that he was coming, but then I realized that he was pissing! It was a strange sensation. After he finished, he came. I got up with all of it streaming down my thighs, and I whipped his ass and cock furiously because he had not received my permission to do what he did.

Hank is such a pleasure to dominate because he is so obedient and loves it when I punish him. Sometimes I get his cock really hard; then I push it down between his legs so that it hurts. I also like to squeeze his balls and make him beg. When his cock is not hard, I sometimes force the head into his anus and make him leave it there for hours. Once he even came in his own ass!

That was the ultimate turn-on.

I love my husband and his cock, and I love our mistress-slave relationship. But I am afraid that if I run out of fresh ideas, he will get bored with me and look for someone else. I could not stand that.—*Name and address withheld*

A spanking good time

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old divorcée who had been active in the lib movement—not on a big scale, but I had given men a pretty bad time since my divorce. One day last month, I got a call from my young friend Betty, who asked if she could spend the night with me because she had just had a spat with her husband, Bob. I said that she could and that I would pick her up right after work.

When I got to Betty's house, I found Bob and a young man, whom he introduced as Larry, drinking beer in the kitchen. They said Betty had already left for my house. I began to give Bob a bad time for upsetting Betty, and in a few minutes Larry told me to shut up. I told him to go to hell. Larry stood up—he is tall, about six foot three, slender but very powerfully built. Without a word he just picked me up—I'm only five foot one and 108 pounds—and carried me over to the den couch. He laid me across his lap, face down, and flipped my skirt up to my waist. I tried to struggle, but he was so big and strong I couldn't move except from my knees down. I realized my panty-covered rear was exposed to Bob and this stranger, and I was cursing with embarrassment. Then Larry began to whack me *very* hard. I was crying as much from the humiliation as from the pain. After about six spanks, he released me, and I came up fighting. But he just blocked the blows with those big arms and laughed.

I picked up an ashtray and threw it. It missed, but Larry quit laughing and grabbed me, throwing me roughly across his lap again. Her jerked my skirt up and began to spank me. This time I knew it was useless to struggle and just whimpered as he spanked me even harder. After about the fourth whack, I began to get excited. I was actually getting aroused. I don't remember how many more times he spanked me, but when he released me, I slid off his lap to the rug and just sat there, rubbing my rear, whimpering more than crying. I didn't even bother to pull my skirt down.

In a moment I heard Larry say, "I think she'd like to get laid." I don't know how he and Bob knew I was excited, except that I hadn't bothered to pull my skirt down. I did then. But I didn't get up and leave. "Well, get up on the couch," Larry said. I couldn't believe it, but I actually got up on the couch. I lay down and put my left arm across my eyes. One of the guys—Larry, I assume—slid my skirt up. I knew they were both looking at me from the front now. I felt myself getting even wetter. Then Larry said, "Well, if you want to get fucked, get those panties off." I moved my arm and looked over at Bob and asked Larry, "*He's* going to leave, isn't he?" "Hell no," Bob said, laughing.

I put my arm back across my eyes and with my other hand began to slide my panties off. When I had kicked them off my ankles, I felt someone get on the couch. It was Larry. He had taken off his jeans, and I saw his huge erection. He pushed my knees back against my chest and entered me easily, because I was so wet. He must have stroked only once or twice when I had a giant orgasm. I was moaning for the first time ever during sex. I don't know how long he fucked me. It wasn't long, but I had another orgasm.

Larry must have come, too. He stood up, and I felt Bob's weight on the end of the couch. Bob told me to lie across his lap, which I did—I thought he was going to spank me, too. Instead he pushed his hand between my legs and began to massage my clit with his finger. He would go slowly and then faster, and I started to moan again. Bob would stop and say, "You want to come for Larry and me, don't you?" If I didn't say, "Yes, yes," he'd stop until I did. When I was just about to come, he put two fingers in me and just held them there, and I had to buck and hump until I had another orgasm. When I had, I just lay there until Larry helped me up. Bob picked up my panties and spread them for me to step into. I did, and he slid them on and petted me very gently on my pussy and said, "We won't say anything to Betty."

I guess they didn't, and neither did I. But I've been back twice to get spanked and fucked. I've got to have both.—*Name and address withheld*

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Shopping fun

I am a twenty-two-year-old man who was recently laid off from work. With nothing to do one morning, I thought I'd go buy some new clothes. I wasn't prepared for what happened. I went into a big department store and started looking at some jeans. From behind me a voice said, "Can I help you?" As I turned around, I realized I had brushed against the breast of a very young and pretty saleswoman. She gasped, and then a big smile lit up her face. I apologized, but she said it was quite all right, and we began to talk. Her name was Brenda, and she had just started work. I told her I needed some new jeans, and she replied, "Well, let's try some on." I couldn't believe my eyes and ears as she led me to the changing room.

Luckily, the store was about empty, since it was early. We went into the room and closed the door. Brenda immediately undressed me, and when my cock popped up, she began to fondle it with her hands and mouth. I quickly took off her blouse and bra to reveal two gorgeous breasts and nipples that were already hard. When I started sucking on those luscious nipples, a pink flush crept from her face to her breasts. Next I unhooked her short skirt and dropped it to the floor. As I pulled her panties off, I saw that the crotch was soaking wet. Her pussy was literally dripping with love juice, and she started moaning as I licked it up. My tongue went deep inside those lovely, glistening lips and flicked over her throbbing clit. By now she was shaking so much from excitement that I knew it was time. Standing up, I guided my cock into her. She wrapped her legs tightly around me and braced herself against the wall while I pumped furiously. When I reached down with one hand and fingered her ass hole, we both exploded together. Brenda continued pumping in a frenzy, and she came at least twice more before she "let go" of my cock. After I pulled it out of her, she kept staring at it.

We then rested a few minutes and dressed. When we came back into the main store, it was still quiet. Brenda said with a smile, "Will that be all, sir?" I got her address and started to leave. When I glanced back, I saw her standing behind the counter with her legs pressed together tightly, slowly rubbing her mound against the table. Needless to say, this was not the end of our relationship.—*Name and address withheld*

Golden oldies

I enjoy the "Forum" section of *Penthouse* very much. But sometimes I wonder why the women are always in their twenties, with large, firm breasts that stand out straight with a gentle uplift. No one ever writes about older women with ample breasts that no longer stand out firmly but rather cup to make a soft, pleasing handful. I have one of these bodies.

Let me tell you one of my many experiences. The other night my husband and I decided it was what we call "party time." I put on a black half-bra that just covered my nipples; they pushed out at the top, with the brownness above the teats showing. Next, slacks, without underpants, and then a white blouse, which buttoned down the front. We then repaired to a neighborhood bar, where there was dancing and a jukebox.

As we entered the bar, I unbuttoned the top three buttons of my blouse, so that when I turned just right it would "gap" open, exposing my breasts almost to the nipples. We sat at the bar, with my husband on the right, so that whoever sat on my left would get a good look at my breasts when my blouse would part.

Several young men came in, and, as we had anticipated, one of them sat on my left. The others took the nearby stools. They didn't look old enough to drink and the bartender asked for identification. The one next to me was just twenty-one, and his friends and he were celebrating his birthday. My husband bought them all a drink and toasted his birthday. I leaned over, facing them, so that my blouse would gap open. The young men stared at my exposed breasts and then looked me in the eyes. I just smiled. They took another look and gulped down their drinks. As they ordered another round, I could feel my nipples hardening.

The jukebox started playing, and the young men started dancing, that is, all except the one sitting next to me. I asked him why he wasn't dancing. He said he didn't dance fast the way the girls liked to. I asked him if he would like to dance slow with me. As he glanced at my tits, I knew what his answer was. I discreetly led him to the darkest corner of the dance floor, where it wouldn't be noticeable that he was dancing with a woman old enough to be his mother. I pulled him to me, putting his hand inside my blouse, cupping my bare tit hanging out of my half bra. The music stopped. I rearranged myself. As we took our places back at the bar, I ran my hand between his legs, feeling his hardness.

He excused himself and with his friends went to the men's room. As I'd anticipated, he told them what had happened. From then on they all danced with me. It was more like groping than like dancing. After more dancing, I told my husband we had better leave before I started fucking on the dance floor. We left and walked to the side of the building to our car. The young men were right behind us. I turned around, facing them. I grabbed my blouse and ripped it open and said, "How do you like these?" My husband unsnapped my bra, took it off, and let my bare tits fall out. Hands and mouths were all over them. I was ready for a gangbang right in the parking lot. My husband, bless him, took control and got me in the car. I wanted to fuck; they wanted to fuck. So my husband said, "Okay, two of you get in the backseat, and we will take you home with us."

"And they told me it would be lonely at the top!"

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By the time my husband got to the other side of the car and into the driver's seat, I had the rest of my clothes off and was climbing into the backseat. The studs were all over me before we were out of the parking lot. They both fucked me on the way home, where we parked in the carport. My husband opened the back door of the car—now his fly was open, and he was ready. He leaned me against the car, pushing his cock into my cunt as the loads the others had shot into me came dripping out. I grabbed the other two by the necks and pulled a mouth to each breast. I reached down, took a cock in each hand, and had a climax, almost passing out. I would have fallen to the floor of the carport if they had not all held me up.

The front doorbell was ringing as we entered the house from the back door. My husband opened the door, and there were the other young men. It would take too long to describe in detail all that happened in the next three hours, even if I could remember. My husband is helping me fill in the details, as it is. All I can say is that a woman has never really enjoyed sex to the fullest until she has had one man fucking her, a different man sucking each breast, a cock in each hand, and one in her mouth. As the guys continually changed positions, my climaxes were continual for the next three hours, as they took turns fucking me. I don't know how many times each one fucked me, but I sure was glad there were six of them shooting their loads into me for lubrication, or my cunt could not have taken it.

Afterward, as I lay exhausted on the floor, the young men and my husband had coffee and talked. They wanted to come back the next weekend, but my husband explained that we don't plan these parties ahead of time. When the mood strikes, we party; otherwise, we are very conventional people. As they were leaving, they said they had learned one thing. When they want real sex, they will forget the young girls and pick out the older, attractive, mature women. They left a phone number where they could be reached, but we will not call. We want variety, not repetition.—*Name and address withheld*

A fox in the chicken coop

I am a dormitory adviser at a small, all-male religious college in New York. As such, my prime duty is to ensure that no females are on the premises after 11:00 P.M. Even though I think that this rule is absurd, it's my job to enforce it.

Anyhow, I was doing a floor check at 12:00 A.M. when I heard the unmistakable sound of a couple engaged in some heavy fucking. I burst into the room and saw a freshman student banging away at a beautiful redhead. They both jumped out of bed and onto the floor when they realized that I was standing there. The girl grabbed the blanket and wrapped it around her lush body. The student started to mumble that it was all a mistake, that he had intended that she leave by eleven, but that they had forgotten what time it was.

I started to inform the student that he was to be brought up on charges for dormitory suspension, when his lady dropped the blanket and struck a pose that made me forget what I was saying. She walked toward me, totally unashamed. She then told me that she would give me the best head I had ever received if I would forget the entire incident.

I'm not stupid. I quickly agreed, and she pulled out my long dick and started to massage it with her hand while she enthusiastically licked the head. I got rock hard in seconds, and she switched her target to my balls for a moment. During the next half hour, I thought I would burst. She had a way of knowing just when I was ready to come and would grab my dick with her teeth (lightly) just behind the tip, holding me off. She finally let me come, and I thought that I had left a quart in her mouth. She swallowed every drop and continued to lick tiny drops off my shaft. I leaned back in total satisfaction.

In the meantime the student kissed his girl and thanked her. She slapped him and called him a coward for not protesting. To make a long story short, Lisa and I are living together, and that student was suspended by another counselor for smoking pot. I guess he felt the need for some kind of compensation over losing Lisa. Bending the rules can sometimes be beneficial!—*J.C., New York, N.Y.*

Rules of the road

My boyfriend and I go out of town a lot, and our trips are usually quite long, but very exciting, especially the trip home.

I always sit very close to him, snuggled up under his right shoulder. In fact, I get so close that it's very easy for him to reach up and play with my breasts. He unbuttons my blouse and moves my bra so that he can feel my nipples becoming hard. While I'm enjoying this, my hand has found its way to the huge bulge in his pants. We're both breathing heavily as I rub his hardened crotch and as his hands move all over my breasts. I reach up and kiss his ear and lick the side of his neck. Of course, the oncoming traffic is aware that something is going on in the car. The excitement has gotten so tremendous, and finding a side road is impossible; so I take him into my own hands.

I unzip his pants and let his penis spring forth, the drops of his juices showing me his excitement. I lean down in the seat and lick the tip of his penis, and as I pull back the skin and run my tongue around and around his tool, I can hear and feel the engine of the car racing. His foot is pushing hard on the accelerator as I wrap my soft, warm, moist lips around the head of his ever-so-strong penis. His hands are all over my breasts. I begin slowly taking his instrument deeper and deeper into my mouth, sucking wildly and feeling its warmth while I'm sucking up and down and rolling it

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around in my hot mouth. The car must be going ninety as I feel him explode his sweet juices into my mouth.—*Name and address withheld*

Girl jocks

I'm writing to *Penthouse* concerning the myth I've heard that girl jocks are not so sensual as others. Recently, a girls' basketball state championship was held in my hometown. Some friends and I decided to cruise the hotels in which the teams were staying in hopes of finding pussy.

Cruising through the parking lot of a nearby Holiday Inn, we observed some activity around two doors. Upon closer scrutiny, we spotted several girls running between the adjacent rooms. Only two of us approached in order that the girls wouldn't be scared off. Before long we were in their room; and the two other guys had joined the party. After about thirty minutes of conversation four of the girls followed us outside to the car.

I wanted to get one of them alone; so I took a really cute chick, Penny, aside and suggested that we retire to her room. She responded in her husky, sexy voice, "What do we need a room for?" At that point the other three couples began to excuse themselves. From that point on, I was in heaven. As we necked, her hand slid up my thigh to my crotch, which at this time was hard with anticipation. Her actions took me by surprise, for it had always taken a lot of coaxing on my part for me even to get a hand in a girl's pants.

Composing ourselves, we went up to her room. As Penny opened the door, we heard soft moaning coming from the darkened room. Growing impatient because we wanted each other again, we entered the room and quickly undressed each other, fondling each other's genitals with renewed passion. As I caressed Penny's baby-soft tits, I recognized the other couple. My friend Thomas and Penny's roommate Sandra were involved in their own lovemaking.

I mounted Penny from the rear and thrust deep inside her wet cunt while Thomas was going at Sandra missionary style. I had never made love to a girl with another couple nearby, and I was surprised at how much I was getting off on the situation. After a few minutes all four of us came together.

After more fucking, we left their room at about sunrise so that their coach wouldn't catch us. Meeting the other guys back at the car, Thomas and I related our experiences with the girl basketball players. We weren't surprised to hear similar stories from the two other guys. I hope this letter will lay an old myth to rest. Don't take my word for it, though—go out and try a girl jock for yourself!—*F.H., Murfreesboro, Tenn.*

Fit to be tied

I am a nineteen-year-old college student in Canada, and I am an avid reader of your very popular magazine. Until recently, a lot of stories appearing about "sex in college" seemed quite ludicrous, to say the least. But now I feel that I, as a sex-starved student, should pass on this delightful story to be enjoyed by all of your readers.

I was sitting in my apartment, catching up on some physics assignments, when a girl friend of my roommate came by, looking for Bob. Her name is Utah. She is a sumptuous five-foot-four-inch blonde with pert tits and a nice, tight ass. She was wearing white lace-up pants (laced to the fullest) and a tight blue sailor shirt. When she asked where Bob had gone, I replied that Bob had gone "fishing" (a popular pastime).

After a bit of campus small talk and a couple of good stiff drinks, our conversation drifted around to the topic of sex. We started talking about kinky fantasies that were yet to be fulfilled. As time went on, Utah saw the bulge in my crotch. Eventually, there was nothing left for me to do but ask her if she would like her dreams to come true. She said yes.

She tied my limbs down to the corners of the bed and began cutting and tearing my clothes off. She then ran her erect nipples across my chest and face. She kept teasing me with her wet bush, bringing it close to my mouth—just out of tonguing reach. This teasing got me really hard, and she decided to go down on me. She gently licked the bottom of my cock, proceeding from the shaft to the tip. Occasionally, she

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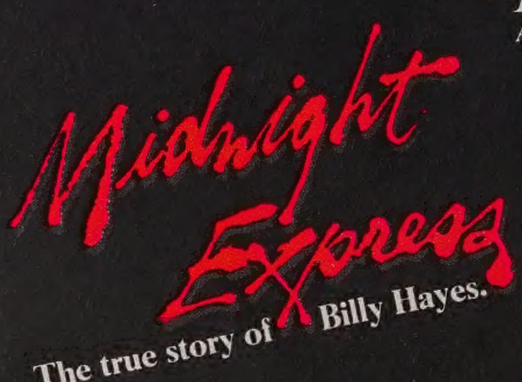

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would suck on my balls. She must have been very practiced at this activity, as she stopped each time just before I came. (She did this several times.) After what seemed like hours, she placed her hot and moist honey pot on my eagerly throbbing cock. She ground her hips slowly and in a perfect rhythm. She was driving me wild, and I begged her to untie me. She said nothing and continued her merciless gyrations. We came in an ecstatic explosion, and as her legs twitched and stiffened, our love juices flowed. She then (to my great misfortune) untied only one of my hands and left.

I have seen her many times since, but we have never enjoyed sex again.—*C.D., Toronto, Canada*

Would Hoyle approve?

My wife, Joan, and I have been married for just over three years, and while we have often discussed mate swapping, we never thought that we would ever get up the nerve to try it. Finally, about three months ago, our dreams became reality.

We had invited another couple, John and Nancy, over for supper and a night of card playing. After a while everyone was getting tired of playing the same old card games. I then suggested we try playing something different and proceeded to take out an adult card game, which another friend had given to me some time ago as a joke. After a little hesitation we all decided we had nothing to lose and began to play. Nancy was the first one to get things going when she was ordered by one of her cards to make out with someone other than her date. At first, I thought she would only give me one little kiss, but she really surprised me when she forced her tongue inside my mouth for the next few minutes. This really relieved the tension, and then the fun really began.

On Joan's next turn she flipped over a card that instructed all males to strip. At first, John and I just looked at each other, but after some egging on by our wives, we began to remove our clothes. Both wives glanced over to see what was hanging between our legs. Next it was my turn to draw the card that would really get the game headed toward better things. The card gave me the right to tell everyone else what to do. After a few seconds of thought, I ordered John to remove Joan's pants and panties, and then I instructed her to sit on his face. John almost tore her panties off, and her eyes lit up as she descended upon his face. Then I began to undo Nancy's blouse, which I removed along with her bra, revealing two small but delicious-looking tits.

After a few more rounds, both girls had been completely stripped, and the four of us sat around stark naked. John was the next one to get things rolling when he drew a card similar to the one I had earlier. This time he ordered Nancy to deep throat me while my wife sat and watched. At first I thought Nancy would balk at this, but the next thing I knew her head was between my legs, and her mouth was completely engulfing my nine-inch cock.

During the next round I fulfilled my wildest fantasy, making love to another woman while my wife did the same to the woman's husband. I drew a card that commanded me to do whatever the person opposite me ordered. That was John, and I had no idea what his command was going to be. My mouth dropped when he told me to take Nancy into the bedroom and do whatever we wanted to. Almost at once we were both headed for the door, and before long we were lying side by side in the bed where my wife and I had so often screwed. Suddenly, Nancy flipped over and thrust her hot, wet pussy into my face and began to give me a prize-winning blowjob. After what seemed to be ages we both reached orgasm at the same time.

After resting for a few moments, Nancy began stroking my limp cock. In a few seconds she had it fully erect and was guiding it toward her hole. We then indulged in some of the best fucking I had ever done. Two hours later, when we finally exited from the bedroom, we found John and Joan lying in the middle of the living room floor, smoking cigarettes. Just seeing my wife in the arms of another man, with nothing on, began to make my penis hard again. Noticing this, Nancy dropped to her knees and right in front of John brought me off, draining every last bit of semen from my cock. Afterward we retreated to separate rooms, but this time with our own wives. Joan and I then enjoyed some of the best sex together that we have ever had. While we have gotten together with John and Nancy since that night, nothing will ever match that first experience.—*S.P., Boston, Mass.*

"I already am on hold!"

Rubbed down and out

I'm a swimmer at a university in Pennsylvania, and I find the need for many rubdowns to keep my muscles loose. One cold January night I was very tired and sore from two long workouts, and, needless to say, I craved a rubdown. My girl friend had given me rubdowns before, but they weren't really worthwhile. Tonight was different, though. At about midnight I went over to her room. I quickly shed my clothes and hopped into bed with her. To my surprise, her body was very warm. At first, I thought that the reason was that she had a very heavy blanket on, but it wasn't. She slowly turned over and kissed me passionately. She was very hot, and we petted for a few minutes. When I suggested that she give me a rubdown, she was very willing.

She straddled my ass with her nice, warm pussy and began to work on my shoulders and arms. I could feel all of her hot moisture on both of my cheeks. After a few minutes of very pleasing massaging, I could tell that she was really into it. My wide shoulders were starting to loosen up, but my cock remained rock hard. She was now so hot that her sweet juices were starting to ooze into the crack of my ass. Because the

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air in her room was somewhat cold, her hot come seemed much hotter. When it started to run in my anus, I was in heaven.

With the combined effects of her great rubdown and that hot come running in my anus, I shot my load without even bucking her off. We were so exhausted that we fell asleep immediately. It was a very intense experience for both of us. Just sitting here writing this letter has got me so horny that now I'm going to beat off.—*Z.M., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Caught in the act

I'm twenty years old, and the girl I'm dating and very much in love with (I plan to marry her) has just turned eighteen. My most memorable experience happened one night when Lisa's mother was out of town. Only Lisa, her stepfather, and I were in the house. He was in his bedroom, and we were in the den, sitting on the sofa with a quilt over us. Lisa and I had been drinking tequila, and we were getting pretty loose. I was kissing her very deeply and playing with her beautiful little tits. Needless to say, I got so horny that I had to have my lover's sweet pussy no matter what the consequences.

With her stepfather home, we couldn't head for Lisa's room without a hassle. So we decided to chance being caught in the act, as she was just as horny as I. Thinking that if her stepfather came out of his room we would hear him, I put her legs over my shoulders and raised her ass high enough to pull her blue jeans down over her well-rounded buttocks. I left her jeans right above her knees. I leaned over to taste the sweetness between her legs. I could spread her legs only just enough to squeeze my head in. I parted her lips and pulled at them, gently tugging with my teeth. Then I plunged my tongue into her hot, sweet cunt, retracting only long enough to circle her clit and make her legs clamp down on my head.

All the while Lisa was massaging my dick through my jeans with her foot. After about five minutes, she pulled me up and begged me to ball her. She unzipped my pants and pulled them down, as I had done hers. She pushed me back on the sofa and eagerly tongued my balls, taking each one into her mouth and sucking them. Then she circled the head of my cock with her tongue and bobbed up and down furiously. I made her stop before I got off and turned her over on her stomach. She rested her head on the arm of the sofa and her beautiful bum stuck up in the air, exposing that sweet-smelling pussy that was now dripping delicious cunt juice. I mounted her dog style and slowly pushed my cock to the bottom of her warmness.

I pumped slowly at first, gradually building up speed while I leaned over to play with her tits. About three or four minutes later I could feel Lisa building up to an orgasm. As I was about to shoot my wad in her, I heard the refrigerator door open in the kitchen, which adjoined the den. I glanced up and saw Lisa's stepfather looking right at us! I came harder than I can ever remember coming. As I shot off, I instinctively pulled my throbbing pecker out, which shot come everywhere! Of course, Lisa had started heading for cover, too, and we must have been quite a sight fighting over the quilt. When I looked back up, her stepfather had gone. He had disappeared just as suddenly as he had appeared, apparently retiring to his room. He has never said a word to either of us about what he saw, but I'm positive he saw us balling our brains out. If he should read this (he also reads *Penthouse*) and should realize who is writing this, all I can say is that I hope he enjoyed the experience. I did!—*Name and address withheld*

"'62. . . A great year for cork!"

Dirty pool

I'm a lifeguard at a pool in Westchester County, and most of the days are tiring, drawn-out affairs in which my only aim is the acquisition of an extremely dark suntan and a paycheck.

But one day last July I was assigned to close up the pool. There had been one girl I had been noticing all day, and she had stationed herself right by my chair—probably to collect some glorious rays—but I had noticed that she kept positioning herself to face the chair and kept her eyes glued on me. The flesh from her luscious breasts quivered as she rested her nipples on the blanket she had brought.

Finally, after I had cleared everyone out, I noticed that she was maintaining a holding pattern where I had been sitting before. My cock immediately sprang to attention, causing considerable pain in my skimpy trunks. It rubbed against my thigh, and I was forced to run with a limp, making me look like a veteran.

Just as I came up to her, she pulled down the bottom of her string bikini, revealing the kind of ass that is meant only for one thing—and I don't mean sitting down. I obligingly pulled down my bathing suit, but before I could prod her with my rod, she leaped into the water, crying, "Lifeguard, save me!" Taking a racing dive, I struck out after her. Once we had arrived at the three-and-one-half-foot section of the pool, she picked up the hose, which had been lying on the bottom, and thrust it over her pubic mound. She was brought to orgasm within minutes, but unlike most of the mixed-up girls I go out with, she continued coming and coming. Realizing that I was about to clog up the filter by launching my own sperm into orbit, I pushed into her from the rear and we rocked back and forth as we fucked. The bubbles from the hose rose along my shaft as I grabbed her thirty-eight-caliber breasts and squeezed them in absolute ecstasy. I came four times that night, and we finally collapsed exhausted on the deck, only to be awakened by the dawning sun. I haven't seen her since then, but I'm anxiously awaiting the return of my filter fucking friend.—*P.J., Yonkers, N.Y.*

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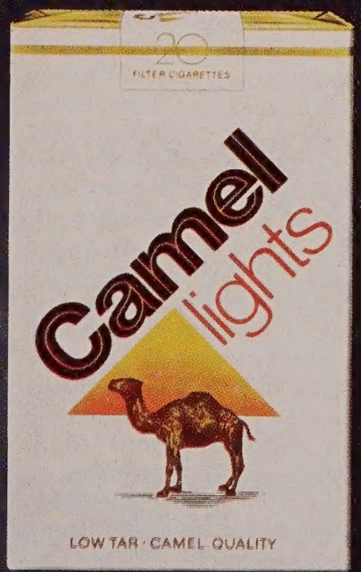

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Oh, baby!

I have never seen a letter about my particular fetish. So I am providing you with one describing how my wife typically allows me to indulge in my fantasies. I did not tell my wife of my fetish until after we were married, but luckily she enjoys acting it out with me and sometimes initiates the action with no prior warning. We do not always employ these "props," but we do use them several times a month for something different in our sex life.

She especially likes to play up to my fantasy when I am taking a bath. She enters wearing one of the schoolgirlish outfits that she uses for such occasions. My favorite one consists of a plaid jumper, which barely comes to the crotch of her white cotton panties. She has her hair in pigtails. A frilly, white blouse does little to conceal the nipples of her firm breasts. A pair of knee-length white socks completes her outfit. She explains that she is to baby-sit for me for the night, and she finishes bathing me. Before she finishes, I have a throbbing hard-on, and it's all I can do to keep from coming as she dries me off.

She then leads me into the bedroom, where I am "surprised" to see a diaper and two diaper pins on my bed. When I ask my baby-sitter what they are for, she matter-of-factly explains that that's what I am to wear. I quickly explain that it has been many years since I outgrew such things, but my protests are to no avail. I am "forced" to lie on the bed, and she sprinkles and rubs me with baby powder. Then she expertly pins the twenty-one-by-forty-inch Curity baby diaper on me and sticks a pacifier in my mouth.

Occasionally, she puts a pair of Gerber toddler-size waterproof baby pants (and maybe a T-shirt) on me as well. Usually, though, I am left to continue my activities wearing only a diaper—and I must keep the pacifier in my mouth. Depending on my wife's mood, this may continue for several hours. If we eat during this time, I feed myself but must drink all liquids from a baby bottle. Eventually, my baby-sitter will approach me, take my pacifier from my mouth, and offer me "something better to suck on." She has me lie down, unbuttons her blouse, and lets me nurse her breasts. I begin fondling her through her panties, and soon they are wet. When she feels hot enough, my diaper is unpinned to reveal my throbbing prick. Straddling me, she pulls the crotch of her panties aside and impales herself on me. Despite the fact that I am very excited by now, I usually have no trouble delaying myself until my wife comes several times.

Often my baby-sitter, after coming once or twice, will dismount and pin the diaper back on me without letting me come. When she does this, I can be sure that I'll later perform cunnilingus on her until she comes again. Usually, she will be sitting back in a chair with her skirt up around her waist and her panties pulled down to her ankles when she calls for me. Then, after she has recovered from her orgasm(s), she leads me to the bedroom or simply lies on the floor, removes my diaper, and lets me fuck her until I come inside her.

Over the years we have developed scores of variations on this theme. My wife sometimes has me wear a pinafore and pink rumba panties over my diapers, or she makes sure that a diaper and rubber pants are all I have on under my regular clothes when we have company over. Sometimes I am the one to diaper her—in the summer, I often have her follow me into our backyard, wearing only a long T-shirt with a diaper on underneath. Most of the time, though, I am the baby.

We've tried wetting as part of our game, but we've found it doesn't add much and is quite messy as well.—*N.S., Decatur, Ill.*

First time

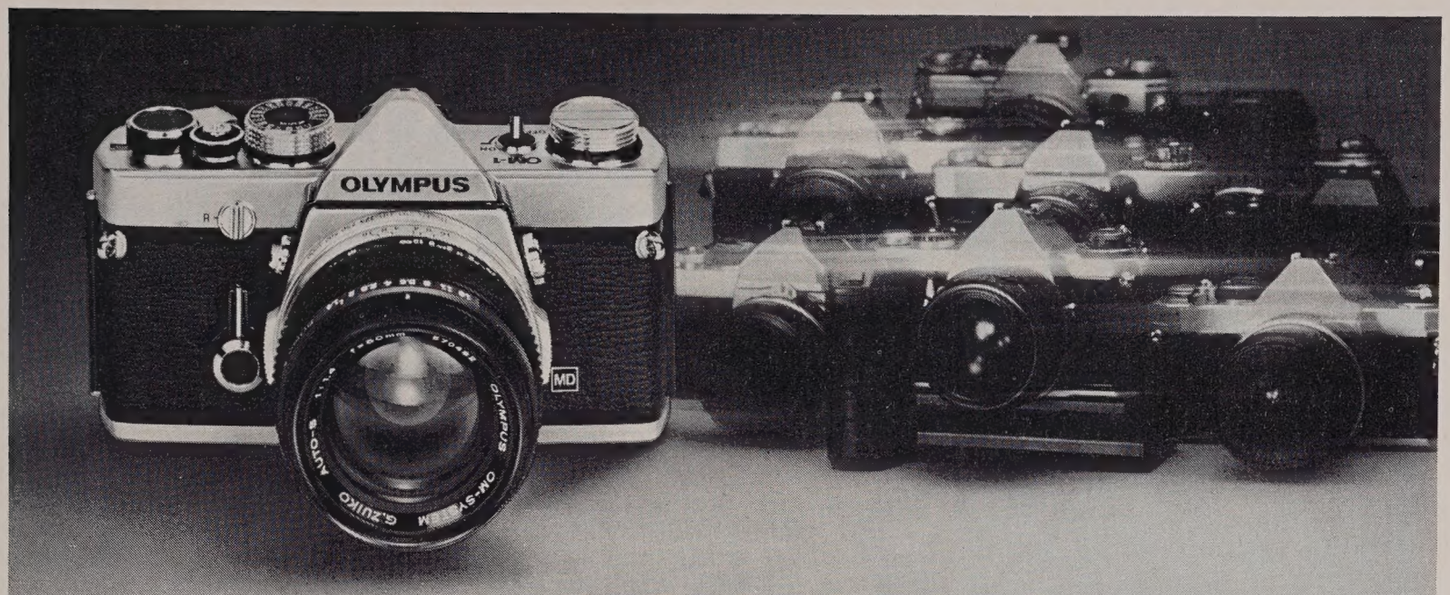
Two weeks ago, while I was attending a party at a fraternity house at a large western Canadian university, I got quite high and met a beautiful young girl, who I thought was no more than eighteen. I will call her Holly.

I moved over and began a normal, university-level conversation. After talking to her awhile, we moved to the kitchen, where things were more quiet. Because it was a university fraternity party, most rooms were "taken." Gradually, the conversation turned to sex. I leaned back against the counter, and the next thing I knew, she had a pert tit thrust against my chest and was giving me the longest French kiss I had ever experienced. Before I knew what was happening, her hands were running all over my body and slowly progressing toward my crotch, which was rapidly swelling in intense anticipation of what might come.

Holly then whispered that she wanted to move to someplace more private. When I said that all the rooms were taken, she took this as a cue to make the best of our present situation. She told me to sit on the counter, which I did. Then she took down my coveralls and slowly moved her body up between my legs, licking every inch of the way up. She then took the head of my cock into her mouth and moved down the length of my shaft. Her mouth was like molten butter as she slowly sucked me to the most intense orgasm of my life—right there, beside the kitchen sink, with over 100 people downstairs!

Since my only orgasms before this had come via my hand, this kinky situation really made me come in quarts. Being scared that our pleasant situation would be discovered by some other fraternity brother, I decided to move her to the only private place in the house—a closet adjoining the kitchen, leading to the garage. Although I had never been in this situation before, I knew just what to do. I slowly began to unbutton her blouse, and simultaneously sucked and bit her left nipple while unzipping her pants. In moments we were both naked.—*Name and adress withheld*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



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VIVA

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Uncle! Uncle!

Being a native Canadian (from Toronto), I can really relate to Walter Stewart's article, "Say Uncle! The American Colonization of Canada" (June, 1978).

It is indeed a shame that a Canadian company can't deal with whom it wants where it wants because its American owners say no. It is high time that both the American government and American industry woke up and realized that Canada is a country—and not the fifty-first state.

Canada can place a large amount of the blame on herself. She has not exactly stood up for her rights. A lot of Canadians are becoming aware of the situation, and there is an ever-growing mistrust of American dominance in their economy.

It has been said that America will always stand by and support her friend to the north. Actually, the United States may have turned into Canada's biggest enemy and weakened her to the point of no return.—*B.G., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

My reaction to Walter Stewart's article is "Uncle, uncle, uncle." We give; you win. As the saying goes, Walter, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." So I have taken it on myself to plead our case to the Americans. Take us, please. You can have what you want, but let us be part of America. English Canada tried to join Quebec, but they didn't want us. We have nowhere else to turn.

We have immense natural resources, good hockey players, and the better half of that Studio 54 phenomenon, Margaret Trudeau. (At least he was still a part of us the last time I heard, and, yes, he really does wear a fresh rose in his lapel.)

Of course, there are drawbacks. You would have a new minority to contend with—a 10 percent minority group at that. Just think, Macy's would have to hire a white, a black, a Spanish-American, and a Canadian. But then magazines like yours, which champion the underdog, would have something new to make Americans feel guilty about. And we all know that Americans like to feel guilty.

And I say to every guilt-ridden American, trust in your guilt regarding your exploitation of Canada; force your government to send in troops and conquer us. For we feel like a dog that is kept in the yard for the children to play with but is never allowed in the house.

Let us in the house. We will not chew the furniture or pee on the rug. Our hair doesn't shed. We might grasp how to sit in a chair, read Mark Twain, spell *colour* as *color*. In time, we could figure out your electoral system and be given the right to vote. We could even run for the Senate, Congress, or whatever. Maybe one of us could become president one day; we have log cabins here, too.

Hell, we even know who Andy Warhol is. And we know how you think, because we see all your movies here. In fact, they are the only movies we do see. Don't misunderstand. We do have our own film industry, but we let only the Americans play the lead roles.

I read today that the Canadian government decided to let foreigners (to think that the government would label Americans as foreigners; forgive them), such as Chase Manhattan, Citicorp, etc., run 15 percent of our banking business. I say, Why not 100 percent? What is good enough for America is good enough for me. If America took us over, we might even be able to compete with you. At least let us compete with you.

Don't you see, Americans? You are letting your large corporations take what is the right of *every* American to have—a piece of Canada. Bite into it; we taste good. Come this fall and think of us as Thanksgiving dinner, yours, waiting for your arrival.—*Spencer Stevenson, Toronto, Canada*

"Say Uncle: The American Colonization of Canada" benefits neither the Canadians nor the Americans. It was written by an overzealous Canadian nationalist. Walter Stewart is attempting to turn Canadian (and American) public opinion in the wrong direction. The period from the mid to late sixties produced a very nationalistic Canada. Anti-American sentiment ran high, for the Canadian economy was thriving—and so was the Vietnam War. However, the Arab oil embargo came along, and so did North America's biggest financial downturn since 1929. Canada soon realized that its economy wasn't one of East and West, but of North and South. The Americans didn't look so bad after all.

Why does the world contain so many nations, nations with neighbors alike in such respects as language, location, general culture, economic status, and politics? The strongest example, of course, is the United States and Canada. What am I suggesting? A U.S. annexation of Canada, excluding Quebec. The immediate economy of both nations would improve, benefiting not only us but also the entire free world. However, this idea must first be sold to both the Canadians and the Americans.

The plan would provide six new states: Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Canada (New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island),

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Ontario, and Saskatchewan. The Yukon and Northwest territories would be annexed by Alaska.

The annexation would add 17,021,000 (1977 estimate) to the United States' population and 3,256,949 square miles to our nation's area. This union would present a more formidable *United* States to the Soviet Union. Quebec would have the independence for which it incessantly asks.

Duplication of governmental responsibilities would be eliminated, thus reducing federal waste and spending per capita. This would result in a stronger and more stable economy.

A consolidation of the United States and English Canada would economically benefit both nations, produce six new states, humble the Soviets, please Quebec, cut government waste, and possibly set the stage for a number of other nations uniting as one.—*Lance Ruby, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Grease

I found Robert S. Wieder's article "Yuck! The Great American Hamburger" (July 1978) very interesting. As a former employee of one of those fast-food burger joints, I never dreamed that anyone could come as close to the truth as Mr. Wieder did in exposing this public-health menace.

The customer never knows just what he'll find when he bites into one of these burgers: hair, saliva, dirt, dandruff, or just about anything else the crew people have on their persons when they start their shift. Nor are the meat managers and supervisors without guilt. Frequently, when the freezer containing the frozen patties thaws and the meat starts to change color, rather than calling a sister store or the supply company for fresh meat, the supervisor simply orders the spoiled meat refrozen and sold to the public.

Rolls are delivered every other day from a local bakery. If the manager, for whatever reasons, feels that it will be a "heavy day," he will double the order. The rolls are then stored wherever we can find room—under the cash register, in back rooms, outside the back door. And every bun *must* be used, even if it's the last bun on a rack laid to waste by birds, rats, or insects.

The "fresh" lettuce and tomato used to make it your way are anything but fresh, and the condiments sit for hours without refrigeration.

Mr. Wieder's article was right on the mark.—*J.G.F., Saddle Brook, N. J.*

Why does Bob Wieder lament the failure of some of the most prestigious American food chains to produce a good hamburger today? He should realize that we are receiving high-quality, healthy, nutritional pap, served hot off the infrared heating lamps.

Bob did not even mention such well-known chains as Burger Chef, Wendy's, and Taco Bell, which also specialize in good grease.

It is time to rebel, and the first step is to leave your table *dirty* at your local McDonald's, for, remember, "We do it all for you." Once you can break that barrier, you will realize that the great American hamburger is not dead; it just gets served that way.—*B. Martin, Olympia, Wash.*

Robert S. Wieder's trek through the gastrointestinal mine field we refer to as fast-food service was thoroughly impressive except that he neglected the most widely feared hazard of all, White Castle. The only conclusion I could draw was that he lacked the intestinal fortitude to brave its perils.—*J.S., Westbury, N.Y.*

Varah interview

I enjoyed the *Penthouse* interview with the Reverend Chad Varah (July 1978). At this point in my life, I have no religious preference and found it rather refreshing to hear a Christian make sex sound normal without being insincere to his faith.

But I cannot reconcile myself to Reverend Varah's response to the last question. I don't understand how anyone who recognizes the beauty of the human body could be blind to the gruesomeness of abortion.

It is absurd to say that a fetus is not a living thing because we do not have religious ceremonies over stillbirths. If an abortion shows anything, it is the inhumanity of which we are capable. If you give a fetus a chance, in no time at all it will don a playsuit, hop on a tricycle, and ride into the sunset.—*D.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

From your interview with Rev. Chad Varah, I conclude that he is an engimatic person who embraces religion and the Christian Bible on one hand and speaks out against these holy works on the other.

I, too, loathe all tyranny but do believe that a moral breakdown of a country can lead to things worse than tyranny. When a society becomes so callous and tolerant that it allows sexual perversions to go to such extremes without calling a halt to such activities, we are then heading down the road to Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is one thing to enjoy the pleasures of sex, but strictly another to engage in so-called sex acts that are forbidden in the Bible.

This priest who would condone prostitution merely because it is lawful in some places takes a strange attitude. The Bible absolutely forbids fornication, that is, intercourse between unmarried persons. So how can this man of God condone such acts? This man has some strange ideas, and they don't seem to me to be commensurate with the ideals implicit in his church post.—*L.R.M., Ocean Shores, Wash.*

I was very much impressed by your fine interview with the Reverend Chad Varah. About six months ago I tried to kill myself because of an unsuccessful relationship with a young lady. Fortunately, my suicide attempt was no more successful than the relationship. Since then, I have been gaining so much insight through articles such as the Varah interview that I have begun to

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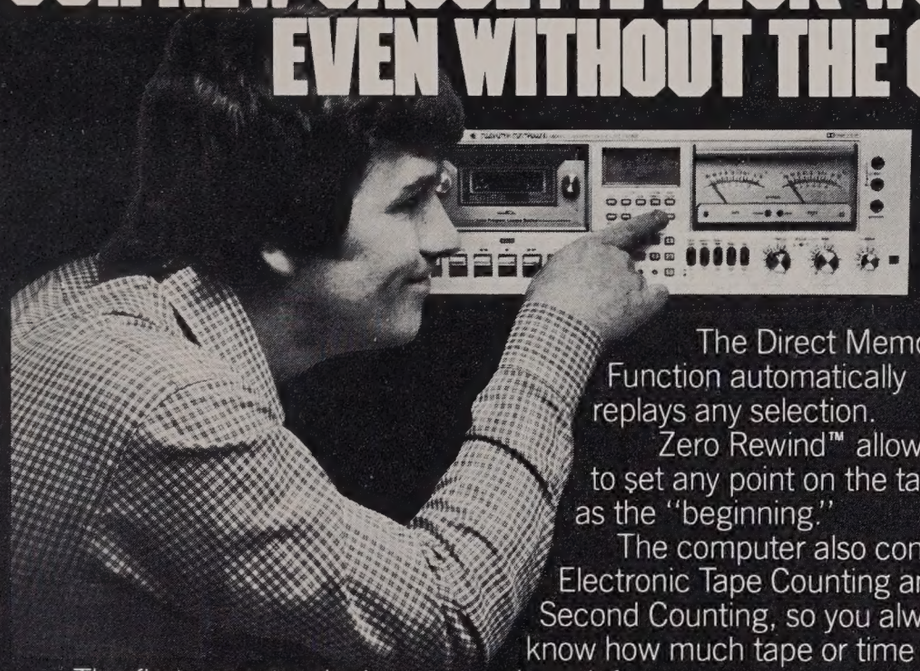

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understand God in a totally new way. I really agree completely with Father Varah when he says that the traditional church in this country has stopped growing with the times.

The earliest experience I had with church was when I was a child and my mother would send me to Sunday school. I couldn't stand the stuffy, windowless classrooms, the fat crayons, or the little brown suit I was made to wear. I don't think that fellowship can be restricted to one day a week around any select group of people. I feel that it is very important to my freedom as an individual to learn from all sources open to me.

Let's all try to show a little more love and understanding. Let's be more open to others and learn from life and from God. I hope that you all can see where I'm coming from. Thank you, *Penthouse*, not only for the excellent Varah interview but also for the countless other articles and knowledge you bring us.—*Scott Moore, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

War without end

We would appreciate it very much if you would pass this information along to your readers. CCCO, An Agency for Military and Draft Counseling, has developed the "Guide for the AWOL GI," a pamphlet intended to help military service members with very practical information concerning AWOL charges. Despite five years of volunteerism, it's clear that plenty is wrong with the military, and this pamphlet is badly needed by many of your readers. Witness, in particular, that the AWOL rate is the highest in the history of the navy, that one out of every five marines is AWOL, and that there is a 40 percent dropout rate among service members before they complete their initial enlistment.

"Guide for the AWOL GI" is available for twenty-five cents (to cover postage and handling) from: CCCO, 2016 Walnut Street, Suite 300, Philadelphia, Pa., 19103.—*Jon Landau, Philadelphia, Pa.*

I have just read the June 1978 *Penthouse*, and I would like to say that I really enjoy your magazine and always read the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser." As a vet, I would like to thank the staff at *Penthouse* for being so frank about the Vietnam vets. In the June column the subject was straight from the hip. It was so refreshing to read a positive article about us vets, instead of one about a vet who goes off the deep end. It seems that almost everywhere I look these days, I read or hear about another vet in trouble.

How about the rest of us who served and are now trying to become vital, functioning members of society again? I know that I speak for many other Vietnam veterans in saying that I would like to thank you for taking a stand and speaking out for us.—*Bob Green, Fresno, Calif.*

I would much rather be writing to your "Forum" section about my sexual fantasies come to life than to "Feedback." Perhaps no one can appreciate more than I how much sexual freedom really means. I am an inmate of the Texas Department of Corrections, doing two twenty-five-year sentences for aggravated robbery, and, needless to say, my sexual life consists of vague memories, self-stimulation, and, of course, fantasy. I am, however, fortunate to have a fiancée who brings me much love and peace through her letters.

My main intention in writing to "Feedback" is to compliment you on the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" of March 1978 and to thank you for bringing to light the inability of more than a half-million U.S. Vietnam vets to find employment.

I was in Vietnam from 1968 to 1969, received two Bronze Stars for valor, and became an infantry platoon sergeant during ten months of combat. Once you've been subjected to combat, you realize that the annoyances of any other occupation pale beside the enormity of the soldier's day-to-day struggle for survival. A soldier's readjustment is tenuous at best when he returns to civilian life. This is understood, and the vet was met with tolerance and understanding by the people at home after Korea and World War II, and eventually he blended back into a semblance of normal life. The reason why Vietnam vets have their present struggle is obvious: we embody a collective guilt feeling America suffers from because of its involvement in a malicious war of attrition that the bulk of American society wants to forget—and rightly so, but not at the expense of those who saw it as their duty to obey the U.S. government.

I, for one, see no change either in the system that caused us to be unemployed or in society's attitude toward the dictatorial government agencies that run the people rather than carrying out their wishes. Vets seem to have to become more and more disillusioned about the chances they have in this money-oriented system and see no hope of changing it. We had been made fools of for our patriotism; the evader and resister have been given amnesty and lauded. Heaven help America if it ever needs us. I, for one, would be more inclined to fight for the other side and hope for a change. Is it so hard to understand why a Vietnam vet turns to drugs and robbery? He was taught violence, and the drugs provide no escape. Maybe society needs to be shaken, and if that is happening, I say good; shake it to its roots. Make the mention of Vietnam scare the hell out of it.

It seems that the only way to alleviate these problems is through federal intervention. I propose that the federal government implement a program that would remove now-incarcerated Vietnam vets from state facilities (without lessening of sentences) and place them in federal facilities, where they could take advantage of some of the benefits due them. The Vietnam vet is as incongruous in prison as he was on the street. His mean educational level and IQ are higher than average, and I believe that his experiences are such that, were he placed in a self-help situation, a turnabout

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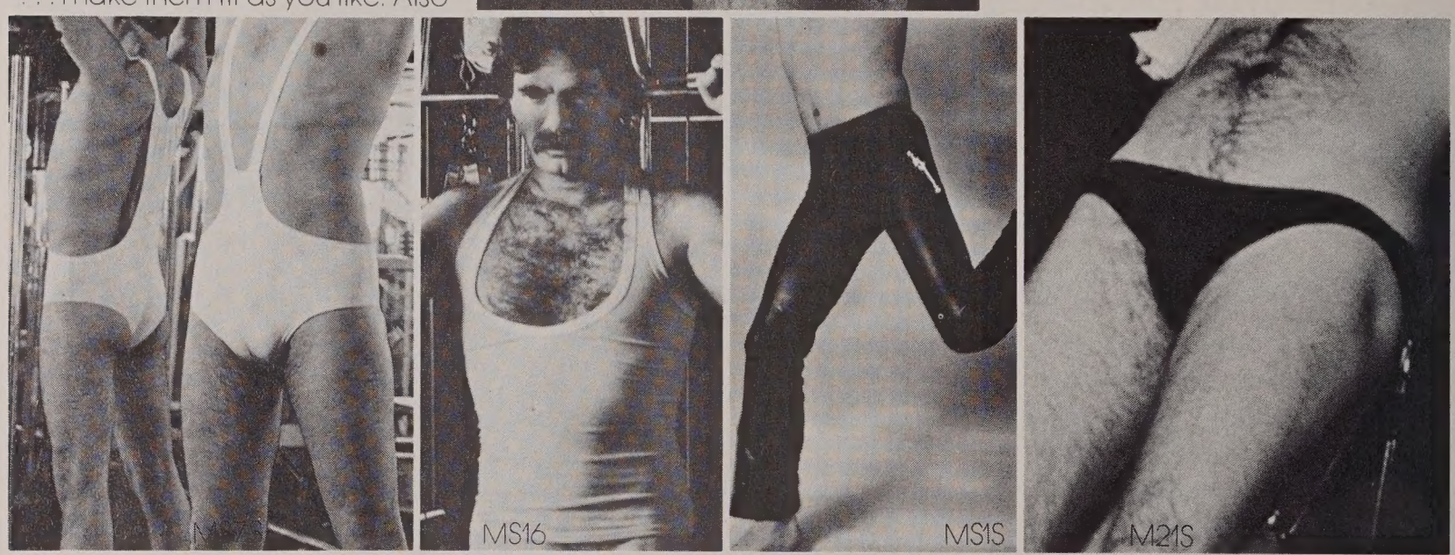

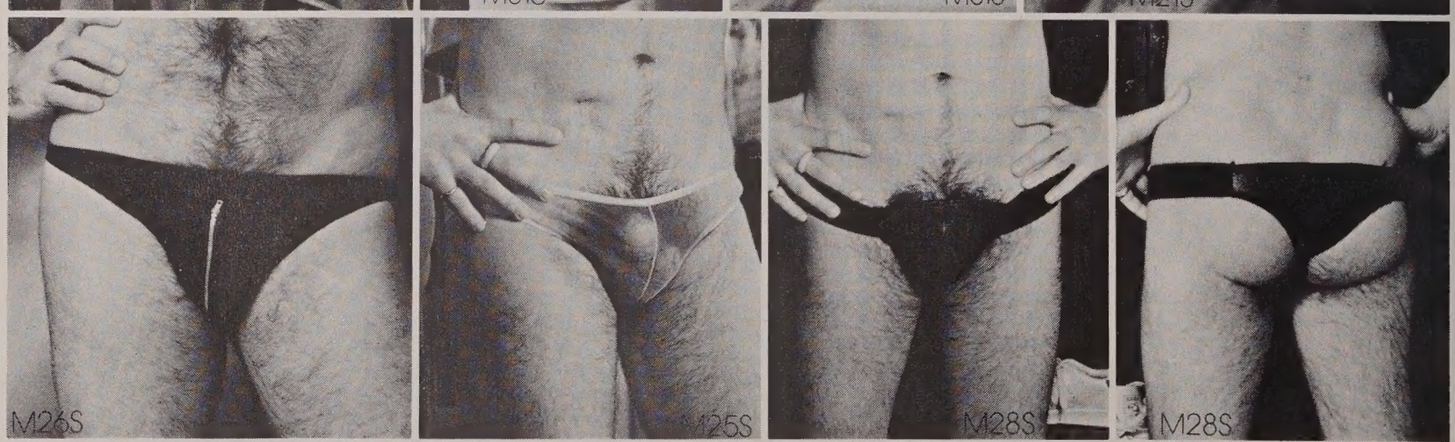

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in attitude could be effected.

A federally funded program for unemployed vets, such as the CCC camps of the thirties, could do much for both the vet and the environment. Vocational trades could be learned while this "VCC" performed valuable services in land reclamation, tree planting, fire fighting, and other ecological services. Only the limit of one's imagination limits the value such an organization could have for both the vet and society.

Although I realize that my ideas are farfetched and impractical, I hope that they may spur others to contribute suggestions. I'd like to close by adding that the Vietnam vet is as much a product of this society as pollution is. Couldn't he at least command the same attention?—*Norman MacDonald, Texas Department of Corrections*

Thus spake Tosches

Congratulations to Nick Tosches for "Thus Spake Rhoda" ("Scenes," July 1978). He has discovered, during his "travels throughout the world and parts of Arkansas," what we Arkansans have known all along. Yes, Arkansas is a world in and of itself. With clean water, fresh air, and some of the sharpest young politicians around, plus a unique type of inhabitants, Arkansas *should* deserve special mention. When Tosches has more time to spend here, I'm sure that he'll also discover there's more to this state than "foot soldiers with capped teeth."—*Tommy Mumert, Mountain View, Ark.*

MOANS & GROANS

I would like to comment on your "Pet of the Year" contest (June 1978). I suggest that this competition encourages the very *worst* aspects of voyeurism and sexist objectification of women by men. I find it absolutely pointless to try to elevate one of the three contestants to a dominant position. I fear that your contest encourages only the competitive side of feminine nature and detracts from the nonpossessive, sharing aspects of women. I maintain my anarchist-pacifist privilege and abstain. Keep on truckin', but do so in a less sexist way.—*Name and address withheld*

While we respect your "anarchist-pacifist privilege" of abstaining from our "Pet of the Year" competition, the fact is that most of our readers enjoy voting for the Pet of their choice without in any way "elevating" her to "a dominant position." Your comments about "feminine nature" and the "sharing aspects of women" are, we feel, more "sexist" than the contest you criticize. Competition is a healthy part of human nature—both male and female.

I was recently resting quite comfortably on the old water closet with the latest issue of *Penthouse*. I am a typical, therefore normal, male, which is exemplified by the fact that I didn't refuse to pay two dollars and eight cents for your magazine.

No, I'm not about to analyze why I would pay greatly inflated prices for a periodical. I know why, and it ain't the pictures; it is the written word. The advice letters and the personal experiences are the reasons.

Penthouse sells because of interest in sex, not because of its social and political commentary. The public reads many regular features about sex before skimming through the social and political articles. But wait. I'm going to do better than criticize. I'm going to offer constructive ideas!

I suggest you publish three specialized magazines. *Penthouse I* would feature sex. *Penthouse II* would feature only left-of-center, politically oriented articles. *Penthouse III* could be about two pages long, issued once a year, and long enough to feature your annual coverage of right-of-center politically motivated articles. Then you might see which of the three publications sells the best and nets the greatest advertising buck.—*P.J., Midlothian, Va.*

The overwhelming success of Penthouse *magazine and the fact that our circulation continues to improve indicate very strongly that people enjoy our combination of pictures and articles. Obviously, neither* Penthouse I, Penthouse II, *nor* Penthouse III *would sell so well as* Penthouse *sells right now. Thus your idea is obviously not "constructive" at all—either for us or for our readers.*

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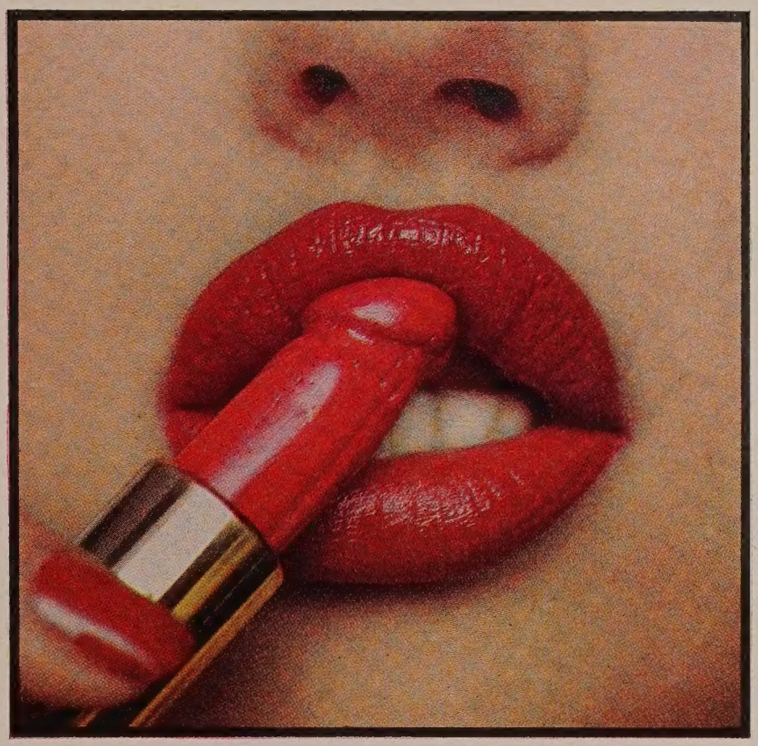
XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

You have said that a tenth of your mail deals with men who enjoy watching other men make love to their wives. I wonder if you ever get letters from these "wives" and hear their viewpoints.



For years my husband has been trying to make me dress in sexy clothes. My dresses always had to be shorter than the current style. My stockings had to be black and very sheer, my shoes had to be very high, dress tops had to be cut low to show a lot of cleavage, all my bras and panties had to be black and of lace, panty hose were forbidden, and see-through clothes were a must. To be honest, when I dressed and went out with him, I felt like a call girl on display. Wherever we went, men always turned and looked, and he (I'll call him Jack) loved every moment of this coy femme-fatale performance.

Other men were always around the house, and we gave frequent parties. I first noticed the trend one evening more than two years ago, when a friend who was over made a pass at me while my husband was out of the room. He had kissed me several times, and he had his hand inside my blouse, feeling my breast, as Jack returned. Jack saw what was happening—and stepped back out of the doorway and watched. Things went no further. After the friend left, Jack mentioned that he had seen what had happened and was not furious but pleased. He told me it was a compliment to me—that our guest had admired my beauty so much that he couldn't help himself.

A month later we gave a pool party. I had gone into the house to get more ice from the freezer when one of the guests followed me inside and started to get overly friendly. As he was kissing me, I noticed my husband watching through a side window. I allowed the man to pull my bikini top down and caress and suck my breast. I fully expected Jack to come charging in, but he continued to watch. I wanted to see just how far he would allow me to go before he stopped us. My friend then lowered the bottom of the suit and began to caress my vagina and slowly inserted his finger deep inside me. I opened my legs wide and allowed him full freedom to do whatever he wanted. He lowered his trunks, but before he could penetrate me, someone started yelling for the ice. My husband never mentioned the incident.

During the following week I began to notice footprints in the flower beds just outside our bedroom window, and upon checking I found dirt on Jack's shoes. I realized that he had been watching me from outside the window.

One night the same man who had made a pass at me before was again at the house. We were all drinking and having a ball, and Jack suddenly announced that we were out of scotch and that he would dash to the store and get a bottle. I knew this was a lie but said nothing. He left in the car, but he evidently stopped down the block and walked back. My friend had begun to get fresh already, and I suggested that we go to the bedroom, where we would be more comfortable. We sat on the edge of the bed and kissed and caressed each other for about five minutes until I excused myself "to go to the bathroom." Instead, I went out the patio door, walked to the corner of the house, and peeked around. There, in the shadows, was Jack, looking through the bedroom window. Seeing this, I was determined to force his hand.

I went back to the bedroom and allowed the man to remove my slip, stalling for time as he progressed from there. Soon the bra was gone, and he sucked my breasts for a long time. Next the panties went, and he was getting out of control. I thought surely Jack would come running in by then. My friend knelt down between my legs

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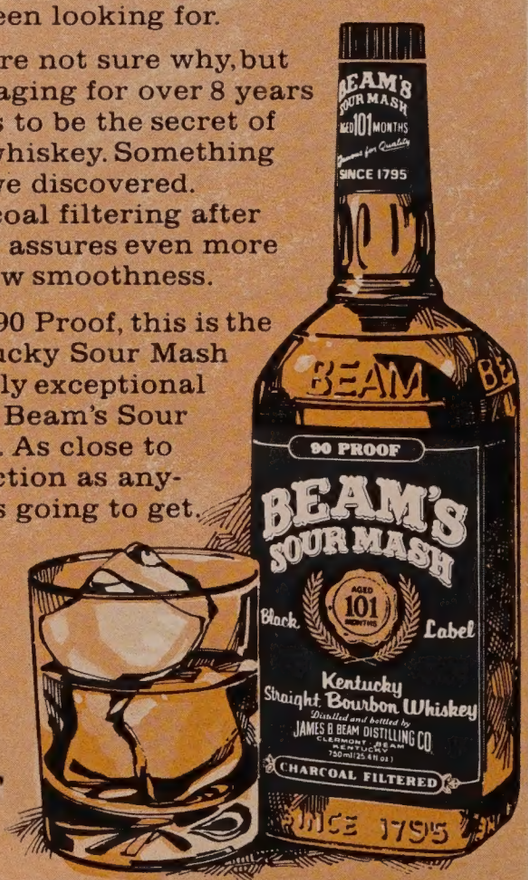
At 90 Proof, this is the Kentucky Sour Mash of truly exceptional taste. Beam's Sour Mash. As close to perfection as anybody's going to get.



Enjoy it without hurrying. Savor it the same way we make it. Slowly and leisurely.

AMERICA'S FINEST SOUR MASH... TASTE IS WHY

90-Proof. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
Distilled and Bottled by The James B. Beam Distilling Co. Clermont, Beam Ky.

and started kissing and sucking me. I begged him to continue and never stop—he was driving me crazy, and I realized that I wouldn't be able to control myself much longer. He got up and was ready to have intercourse, but I hadn't planned on going this far and had to stall for more time. Since I couldn't dissuade him, I took hold of his penis and slowly began to kiss it and run my tongue around it. He became really excited and put his hand on my head to force his penis into my mouth. I tried to pull away, but he held my head and began to pump back and forth. Suddenly, he erupted and shot a huge load of semen all over me. I used this as an excuse to go to the bathroom and clean up. I stalled for a long time, until I heard Jack's car come back. Again, no mention was ever made of this incident.

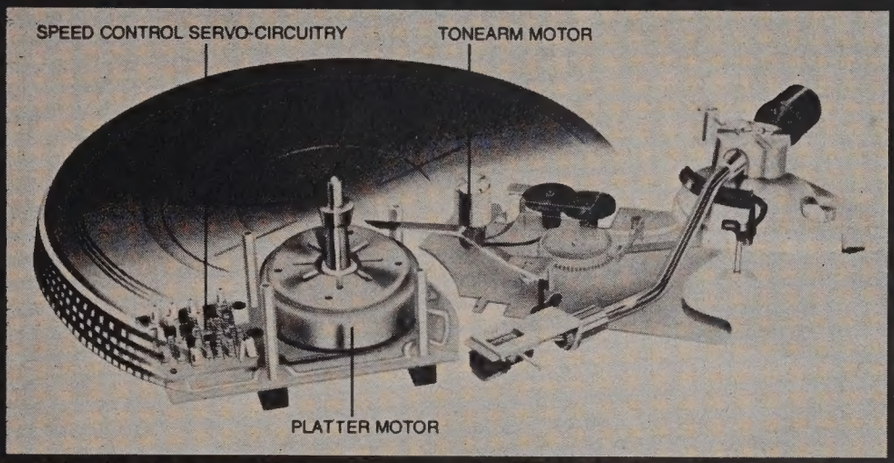
During the Christmas season, my husband has a special game that we play when we give a party. He puts a bunch of mistletoe above the entrance to the rec room and makes up a special punch bowl that he calls the "Bowl of Courage." It's straight booze, and after a few dips into it you get all kinds of courage. As a couple meet under the mistletoe, they have to kiss, but the trick is not to be the one to break the kiss. Anything goes, and the one who breaks away must chugalug a cup of punch. We had seven couples over that night, and by mid-evening I had already broken away from two men.

All the crowd watches, and they cheer the winner, boo the loser, and chant as you drink another cup. I was feeling no pain, and a stranger who had come with another couple caught me under the mistletoe. He began kissing me very passionately; so I teased him by running my tongue in and out of his mouth. Everyone was cheering to see who would stop. He put his hand inside my low-cut cocktail dress and was feeling my breast. The crowd was going wild, and I saw my husband clapping and yelling for him to keep going. In an effort to make him pull away, I reached down and pulled his zipper down. The crowd roared as he bent me slightly backward and caught the hem of my dress and started pulling it up. I almost pulled away, but I saw the gleam in Jack's eye and realized I had to keep going. My dress continued up until it was around my waist, fully exposing my stocking tops and panties. We still didn't break, and I didn't know what to do to try to stop him. His hand pulled my panties all the way down to my feet, fully exposing my vagina to everyone there.

Suddenly, there wasn't as much cheering, and I realized things had gotten out of hand. I tried to pull away, but he had a really tight grip on me. Before I finally got free, he managed to get his finger in me. Immediately after that, all of the other wives went home, as did four of the men. My husband and three of the other men stayed around. Jack kissed me, told me I was wonderful, and that he loved every minute of "your act." I was furious and decided to show him once and for all.

I deliberately positioned myself under

To beat the other turntables, we gave our arm a little extra muscle.



The new Sanyo TP1030 may look like other direct drive turntables.

But it plays like no other you can buy. Because of a great arm. With a little muscle of its own.

The arm. The TP1030's low mass tonearm says "precision" from its rugged, light-alloy headshell to the micrometer-adjustable stylus force gauge. We counterbalanced it laterally, as well as vertically. The counterweight is heavier, and located closer to the pivot to reduce rotational inertia. The arm, with its anti-skating mechanism, rides in a bearing assembly that's virtually frictionless to provide superior tracking response.

The muscle. Most automatic turntables use a complicated linkage of gears, cams, and levers that "steal" power from the platter in order to operate the tonearm mechanism. While this arrangement works, it's far from ideal. So we gave the TP1030 a *separate little DC motor* and precision gear train just to operate the tonearm. No linkages to add friction or mass to the tonearm assembly. No slurring of sound when you reject a record as the shock load of the arm mechanism hits the drive motor. Instead the tonearm is picked up, positioned, and set down more gently than you've ever seen.

The rest. The TP1030's platter motor is special, too. It's an IC-controlled, direct drive servomotor that turns in incredible 0.03% wow & flutter and −70dB rumble specs. And, of course, the TP1030 offers electronic speed change with a built-in strobe and independently adjustable pitch on 33 and 45 rpm. Plus programmable operation that lets you choose automatic play of a single record, or automatic continuous repeat. Add other nice touches like complete LED status indication, a built-in stylus examination mirror, a base of real wood, and dust cover, and you might think this sophisticated turntable is out of your reach.

The price. Surprise! The cost of this superb high fidelity component is just $170*. . . which makes it the real value winner in deluxe turntables today.

See the TP1030 and also what's new in Sanyo receivers and cassette tape decks at a nearby Sanyo audio component dealer.

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SANYO

That's life.

TP1030

*Manufacturer's suggested retail. Actual selling price determined by individual dealer.

It's true. Quanta turntables by BSR are good looking. But many people think our specs are even better than our bodies.

For instance, consider the 500. It's a single-play turntable with an exclusive feature. "The Final Touch." What is it? Well, at the end of a record, the power shuts off. Then, magically and silently, the arm rises from the record and returns to its rest position. Automatically.

The 500 is made with DC Servo-Controlled Motor, which is the quietest motor made. It's belt driven. And it's got electronic speed control to assure you constant record speed. Wow and flutter are less than .06% (WRMS). Rumble is better than-65 dB (Din B).

If you like those specs but prefer a multiple play turntable, then think about Quanta's 550-S.

Of course, both the 500 and the 550-S have a few things in common with our other Quanta turntables. Great value as well as great beauty. So come take a look at the entire Quanta line at your nearest Quanta dealer.

We give you a lot to choose from because we want you to like us for more than our good looks.

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the mistletoe again, and one of the men began to kiss me. When he reached behind me and unzipped my dress, I let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it. The slip went next, and I kicked it across the room. I broke the kiss and went to the punch bowl, not bothering to dress. After another drink, another man got me—he removed my bra, and again my panties went down and were kicked across the room. There I stood in my black garter belt and sheer nylons, totally nude for the four men to view. The three men took turns kissing and caressing me.

Jack took the mistletoe down and pinned it on the back of the couch. Soon one of the men who had had a lot to drink got me on the couch. In an effort to make him break away, I unzipped his pants and took out his hard cock. My husband and the other two men were cheering us on as he pushed me back on the couch and moved between my legs. I opened my legs wide and allowed him to enter me. We both began a violent lovemaking session, and he reached a quick climax. When he got up, quickly zipping up his pants, I just lay there with my legs spread. One of the other men looked at Jack, then quickly lowered himself on me. He lasted about ten minutes. Finally, the third man got on me. He was so loaded that he couldn't climax, and he continued to screw me for what seemed like an hour.

Jack just sat there and watched the entire thing. I finally looked over at him and said, "This is what you wanted me to do all along, wasn't it?" He nodded and smiled.

We lost some friends that night, some of whom have not spoken to me since. The three men that I had intercourse with have called me on numerous occasions, and I have had sex with them frequently during the past two years. I don't know whether Jack still watches or not, and I really don't care. Today I enjoy a much more liberated sex life and freely go to bed with anyone who desires me. Last week, on a long motor trip, I spent three nights in a motel with a different man each night and loved every minute of it. My husband never complains, and neither do I.—E.M.

I asked a couple of friends of mine, both psychologists, what they thought of this "wife watching" phenomenon. The more conservative psychologist suggested that men who like watching their spouses in intercourse with other men actually want to reduce their wives to mere sex objects. "These husbands," commented the psychologist, "want to think of their wives as nothing more than a good piece of ass. Seeing them have sex with another man confirms this idea for them."

The other psychologist disagreed with my more conservative friend. "Such men simply need to reassure themselves that their wives are attractive," he said. "Many such voyeurs actually want to have sex with their wives after watching them in intercourse with another man. It's as though they want to say, 'Look, aren't I the better lover?' "

I don't know which theory to believe. Let's

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just say it depends on the couple. All I know is that there must be a lot of tired American housewives—and I'm not referring to waxing the kitchen floor. What I do want to know, however, is whether there are any voyeur wives who enjoy watching their husbands screw other women. That I'd like to hear about!

I LOVE MY WIFE

Your May letter of the month came from a man who enjoyed seeing his wife fucking other men, and it prompted me to write and present a similar situation but from a different perspective.

I love my wife, and I know my wife loves me. Every day of our marriage is better than the last. We both enjoy fucking each other and others. Fucking for each of us is a physical pleasure that is only enhanced when fucking a different or outside party. To deny each other this pleasure in the name of love is really not a very healthy attitude to have and would say little for our mutual love. We believe love encourages a person to be natural and to grow as a human being. (I might mention that this belief of ours applies to all aspects of life and not just to fucking.)

I want to tell you and your readers that my wife and I arrived at this attitude through good communication. We married in our late twenties and had a very intense one-to-one relationship for over a year. In time, though, being human, we each began to find again that other people are sexually appealing. We always talked about this to each other; it came out in the form of a game in which we would each try and pick out people we thought the other found attractive. Gradually, we came to understand what we each found to be appealing. We also used to fantasize about fucking this or that person as we fucked each other. We both agreed that should our fantasies become reality, we would proceed together as a team, rather than separately. In this way our sexual growth could occur without jealousy.

Our first experience came with my wife's girl friend, a vacationing teacher from another state. She stayed with us for two months. She had been in a lot of our fantasies, and my wife fully knew how much she attracted me. She was tall and big-breasted, with large, muscular legs and a shapely ass—physically just like my wife.

One evening our conversation got around to massage, and it wasn't long before the three of us broke out our oils, spread out a large sheet in front of the fireplace, and took off our clothes. I got to go first. The two ladies massaged me from head to toe with an unusual amount of oil, and a gradual buildup of spicy conversation had my cock semi-hard by the time I rolled over on my back. A lot more oil and a lot less time was spent on my chest and legs. Both women were trying to entice my throbbing cock to a full erection without touching it. When it came, the women joked and laughed, staked claims to various parts of the cock and balls, and gradually began to put the oil on. Eventually, their mouths replaced their hands; it was heaven.

Before the evening was out, we had run the full gamut of sexual experiences one man can have with two women. My wife had sucked her first pussy with and without my cock in it; I got to fuck one and eat the other at one time, switch their positions, and do it again. Needless to say, it was great, and our new intimate friend moved out of the guest room and in with us for the rest of her visit. After she left, our sex life went from great to magnificent for several weeks.

For the next six months, via our massage routine, we discovered several women open to having threeways but no men—at least, not among our friends. Fortunately, we live in a city full of gay and mixed bars. We went to a few, looking to find a male to bring home, but all we found were gay men. We decided to go to a regular place that had dancing, split up there, and see what happened: any male in a mixed bar that approached my wife would be suspected as bisexual and a potential swinger.

I was really nervous, but I hung in there, asking males that fit my wife's taste: tall, slender, and young. Every time I got a tumble, I responded positively, stating that I had a partner with me who was also available. I got turned down twice, but the third time my newfound male friend asked to be introduced. The place was so packed that I had not seen my wife since we arrived. When I finally found her, she was talking to a man, and when I introduced Dale, she introduced Michael. After a brief get-acquainted conversation, we all left for our place. Dale sat in the back while my wife stroked the bulge in his pants, and Michael stroked the one in mine.

As soon as we arrived home, we lit the fireplace, fixed some drinks, and quickly moved the conversation to the subject of oil massages. Everyone was receptive; so we spread out the sheet on the floor, and quickly disrobed. I was really nervous, but also very excited—I had never engaged in sex with a male before. My wife, who was absolutely ecstatic at the prospect of three men, was the first to be massaged and, in a way, the last. Our two male friends were actually trying to massage her. I decided to break the ice. With lots of oil and lots of compliments about her body coming from me, I gradually worked the cheeks of her ass farther and farther apart, exposing the pink button of her ass hole. Finally, I pressed my mouth to it and began kissing and sucking it. Dale and Michael got the idea. She cooed at my activity, arched her back, raising her hips up off the sheet: a definite open invitation. After a minute or two, when I raised my head up for some air, I saw her sucking Dale's cock and Michael pouring and rubbing oil on Dale's body.

I was shivering with excitement when I got up to get the Vaseline. My cock was dripping from my own juices. I coaxed my

"How many times have I told you to stay in the closet until I get the kids off to school?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Of course you can live without Chivas Regal. The question is, how well?

CHIVAS REGAL • 12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

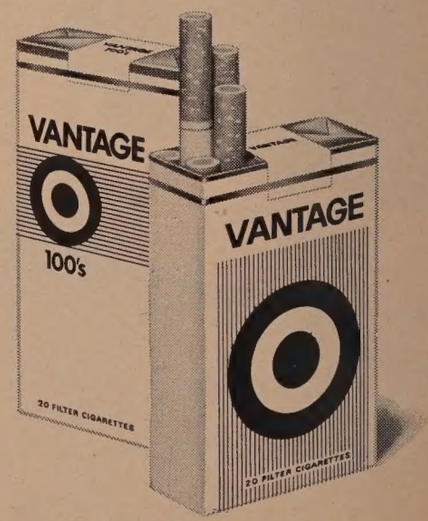
"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.



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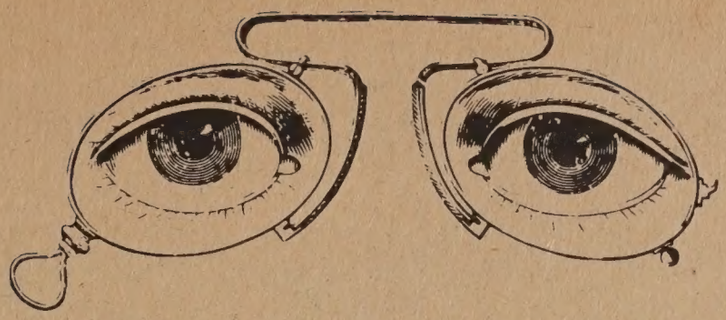


VIEW FROM THE TOP

TECHNO - POLITICS

BY TED NELSON

Some say that this is an age of science and that science is out of control. Not so on either count. Science is not out of control, for science consists merely of the laws of nature and the community that seeks to find them out. People like my friend Professor van de Kamp, for instance. His lifework has consisted of mapping the nearby stars and looking for wiggly ones that might have planets; he thinks he's found a planet going around another star. Generations of Swarthmore students benefited from his relaxed and playful teaching of astronomy. Now retired, he still likes to play Gershwin and show his Chaplin films. A typical scientist: if his findings ever become useful, he'll be surprised; he does not expect to visit his planet personally.

The guys who send rockets into space are not considered scientists by the *real* scientists. They're technologists. But like your local druggist, who doesn't mind being mistaken for a doctor, they like to be *called* scientists and benefit from the blur in the public mind. And they are out of control.

But we all use scientific principles, whether or not we realize it. We use the laws of gravitation every walking moment of our lives, and the only "technological" difference between walking and calculating an orbit is that you can't do the latter by feel. Yet.

Now, technology sounds like an *it*, a unified thing, something for there to be a Massachusetts Institute of. But it's not a single thing or a connected whole. If we called it simply tech knowledge, we'd see it for what it is: a bag of tricks. Some of the tricks are codified into principles, and some are related to formal science; some aren't. But technologists benefit from their self-importance. You can fry an egg without a chef's hat—the hat only makes it seem official. The word *technology* does the same, makes something seem an impressive secret. In the darker sense, technology is *whatever you're not supposed to understand*.

"Looks like you got a problem," drawls the mechanic. "Your skeezix was about to go, and that would have bent your top-hose ratchet around the transmission coil. It's a lucky thing I caught it in time." The question is not whether he's lying but whether you'll ever get to Disney World with the kids screaming. You lose. Pay fast and go.

And to all too great an extent, the rest of technology is like that. Technicality—complicated evidence to sift and hard alternatives to compare—is eternal.

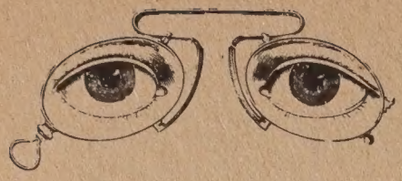
More and more, political issues are technical. The foremost of the techno-political issues are, of course, the atomic questions, which must finally be "opened" to the public. The Red scares and trials of the late forties and early fifties neatly silenced opposition to atomic development, and it now appears quite likely that the rest of humanity's tenure on earth will be preoccupied with dodging the plutonium we've created since then: both the great rockets, tall and horny in their silos, and the atom garbage, which will seethe maliciously for the conceivable future.

So we face the politics of disarmament and arms control, with their calculus of surprise and regret measured in millions of lives. We face the advocates of nuclear power, who say the plants won't blow up and nobody can steal bomb parts. We face the politics of nuclear-waste disposal and reprocessing (and the United States has volunteered to take in other nations' atom laundry). We face the politics of atomic terrorism—where will the atomic bomblets already in private hands appear first? We face the politics of atomic and chemical pollution, with their fiction of "safe levels"—meaning roughly the amounts of death, disease, and birth defect considered acceptable. (The New Jersey legislator recently quoted as saying "There's no reason we can't have both jobs and cancer" may have been more candid than was his intent.)

We face the politics of NASA and space colonies and microwave energy from satellites. We face the politics of freeways, of the new mathematics, of television violence, of television cables, of the next economic solutions; of dam building and of endangered species; of women's rights and Gay Lib (are certain things hereditary?); of supertankers, the ozone layer, recombinant DNA, psycho-control, computers, the poisoning of the seas, smartness pills, whatever.

There are many spokesmen, well-funded, to speak upon these issues—but only with *their* facts. And the technical words they use are like those of the auto mechanic. Doesn't "counterforce" sound like fending off a bully rather than preparing a thermonuclear surprise attack? Doesn't "energy development" nowadays sound better than "atomic power," and doesn't "the nuclear disposal problem" sound like something just waiting for the simple solution that we haven't thought of yet? (Compare the death problem.)

Though these issues become increasingly technical, their interconnection is deep and ever unpredictable. We didn't expect power from space, but now the space program may give us low-cost electricity in vast quantities. We didn't think the evolutionary process was swift; now insects seem to be evolving faster than chemists can invent new insecticides. The moving continents (noticed only recently) might provide a trap-door, beneath the sinking edge, for atomic and chemical wastes.



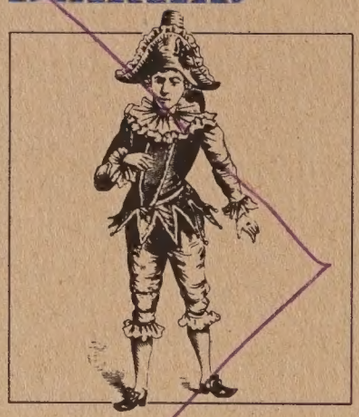
But most people are afraid of technicality. Where does that put us as the new questions and alternatives thrash across our world? We need people more willing to ask questions, and we need people more willing to answer them. We need a new kind of person, the Explainer, who can fairly translate theories and alternatives to whoever needs the translation. But everybody is so sheepish.

This is due in part to the educational system. Unfortunately, things are not set up to teach as much as possible to as many as possible. Rather, our system of scientific education is set up for the encouraging of the few and the disappointment and anesthesia of the many. High-school science is a joke, but also one in which many students see no point. The introductory courses at our colleges are set up to "get rid of the riffraff," to drum out those who are not well organized, fanatical, and obedient. Teaching the beginners is both reward and punishment to young professors on the rise, who try to show how rigorous, even unkind, they can be in their teaching. To the few who succeed, the science course is an exhilarating experience; to the many who fail, or feel that they fail, it is a searing disappointment from which to turn away in pain and self-anger. And so we have a nation where a few understand a lot and the rest very little of technology and science.

The time may be ripe for a change. There are people everywhere who want to understand things. There are more good Explainers than ever before. There are even new media—display systems under computerized control—that promise explorable worlds in full color and without intrusive supervision, and these innovations you will be able to enjoy on your home computer within a couple of years.

But the principles of presentation, even on computer screens, are the same as they always were in magazines and movies. Make it clear, make it simple, give it punch and color, and make the words come alive. This the mere technocrats will never understand.

SCENES

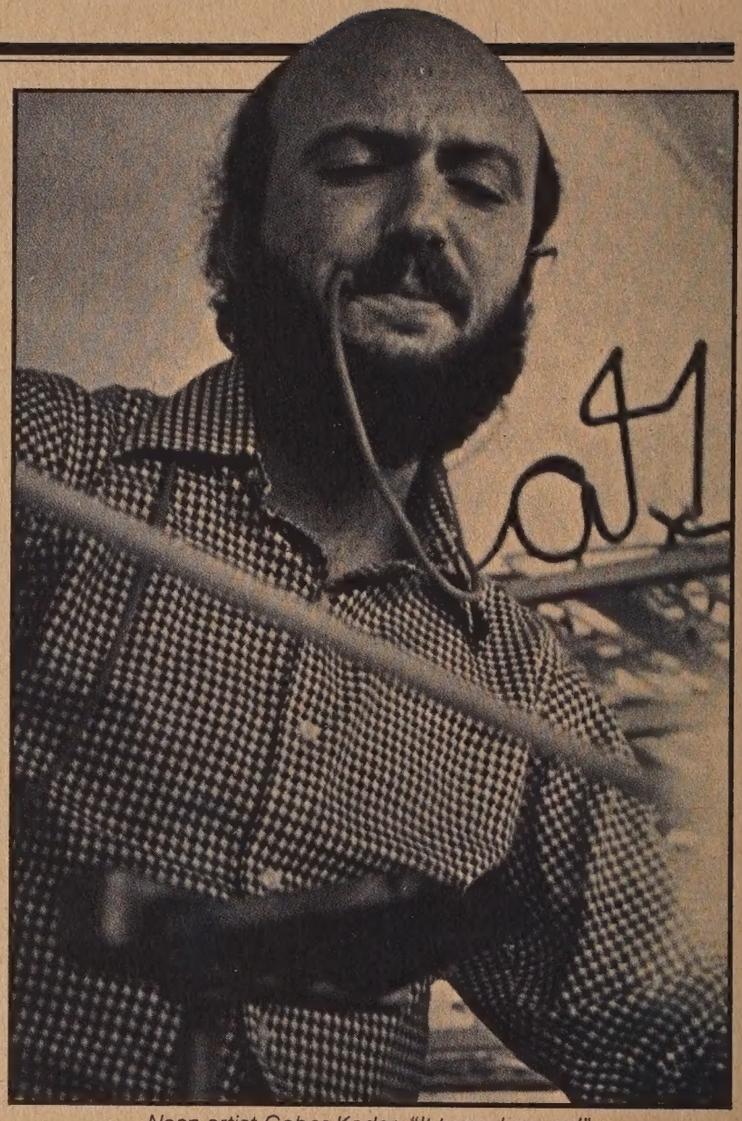


THE NEON TURN-ON

Where in the house do you put a sign that says "Blowjobs" or a two-foot neon cock that lights up in shades of lavender and puce? It is not a question you're going to find answered in the current *House and Garden*. But neon freaks and otherwise normal people who have longed to come out of the closet with their erotic fantasies can now see them spelled out in gold, blue, or green neon and hung in bedroom, den, or wherever their heart (or prick) desires. Whatever short message you want to give to the world, if it can be made of neon, **Gabor Kadar** can probably make it for you.

"Blowing" has a primary connotation different from the usual to Kadar and his sixteen employees in their long, low, pleasantly landscaped building a runway's overshoot from the Van Nuys Airport, a few miles from Los Angeles. Objects made of neon tubing, like the finest glassware, must be blown individually. NeoArt, Kadar's company, is one of the largest of its kind in the country. Last year it grossed $4 million.

Kadar, who learned neon blowing from an artist named Bill Lynch in Chicago, has made personalized signs for, it seems, half the celebrities in California, among them Frank Sinatra, Cher, Raquel Welch, Fred Astaire, and Mel Brooks. While he is too discreet to reveal what the stars wanted their signs to say, you can bet they weren't giving directions to Catalina.



Neon artist Gabor Kadar: "It turned me on!"

Among his less exalted clients, two big sellers are "Fuck Ya?" and "I Eat Pussy." The question naturally arises. Why would anybody feel the need to have it spelled out in neon? Kadar shrugs philosophically. "Look," he says, "maybe someone is too shy or gets laryngitis when he's nervous. All he's got to do is switch on the sign. There's no need to talk."

He laughs. He does not look like a man who could be called the porn neon king of Southern California. ("Erotic," he says. "Erotic neon king is better.") He is slim, medium-sized, thirty-two years old, has expressive brown eyes, and speaks fluent, if slightly overprecise, English. ("That is correct," he says frequently.) He was born in Hungary. His parents left during the 1956 revolution, when he was eleven, and settled in Canada. Eventually, they came to California, where Kadar went to high school. He is a shining example of that old American tradition: a man who has prospered by filling a need the public didn't know it had.

Besides the customized signs, Kadar's company produces art neon for the home, attractive and amusing stylized cats and palm trees, rainbows complete with small pots of gold. They sell in first-rate shops across the country, from Bloomingdale's in New York City to Geary's in Beverly Hills. But it is the custom signs that Kadar especially enjoys working on.

"People want their names or their favorite expressions or their obscenities," he says. "When they see it worked out in neon, I can't tell you the look on their faces, the pleasure. Everyone is so anonymous today. When a wife orders a

sign for her husband, "George Jones, Superstar," or "George Jones, Great Fuck," she is getting something for him that is absolutely, totally unique." An absolutely, totally unique sign from Kadar ranges in price from $90 to $140. Since neon doesn't burn out, and there is no maintenance, it can last for as long as you do if you handle it with normal care. That's a bargain. "If anything goes wrong," he says, "send it back. We'll take care of it."

Only rarely has Kadar been unable to make a particular sign requested by a client. "If you can think it up, we can probably make it," he says. "As long as it is in the nature of neon." One of his most popular signs reads "Love Me or Fuck Me"—either phrase can be lighted independently, depending on the client's mood. Another proclaims "I Want It Now!" with a checklist against what it is that's wanted.

Then there is the woman who wouldn't give her request to Kadar's secretary but would talk only to him personally. Kadar picked up his phone.

"I want 'Suck My Cock,'" the woman said, "inside a pair of big, red lips."

"Very well," Kadar said, and wrote out the order.

"When can it be ready?"

"In about three weeks."

Each week the woman would call to check the progress of her sign, and she would talk only with Kadar. Finally, the sign was ready, and Kadar told her she could pick it up. Her voice dropped. She suddenly sounded unsure.

"Tell me, Gabor," she said, "does it look classy?"

"Madam," he told her, "there's no way a sign can read 'Suck My Cock' and look classy!"

But while Kadar has a sense of humor about his erotic pieces, he also has a genuine passion for the art of neon sculpture. "Basically, no other medium can do what neon does," he says. "You can control light. You can make light go left, go right, go up and down, and you can use several colors in the same piece."

Color is achieved in neon by using different gases and also by using different coatings inside the tube. It isn't a subtle spectrum—neon comes in red, blue, gold, green, and orange—but Kadar does some interesting work with it. He has done an entire wall of "rainbow" and a total stage environment—back and side walls of neon—for Elton John. He has even made a neon ceiling for a Beverly Hills gynecologist. "It's to keep the patient distracted," Kadar says. "While the doctor is looking one way, she is looking another." His clients for business signs have included the Beatles, Chicago, Tavares, Ella Fitzgerald, Smoky Robinson, and Johnny Carson.

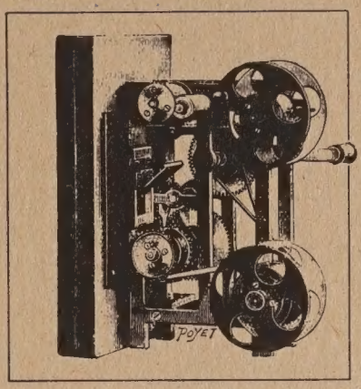
Modestly, Kadar bemoans the lack of qualified people in the field. "It's a dying art," he says. "But then there are a lot of openings—neon is coming back in a very strong way. Some people are tremendous artists," he says. "I'm not. Nor am I a fantastic glassblower or a designer or a salesman or a promoter. However, I'm able to do a little bit of all those things, and I think that is more important than being very good at only one." He talks seriously about opening a school for neon glassblowing if enough interest develops. Meanwhile, he is willing to give help or advice to anyone who cares to contact him.

What got him started in putting a glow into tubing? While still in high school, he wanted to buy his girl friend a small sign with her name in neon. He discovered that it wasn't that simple. He had to find a glassblower, draw a sketch for him, and hunt down a transformer so that the sign would light. "It was a hassle," he says, "and it looked mickey mouse, but there, finally, was her name—Shirley—in neon. It turned me on."

Shortly afterwards, he met Bill Lynch and apprenticed himself, unofficially, off and on, for several years.

When he started, neon was considered a tacky advertising medium, used mostly to illuminate bar fronts in down-at-the-heel neighborhoods. Now it is an art: hip, in, mod, and very trendy, thanks in some measure to ex-Hungarian Gabor Kadar.—*Samantha Ange*

FILMS



WATCHING THE SKIES

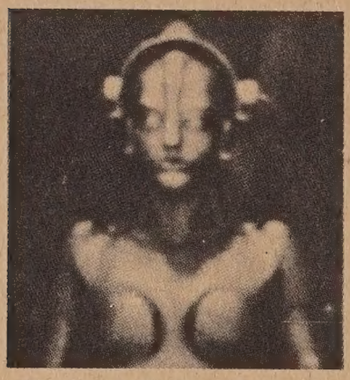
That pint-sized prophet of our age, the kid who's seen *Close Encounters* half a dozen times and *Star Wars* maybe another half-dozen times again, is telling us something.

I had dinner with one the other night, an exceptionally bright twelve-year-old who has probably gone to every science-fiction movie released since he grew old enough to bully his father into taking him to them. He suffers total recall of each of them, down to the smallest plot incongruities. At the drop of a hat he will give you a capsule review, complete with technical credits and estimated box-office potential. You'd think they were teaching the show-biz paper *Variety* now as seventh-grade English. My friend, as I said, is exceptional. But his kind, his spiritual brothers and sisters, must live on every block in America—and they *are* telling us something.

The movies are telling us something, too. Not necessarily by way of the national grosses—you won't learn about anything much except money from watching, say, how much *Capricorn One* makes versus *Jaws 2*. But you will learn from the movies themselves, the obscure ones as well as the famous ones, the fascinating semi-failures like *Logan's Run* or the unexpected, thoughtful beauties like (the uncut version of) *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. The fact that almost anything can now show up in a science-fiction film may be the best indication not only of how successful but also of how important the genre is today.

One by one, the good old genres that for decades gave order to the mass of movies have dropped out of currency and have just about died outright (the Western) or been preserved in self-parody (the private-eye picture) or under layers of dense nostalgia. Either of the latter reworkings

Simpson in Capricorn One.



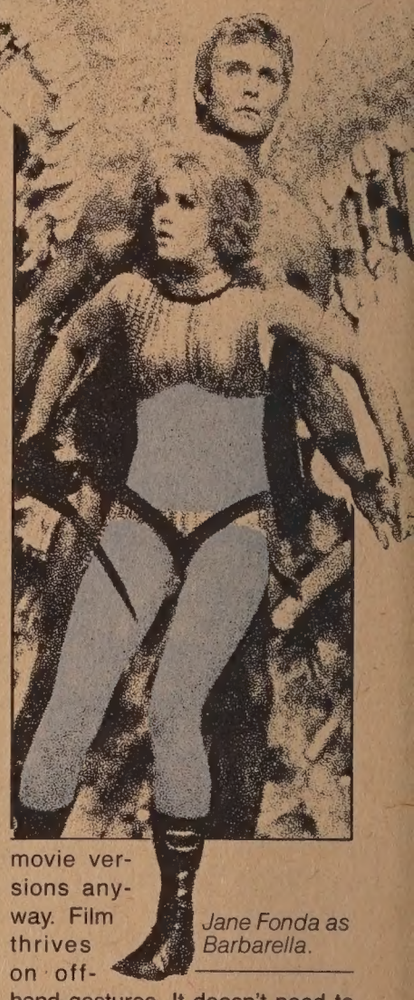
Robot seductress in Metropolis.

is a kind of embalming, meaning that people fondly remember the genre; they don't still live with it. But science fiction, which goes back literally to the beginnings of the business (George Méliès, *A Voyage to the Moon*, 1902—though he was working on what you might call science fiction almost five years before), is livelier now than ever. Even the horrendous horror film, writhing through a generation of nonstop demonic possession, follows the trend. The better the horror movie—*Carrie*, *The Fury*, perhaps the first *Exorcist*—the better it knows where on earth it stands and the closer it comes to feeling like science fiction.

The science fiction I've *read* tends to be as long on science as it is on fiction. It depends on the—often elegant—structures used to explain the existence of someplace else, at another time, in a different physical or moral universe. The movies usually simplify this, perhaps without much real loss, into relatively straightforward adventures or dramas of escape. All it takes is the other place and the future—or a past so distant that it's circled around to become the future once again. That time and place may be fully developed and self-contained, as in *Star Wars*. It may be closely encountered by us here on earth for the first time, and in that case it will take tremendous *intellectual* effort to meet it. Or we may enter it boldly, as Charlton Heston did in *Planet of the Apes* and Woody Allen in *Sleeper* or any of those bright-eyed astronauts of the 1960s B-movies, who kept wrecking their spaceships on charming female planets ruled by nubile, mini-skirted geniuses far beyond mere earthlings in agronomy, astronomy, and breast development.

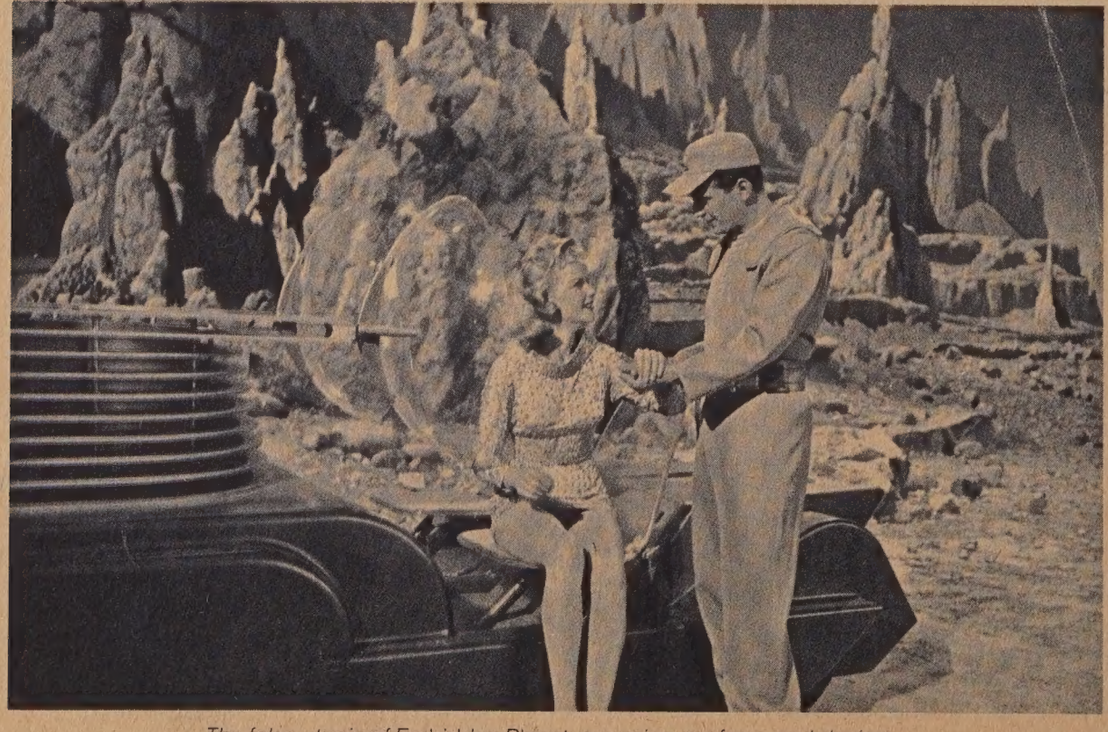
In the long run, how you reach your destination (which may be all there is of the "science") doesn't make much difference. The aim of most great fictional journeys of adventure is to get you back to where you came from. The aim of most film science-fiction journeys of adventure is to show you, whatever the time-space warp, that you never left home. To encounter a new world seems the aim of most science fiction. But for that new world to make any sense at all, it must furnish a perspective on our own. So, while the adventure may start in hope or, more often, in terror, if it continues it will inevitably become a form of social satire. That's where it begins to count. And that's why science-fiction films, from *Metropolis* (1926) to *Forbidden Planet* (1956) to *Logan's Run* (1976), have indirectly said so much more about our fears and our desires than have the most solemn, topical "problem" pictures. It takes only a science-fiction utopia, or false utopia, to give our thoughts a location and a name.

I don't mean to make these movies all sound alike. The genre is wonderfully tolerant. In fact, you can take almost any kind of story, stick in a few death rays and a spaceship, and you've got a science-fiction film. Purists will cringe, but purists have never understood movie versions anyway. Film thrives on off-hand gestures. It doesn't need to worry about logical details.



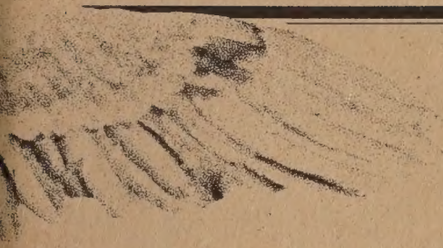
Jane Fonda as Barbarella.

Thus Peter Hyams's recent *Capricorn One* reasonably classifies as science fiction (though it's essentially melodramatic political fiction making use of science) because it uncovers an alien presence, which happens to be our own trusted officialdom, busily betraying an even more trusted ethical system while seated around our swimming pools or gathered in our own front yards. The *Capricorn* astronauts, whom the space agency must eliminate so they won't expose a faked landing on Mars, also discover a new planet—the deserts of our own—as surely as any more typical travelers in the galaxy. Twenty years ago the movies would have had them joining the army, navy, and marines in fighting against some monstrous invader brought back, of course, inside a rock sample from Mars. Today they fight *against* the army, and the letters "NASA" figure large on all the



The Bettmann Archive

The false utopia of Forbidden Planet: *exposing our fears and desires.*



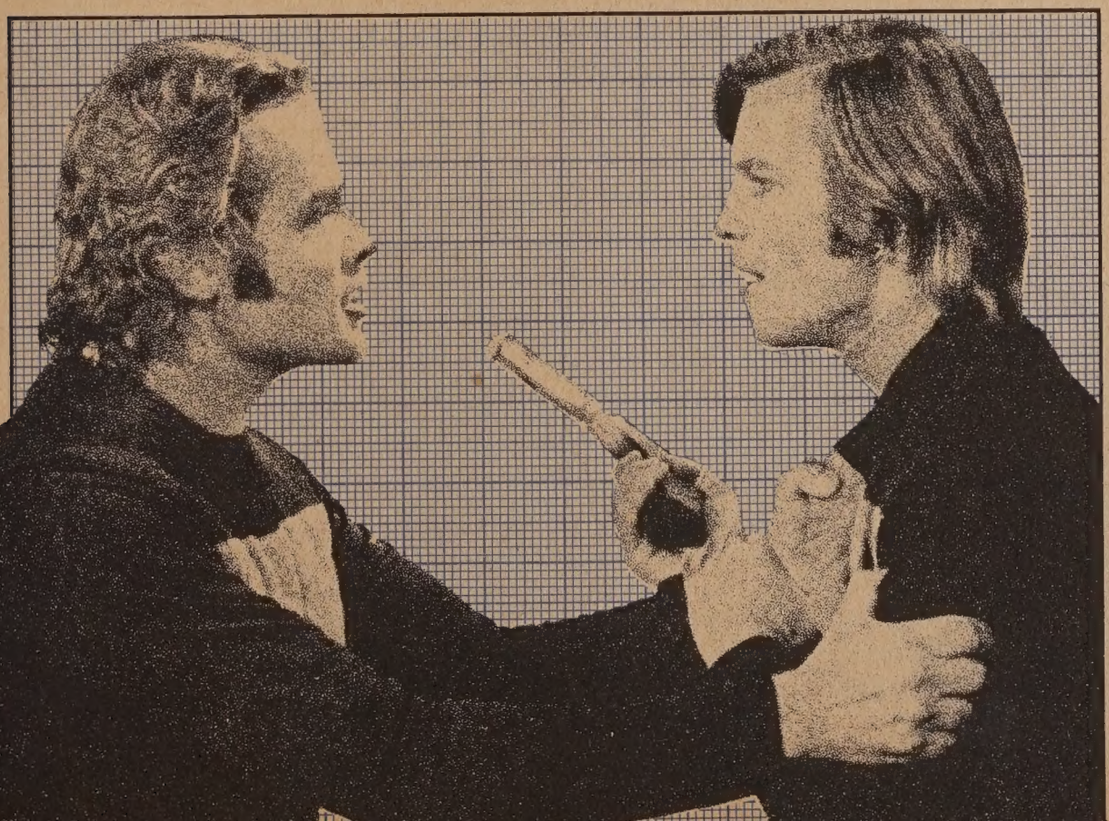
enemy's equipment. A while back, we entered a period of paranoid individualism directed against the system—an intelligent attitude responsible for some good movies, of which *Capricorn One* is far from the best. Science fiction has been dealing with that at least from *2001* on down.

Do you remember the mad scientist in *The Thing* (Howard Hawks and Christian Nyby, 1951), the guy who for the sake of science wanted to keep those seed pods growing no matter how much precious human blood they consumed? There have been a thousand like him over the years. Well, the plot can be reversed and has been—to produce Richard Dreyfuss in *Close Encounters*, needing the temporary gift of madness to make his privileged contact with the new-style flying-saucer people, who want nothing better than to be our friends. The older aliens were usually after something—our air, our blood, our bodies (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, 1956, and now being remade), or our sons and daughters (*Children of the Damned*, 1963). When they did manifest themselves, they were disgraceful: blobs or slime, or superintelligent reptiles that communicated only by shrieks and groans. But the new aliens want to be understood—just as the mad scientists always thought they did—and their happy destiny is to show us how really mad we were to be afraid.

The young hero of *Logan's Run*, where everyone is supposed to be "reborn" at thirty, escapes his perfect universe initially so as not to die, but incidentally to discover an access to old age. Old age appears in the form of an ancient Peter Ustinov, surrounded by cats, haunting the ruins of the U.S. Capitol. An altogether winning portrait, which reverses the 1960s nonsense about not trusting anybody over thirty, it sets against the idea of social utility a solitary longevity valuable even for its vagueness, for all it has lived through and managed to forget.

If *Logan's Run* is a science-fiction success story, then Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is a science-fiction record of personal failure. It ends with its superior being from outer space (David Bowie) succumbing to dry martinis, the last remembrance of the desperate thirst that brought him to earth in the first place. Roeg's movie, more than *Close Encounters* or *Star Wars*, seems as good as recent science fiction has become: gentle, elegiac, and impressive more for the delicacy of its perceptions than for even the most spectacular—or mystical—of special effects.

What comes next, I shouldn't care to guess. Science fiction is infinitely adaptable, and it goes back a long way. It goes back to before the invention of the movies, at least to the eighteenth century and the origins of some attitudes basic to the scientific frame of mind. I should have centered it all in Jonathan Swift's great antiscientific satire, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the movies, of course, would have proved me wrong. At this year's Cannes Film Festival, producer Oliver A. Unger circulated a couple of glossy, four-color pages announcing what masterpiece of cinema he has in the works: "One Step Beyond *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*: John Milton's *Paradise Lost*."—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

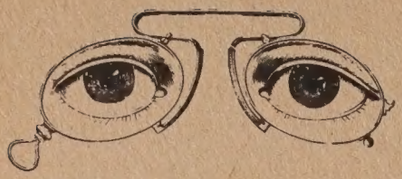
SPACE LIB

There was a time—not so long ago—when women knew their place in science fiction. That place was not in the kitchen or in the bed of the hero, as in some other forms of fiction, but rather in the sticky-fingered embrace of an eight-tentacled purple people-eater from Canopus IV.

These horrific, never-quite-consummated liaisons between scantily clad maidens and alien monsters adorned the covers of science-fiction pulp magazines in the thirties and forties and even into the fifties, and they helped give the genre a bad name among librarians, schoolmarms, and parents. Alas, the pulchritude in science fiction was only skin deep. The stories behind the lurid covers were almost entirely asexual—the real buzz came not when boy met girl but when boy met rocket ship or when two scientists went *mano a mano*, with the fate of the galaxy hanging in the balance.

It goes without saying that the protagonists in these stories of adventure were almost all male, and that the few women professionals who wrote science fiction disguised their identity behind androgynous initials (like C. L. Moore) or hid completely behind masculine pen names. How drastically all this has changed! Names like Ursula Le Guin, Joanna Russ, and Anne McCaffrey now adorn the covers, and they write, more often than not, about women.

Logan's Run: *success story.*



And what women! Freed from the constraints of contemporary sexual politics, science-fiction writers no longer have to show their heroines battling for their rights or learning to handle newfound freedom; the women can simply take the initial victories for granted and go on from there.

The heroine of Vonda N. McIntyre's ***Dreamsnake*** (Houghton-Mifflin, $8.95) is a highly accomplished "healer" on a planet where survival skills are paramount. There are deserts to cross, fierce storms to avoid, and diseases to overcome, but the woman called Snake is a match for them all. She ministers to the sick with the help of genetically altered serpents, whose venom glands yield vaccines and medications to fit particular illnesses. She is gentle with her patients, loving but firm with her serpents, fiercely combative with the men who stand in her way, open-minded about everything else. Unoppressed, she carries around no ideological baggage about sexual oppressors. This well-crafted novel tells how she acquires a family worthy of her—a brave and sensitive adopted daughter and a man tough enough and passionate enough to be her mate. McIntyre leaves just enough loose ends in the plot to suggest that she has a sequel in mind. I, for one, look forward to watching Snake in action again, if only to see whether domesticity cramps her style.

The Two of Them (Berkley/Putnam, $8.95), by Joanna Russ, is about a woman who travels to a distant planet to learn that all men—including her lover and mentor—are The Enemy. The planet, called Ka'abah, has a culture based, for some unexplained reason, on the social order depicted in the Arabian Nights stories. Irene Waskiewicz, who has been recruited into a kind of cosmic CIA called the Trans Temporal Authority (or The Gang, for short), blows her cover and her cool when she decides to rescue the daughter of a local official from a fate worse than death: the cosseted, tightly restricted existence of a wife and mother in a male-dominated society. Irene kidnaps the girl, and when Ernst, her bedmate and fellow agent, tries to interfere, she dispassionately dispatches him. Irene is a whiz at physical combat and at diddling computers, and she is apparently good in bed when the mood strikes her. But her impulsive behavior on Ka'abah seems like a throwback to another era of "women's fiction." She judges all creation in terms of what feels right to her. Of course, Russ has stacked the cards to make Ka'abah an outrageous parody of a sexist society. But in a science-fiction context—with its implicit message that the universe is larger and more varied than anything we may have dreamed—Irene comes across as a narrow-minded prig.

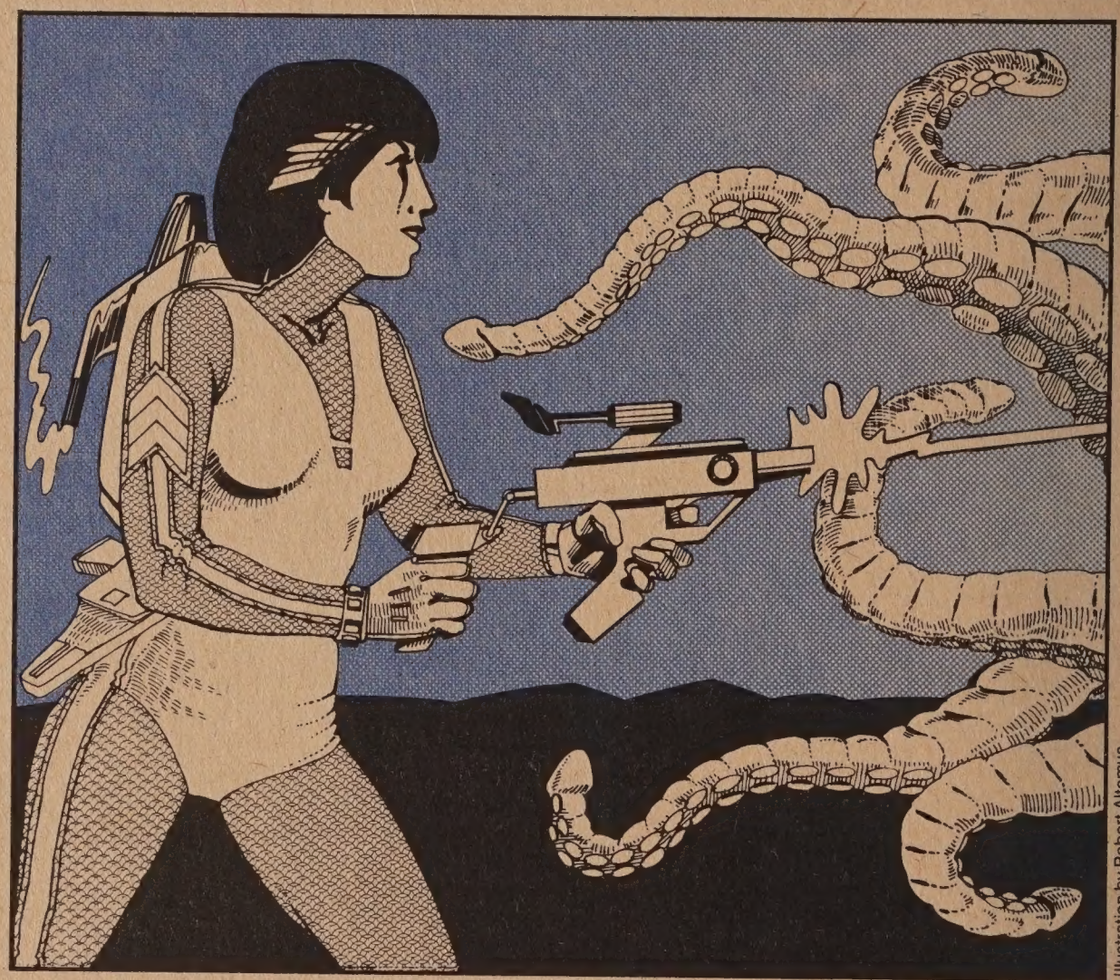


Illustration by Robert Altemus

Millennial Women (Delacorte Press, $8.95) is an anthology of shorter science fiction by women writers, edited by Virginia Kidd. By far the most interesting of the six stories is a short novel by Ursula Le Guin entitled "The Eye of the Heron." As usual, Le Guin's theme is the search for the ideal society, and as usual, she displays an awareness that this search cannot be successful unless relationships between men and women are restructured. Like Russ, she likes to play with a stacked deck. She imagines a distant world that has been settled by two groups; one group has set up a virtual replica of a competitive male-dominated earth society, and the other is a pacifist, nonsexist anarchy based on the principles of Gandhi and Martin Luther King. But Le Guin is never satisfied with easy victories. In the inevitable confrontation between the two societies, the anarchists do rather well, but it is Luz, the daughter of the other group's "boss," who teaches them that resistance itself can be self-defeating. Le Guin's point cannot be reduced to a simple slogan; she knows that truth—about society, about men and women—is not discoverable in the abstract. Ideals that ignore circumstances are ultimately as confining as prison bars.

At first glance, Jacqueline Lichtenberg's ***Unto Zeor, Forever*** (Doubleday, $7.95) does not appear to say anything about the relationships between men and women. She has invented a future world in which a mutated human race has split into two subspecies, the Simes and the Gens. Like junkies, the Simes must have periodic fixes of a vital force called selyn. The only source of selyn is the body of a Gen; Gens make selyn, which they don't need; Simes need selyn, but they cannot make it. When a Sime is in "need," he or she goes hunting for a Gen. Unfortunately, the act of drawing selyn from a Gen's body usually means death for the Gen. Since Gens can't breed fast enough to keep Simes supplied with selyn, the survival of both races obviously depends on some form of cooperation.

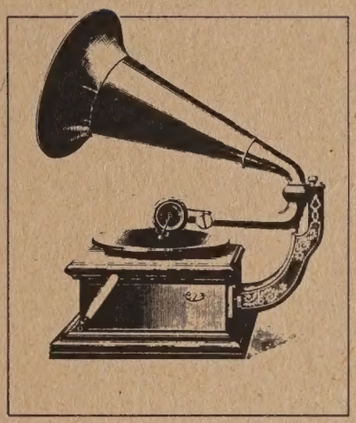
Lichtenberg explores this tense situation with such an obsessive

eye for detail that anyone who picks up the book may experience reentry problems in returning to the real world. The author does not burden her tale with allegorical overtones, but readers who cannot find parallels to the Sime-Gen relationship in their own lives are not living in any "real world" that I recognize.

Not that male writers of science fiction have entirely forsaken the female form. The heroine of John Boyd's ***The Pollinators of Eden*** (Penguin, $1.95) is a beautiful, brilliant, but frigid scientist named Freda Janet Caron. This is the story of how a planet of sentient plants and a young graduate student named Hal Polino straighten her out. As one might guess from this brief synopsis, Boyd is having fun with pomposity of various types, from the sexual to the scientific. Among the objects of his satire are science fiction itself and pornography. Warning: if descriptions of sexual encounters between consenting flora and fauna offend you, don't read this book.

The Jewel-Hinged Jaw (Berkley/Windhover, $4.95), by Samuel R. Delany, is subtitled "Essays on Science Fiction." I mention that here because Delany is one of the best science-fiction writers around, and whatever he has to say about his craft and his fellow writers is worth reading. But for me the most interesting parts of his book are the autobiographical passages. In many of his science-fiction stories, Delany speculates about how sex in future societies will differ from our own. He writes sensitively and provocatively about male and female roles, about family structures, about the interplay between genetics and culture. According to his testimony in this book, Delany grew up in black Harlem, attended a private school on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and enthusiastically participates in a gay fathers' group with his own child. Unlike the maunderings of writers who prattle on about themselves, everything Delany says of a personal nature deepens our appreciation of his science fiction and of all fiction that takes the future seriously.—*Gerald Jonas*

SOUNDS



TOMORROW'S MUSIC TODAY

When the aliens sound their musical greeting in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, they're conforming to a widespread popular notion of what the music of the future will be like. It's difficult to pinpoint just where this notion came from, although the sound tracks to earlier science-fiction films, the pronouncements of certain electronic composers, and the performances of space-rock groups like Pink Floyd must have had something to do with it.

In any case, it is usually imagined that the music of the future will be electronically generated and that it will somehow be more than music. Like the aliens' greeting in *Close Encounters*, it will do what people through the centuries have depended on meditation or drugs to do: it will alter consciousness.

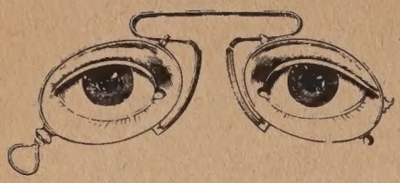
If further evidence is needed of how widespread these ideas are, consider the advertising for two recent albums of electronic music. "It's an album that contains no hit singles," boasts the ad copy for German Composer **Michael Hoenig**'s *Departure from the Northern Wasteland* (Warner Brothers). "It does have what the best records of the future will have: an effect on the listener that goes beyond music. It's so hypnotic, so relaxing, that listeners are sure to leave their bodies for the forty-five minutes it's on their turntables. No kidding!"

The producers of *Pythagoron* (Pythagoron Inc., P.O. Box 2123, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017) claim that their product "is not just music but sound, controlled with electronic precision to alter your awareness, to get you high. Developed through years of research into the resonant interaction of sound and brain-wave patterns, *Pythagoron* sound is unique in concept and production."

Once on the turntable, the record turns out to be somewhat more prosaic. It includes a heartbeat sound that swells and recedes, vanishes and reappears, along with various electronic tones that resonate together and then spread apart in long washes of sound. It may be scientific, and if you put it on in a dark room and lie down, it might get you high; stranger things have happened. But you have to *want* it to get you high. It isn't going to change your perceptions in the blink of an eye.

Departure from the Northern Wasteland is related to the German school of synthesizer rock. Hoenig is a charter member, having played with Agitation Free and Tangerine Dream, and like most of the music in the idiom, his *Departure* is dazzling but derivative. It's easy enough to discern the sources of Tangerine Dream's concoctions, which usually recreate conventional orchestral sounds and stay close to a nineteenth-century romantic idiom. *Departure* is more seductive, but people who listen to contemporary concert music will recognize the influence of a group of younger American composers, among them Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, and La Monte Young. Like Hoenig, they use repeating phrases, overlapping rhythm patterns, and a clear tonal center to establish a trancelike stasis. Perhaps the most

Michael Hoenig.



accessible of all their works is **Philip Glass**'s *North Star* (Virgin), an album that contains short pieces but still manages bewitching effects.

Glass isn't surprised to hear elements of his music in progressive rock from Europe. He has been performing there since the late sixties. So has **Terry Riley**, whose Columbia Masterworks album *A Rainbow in Curved Air* was perhaps the single most important influence on the space rock of the sixties. And so, since the early seventies at least, has **Steve Reich**. But unlike Riley and Reich, Glass goes out of his way to interact with pop musicians. When he performed at London's Royal College of Art in 1970, the students in the audience included David Bowie and Brian Eno, now leaders of English progressive rock. Eno is currently in New York, producing rock records, and Glass is frequently seen in his company.

In June, Glass and his futuristic ensemble of amplified saxophones, keyboards, and voices gave a sold-out concert at Carnegie Hall. His music from the opera "Einstein on the Beach," which includes a remarkable "Spaceship" sequence that seems to lift listeners out of their seats, was greeted with thunderous applause. "I remember reading a letter of Mozart's," Glass said not long after the concert, "and he commented that in every coffee shop people were singing arias from *The Marriage of Figaro*. There was a time when we didn't have this tremendous distance between the popular audience and the audience for concert music. There was a time when composers like Liszt and Berlioz made their living playing. I think we're approaching that stage again."

In an interview with *Synapse*, the international electronic music magazine, Michael Hoenig expressed even more clearly what this new kind of music may mean for the future. "I think the clear tonal center and basic pulse are just coming back," he said, "and more and more people are realizing that this is going to be a very heavy new energy. It's going to be a new form of music—meta-musik, with an up-to-now-unknown universality—and it's just the very, very beginning."

Raymond Ross

Sun Ra: extraterrestrial.

Another musician who is playing tomorrow's music today is the jazz composer and bandleader known as **Sun Ra**. Together with his ensemble—which has been known variously as the Intergalactic Cosmo Arkestra, the Myth Science Arkestra, and the Saturn Research Arkestra over the past twenty years—Sun Ra gives performances that might well be the work of extraterrestrial beings. The Arkestra, composed of ten or twelve horn players and another dozen percussionists, heaves and sighs, making squawks and bleeps and giggles and snorts like a saucerful of frolicking space creatures. Sun Ra coaxes the sound of rocket exhausts out of his synthesizer. Two small female dancers, who seem to be identical twins, pirouette across the stage in glittering tunics, moving like mechanical dolls to the Arkestra's complex rhythms. Then, on cue, the entire band begins to sing: "If you find Earth boring, just the same old same thing, come on and sign up with Outer Spaceways Incorporated." Sometimes Sun Ra will lecture the audience: "You're just running a God-forsaken planet here. This is an example to all the rest of the planets: don't ever get cut off from the rest of the universe, or you'll end up like planet Earth." Sometimes the entire band marches through the audience, playing and singing, up and down the aisles of a theater and even between the rows of seats. It's "When the Saints Go Marching In" and "2001" at the same time.

Ra doesn't talk much about his past, but apparently he was born in Birmingham around 1915 and played with several well-known swing bands before forming the first edition of his Arkestra in 1956. He is a mercurial, engaging conversationalist, though talking to him can be eerie. A few years ago Ra was talking to this writer backstage after a performance, describing his visit to the Great Pyramid. "I visited the king's chamber," he recalled, "and since that was Ra's chamber and the number of Ra is nine, I said the name *Ra* nine times. And all the lights in the pyramid went out——" At that moment, as if right on cue, all the lights in the theater went out. They came back up a moment later, and it turned out that a stagehand had flicked them on and off to try to persuade everybody to go home. But the coincidence did give one pause.

Sun Ra can claim more credit for getting to the music of the future first than any other jazzman can. Back in 1960 he made a remarkable album called *The Magic City* (Impulse) that introduced synthesizer solos, free-floating rhythms, and thunderous full-band improvisations into the music. The stage shows he began mounting during the late fifties furnished a model for later groups like the Mothers of Invention and Parliament/Funkadelic. But he could never be pinned down; his music was always changing. His latest album, *Live at Montreux* (Inner City), a marvelous two-record set of concert performances, finds him still forging ahead.

"You might say I'm in tune with nature," Sun Ra says by way of explanation, "and my rhythms are what is happening with changes in the stars' positions, the weather, everything. I can hear everywhere in the cosmos, so I just play it. And there's nothing static about the cosmos. Everything is up in the cosmos, everything is out in space, and the earth itself is sitting out here suspended, with no strings attached to it. So the music, if it's going to be real music, must also hang suspended. In that case the people's minds and their physical, mental, and spiritual feelings will be lifted up, because the music will be in keeping with the cosmos."

Sun Ra's music is more unpredictably emotive than the cool, lucid constructions of Philip Glass and Michael Hoenig. But the future will need both kinds of music, and Sun Ra probably speaks for all musical futurists when he says, "You have to have an intuitive plan, unknown things, uncharted paths for people. It's all a wilderness, and you've got to have pioneers to go out there and discover and achieve."—*Robert Palmer*

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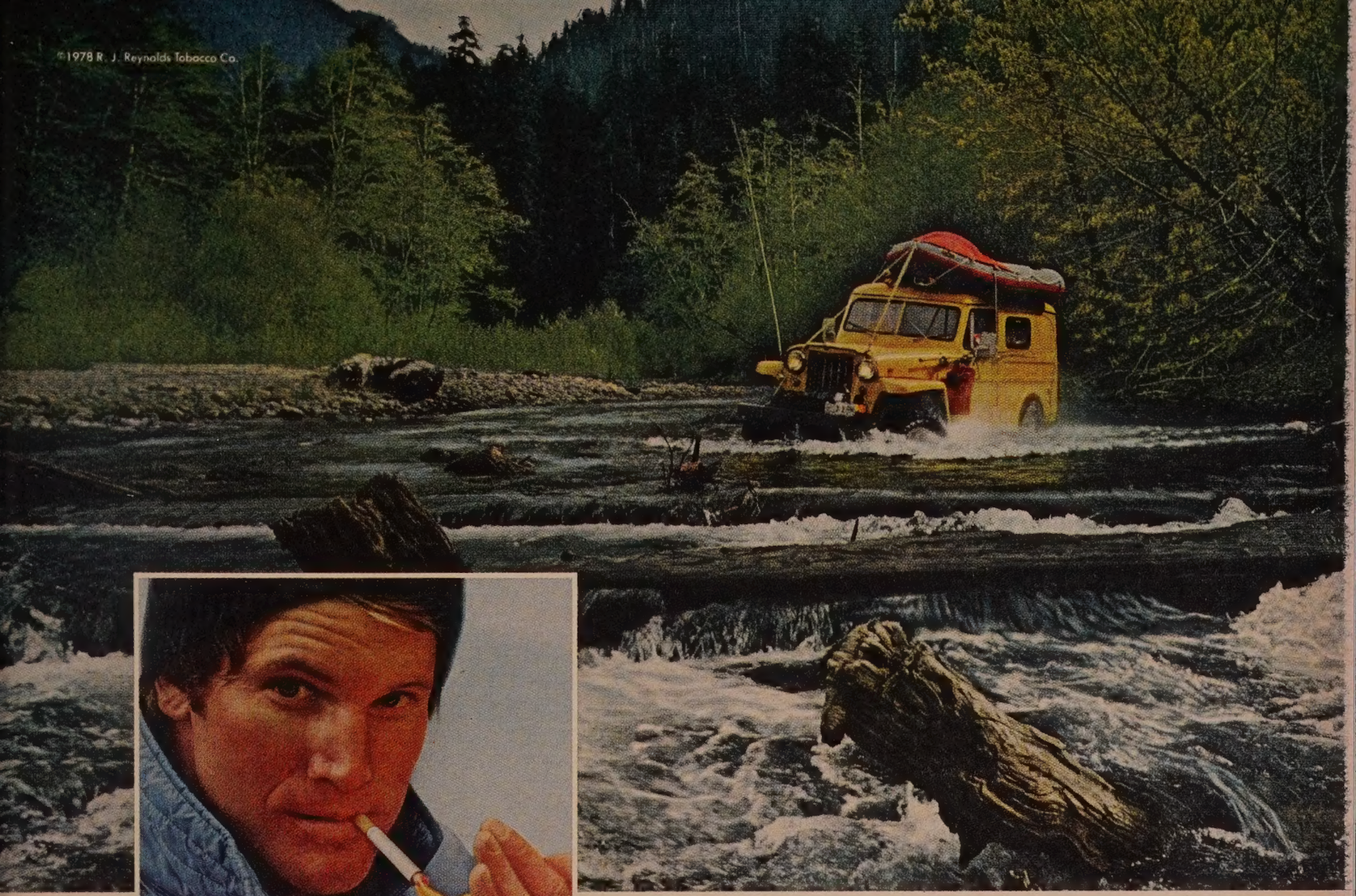

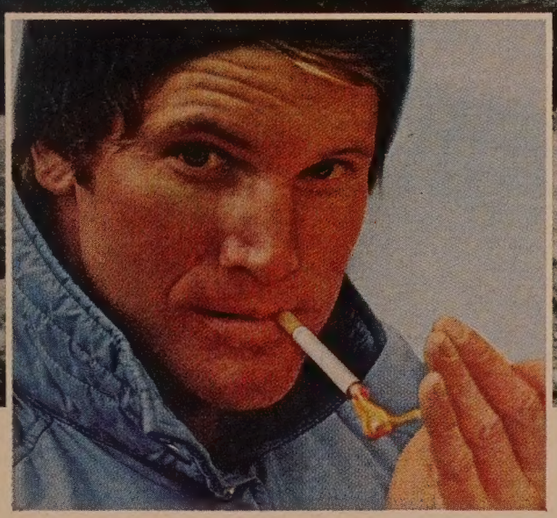

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Awards ceremony of the Science Fiction Writers of America, which was held earlier this year at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco, offered many instances of the contrasts and paradoxes rampant in a literary genre now thrust into the spotlight of mass-market attention after decades of relative indifference. There was former SFWA president and master of ceremonies Robert Silverberg, on a three-year sabbatical from writing, mulling over a six-figure offer to return to the typewriter, while an afternoon panel on science-fiction magazines bandied about the less-than-spectacular but quite standard rates of four to eight cents a word. There was the smell of marijuana emanating from a table of young writers and fans during the get-acquainted cocktail party, while members of the older contingent recoiled in horror at being offered the devilweed. There was Harlan Ellison, who has publicly disavowed that he even *is* a science-fiction writer, making a surprise appearance in order to accept with obvious pleasure the Nebula for best short story. And, most significant of all, after a weekend punctuated with bad puns and blunt requests ("Please—no questions about *Star Wars*"), there was Gary Kurtz, producer of *Star Wars*, being presented with a specially created "non-Nebula Award" recognizing the merit of that phenomenally successful film.

Love it or hate it, the science-fiction community could not ignore the "space opera" that, along with *Close Encounters*, has rocketed this quirky, cranky, mind-blowing thing called "science fiction" into the twentieth century of big bucks, mass media, and the madness of crowds.

And The Force will continue to be with science-fiction audiences. Shooting for *Star Wars II* is expected to begin next February, and if all goes well, the first sequel to *Star Wars* will be released by Christmas of 1979. All in all, there are ten *Star Wars* sequels being planned by Star Wars Corporation, one of four such organizations that director George Lucas has established to deal with his galactic $80 million share of the film's gross.

All kinds of commercial—and cultural—borders are being broken by *Star Wars* mania. Witness the sale of *Star Wars* memorabilia—records, T-shirts, lunch boxes, light-beam toys, and bubble gum—which is expected to total $200 million by the end of next year. John Williams's musical scores for *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* were featured in a special pops concert by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, in which a baseball stadium was transformed by a giant laser display into "the world's biggest jukebox . . . a Martian Fourth of July." Jeff Fishman of Los Angeles received a *Star Wars* bar mitzvah party, complete with cosmic disco and robot ushers. Many fans have seen the film dozens of times, but a woman and son in Oklahoma hold the unofficial record at more than 200 viewings. Another woman bought a tree in Israel and dedicated it to Darth Vader. The range of sociological appreciation can be measured by the fact that while *Star Wars* was the subject of an even dozen learned papers delivered at the recent national convention of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, the film has also inspired a crudely drawn eighty-page "Tijuana bible."

Some admirers travel across the country and around the world for a chance to glimpse the film's heroes in the flesh. Mark Hamill, *Star Wars*' Luke Skywalker, says, "They're transfixed. Some of them have been so touched by what they see as this beautiful revelation that they probably project themselves into that lyrical existence. It's so attractive to them; they use it as a symbol of everything they want in life, all that unfulfilled fantasy and adventure. I can understand it completely." Mark, himself a science-fiction film buff, is also aware of a *Star Wars* backlash. "There are ads in some science-fiction fan magazines that promise, 'Absolutely *nothing* to do with *Star Wars* in this issue!' I totally sympathize. But I don't see why people get so upset about it. All I care about is the next movie, preserving the enthusiasm, so that the sequel will be a real treat to do. And if people don't like *Star Wars*, why don't they just not go to see it anymore? Don't *think* about it; don't *buy* the bubble gum. But don't get *upset* about it! It's only a *movie*."

> Several years before science discovered the possibility of black holes in space, science-fiction writer Joe Haldeman had invented the idea.

Whether they are movies or soft-core religions, the cinematic visions of author-directors George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have launched a thousand rocket ships in the form of a growing number of film and television projects based on science-fiction and fantasy themes. "I actually see it as a phenomenon now," says Howard Zimmerman, editor of the science-fiction media magazine *Starlog*, which has a circulation of 500,000. "When *This Island Earth* came out in the fifties, everyone thought, *This is it: the big splash that will make science fiction legitimate and put us over the top*. Of course, that didn't happen. Then, when *2001* hit in the sixties, it was the same thing; everyone in the field felt *this* was the big breakthrough to—you'll pardon the expression—the mundane audience. In science-fiction circles," Zimmerman politely explains, "people who are not into the genre are referred to as 'mundanes.' There are mundane media, mundane television—and mundane people. It was hoped that the mundane world would finally catch the science-fiction bug. And *2001* didn't do the trick, either. There were a couple of spinoff-ripoffs; then the science-fiction film world went back to producing B and C movies. It just never happened on a societal scale—until now."

Besides the announced sequels to *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*, film projects currently in the works include *Superman*, a two-part film produced by young Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler. Budgeted at from $40 million to $50 million, this will be, thinks Howard Zimmerman, "*the* most spectacular movie to take place on earth that has ever been made. I can't vouch for the acting, but I've seen the effects, and they're absolutely staggering." Marlon Brando plays Superman's father, who, killed off in the first few panels of the original strip, returns from the grave to advise his son. "Star Trek," Gene Rodenberry's television brainchild, which grew from "*Wagon Train* in outer space" to the object of worldwide fanaticism, is at last coming to the big screen. The series' original cast has been reassembled, and an undisclosed but sizable budget will make the film visually competitive with other biggies when it's released by Paramount in the summer of 1979. Dino De Laurentiis's *Flash Gordon*, directed by Nicholas Roeg on a budget of some $25 million, is also set for release in 1979. Other films in various stages of completion are *Star Crash*, an Italian "space western"; *Lone Sloane*, an animated feature drawn by Philippe Druillet, the *Heavy Metal* artist; and *Space Probe*, a Disney film $5 million into production. Robert Towne, *Chinatown*'s author, is writing a Tarzan screenplay for Warners, while producer Ed Pressman is preparing a $15 million version of *Conan, the Barbarian*.

Television has taken the science fiction–science fantasy craze as seriously as have the moviemakers. Among the futuristic shows one can expect to see this season or the next are a "Buck Rogers" series, an animated "Flash Gordon" special, and miniseries based on Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles*. "Doc Strange" and "Mandrake the Magician" will be weekly regulars, along with lovable "Mork and Mindy" from the planet Ork—a cosmic sitcom from the makers of "Happy Days." The project causing the most excitement, though, is *Battle Star: Galactica*, a Universal production for ABC which science-fiction enthusiasts hope will do for television what *Star Wars* did for movies. Indeed, the creative force behind the show is John Dykstra, George Lucas's special-effects chief for *Star Wars*. Originally commissioned as three television movies that would run throughout the summer, *Galactica*, starring Lorne Greene, was picked up as a series before a pilot was even made. At that stage, more than $10 million had been spent—more than $1 million an hour—

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Even public "educational" television (PBS) is getting into the act with an unprecedented $740,000 grant from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting for a two-part adaptation of Ursula K. LeGuin's *The Lathe of Heaven* (1971). WNET (Channel 13), the PBS affiliate in New York, is producing the program, with filming to begin this fall and release scheduled for 1979.

Everybody, it would seem, has finally caught the bug in a big way. But is what they're coming down with *real* science fiction? How do authors who make their living creating these visions of the future respond to the work of "outsiders" like Spielberg and Lucas?

Isaac Asimov, author of several classics in the field, says "*Star Wars* was great nonintellectual fun, and I enjoyed it. I hated *Close Encounters*, which struck me as very noisy, pretentious nonsense. To many people nowadays science fiction means interesting special effects: if you make a screw unscrew itself, that's science fiction. But who's to say they're wrong? If that's what turns them on, fine."

Janet E. Morris, author of the *Silistra* series of "sword and planet" adventures, thinks, "*Star Wars* was a science-fiction movie. *Close Encounters* was a very expensive B-grade UFO film. That movie, to be science fiction, would have had to start where it ended, with the guys coming out of the spaceship."

Ray Bradbury, sometimes billed by his publisher as "the greatest living science-fiction writer," responds unequivocally. "Oh God, absolutely, yes. *Star Wars* is a variety of space opera that has been around since I was a child. *Close Encounters* is a variation on many themes explored by people like H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and all the writers, including me. Indeed, it *is* science fiction." At the same time, many authors, including Harlan Ellison and Ben Bova, have vociferously made known their dislike of Lucas's flick.

If the science-fiction people cannot agree on the merits of these blockbusters supposedly introducing fragments of their collective world view into the mainstream of popular culture, it is not surprising that they have not come up with a definition of science fiction itself that will satisfy all and offend none. A random questioning produces diverse and occasionally contradictory explications.

Critic H. Bruce Franklin suggests "literature that deals with the future" as a definition, while *Starlog*'s Howard Zimmerman says, "It does not have to take place in the future. It can take place in the present or, like *The Time Machine*, in the past. You're extrapolating known scientific principles for possible future scenarios, then examining how it will affect people. Scientific extrapolation plus social ramification; that includes everything from *Frankenstein* to *Quark*."

Isaac Asimov thinks that "science fiction deals with the response of human beings to changes in the level of science and technology. If you wish, you can include almost anything: *The Odyssey*, *1984*, exorcism stories. I have a rather narrow definition, narrower than most people's. I think that unless a story deals with science—and even with scien*tists*—it is not really science fiction."

Ray Bradbury says, "I often point out that *Singin' in the Rain* is a science-fiction musical. It tells the story of an impossible invention—sound—coming into motion pictures. If I'd been a practicing science-fiction writer in 1920 and tried to sell you that story, you would have rejected it as implausible. Well, all of a sudden films *did* begin to speak, and Hollywood was thrown into an uproar. That's science fictional, isn't it? An impossible thing that suddenly becomes possible, through a technology."

"The common denominator," thinks writer Joe Haldeman, "is speculation, which ranges all the way from the hard-edged detail of a toilet in an orbiting space station to what a social system would be like if you would interbreed Marxism and capitalism. It's all the same impulse: to invent something in a screwy kind of way that is characteristically science fictional. It's really wonderful stuff, you know?"

> The sale of *Star Wars* memorabilia alone—records, T-shirts, bubble gum, and so on—will total $200 million by the end of next year.

Specific definitions aside, the genre has been around at least since the nineteenth century, when writers like Jules Verne invented a new kind of tale that stretched the imagination in order to contain the implications of the scientific and industrial revolutions. H. Bruce Franklin, who teaches science fiction at Rutgers University and is the author of *Future Perfect*, contends that science fiction in America was brought to birth by the best writers of mainstream literature. "Almost every single major American author of the nineteenth century," Franklin reports, "wrote some science fiction: Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Jack London, Henry James, Mark Twain, and so on. This was in part because of the phenomenal change in the quality of life brought about by the development of technology and science. The nineteenth century began with the invention of the locomotive and ended with the invention of the airplane and the automobile. Barbed wire and the machine gun introduced the twentieth century right into the middle of the nineteenth! That's why major authors turned to science fiction: as a way to try to describe the reality in which they found themselves."

Nevertheless, science fiction soon branched off from mainstream literature, at least in the consciousness of taste-shaping academic critics. By the third decade of the twentieth century, the futuristic musings of writers like Welles had become the stuff of daily comic strips and cheap magazines whose pages crumbled even as they were turned for the first time. The "ghettoization" of the genre had begun.

Frederik Pohl, multi-award-winning science-fiction author and, until recently, Bantam Books' science-fiction editor, explains, "Beginning in 1926 with Hugo Gernsback's *Amazing Stories* and for a good thirty years after that, the great bulk of science fiction was in pulp magazines, much of it written by writers who would finish one story about a trip to Mars and immediately start another about an old prospector and his burro. Most of the pulp editors, with honorable exceptions, gave no more thought to what went into their science-fiction magazine than they did to what went into their horror magazines. And most lay people thought of the science-fiction stories as being no better in kind than the love stories or the air war stories or the sports stories."

Pohl's own first work was published in 1937. "I was fifteen when I wrote it, sixteen when it was accepted, seventeen when it was published, and eighteen when I got paid. I recently calculated how much money the *successful* science-fiction writer made in the 1930s: twelve dollars a week. That's all there was to go around. There were only a few magazines, they weren't paying very much, and even then there were quite a number of writers competing for space."

The forties and fifties are often referred to as the golden age of science fiction, although an equally quoted remark has it that "the golden age of science fiction is whenever you're thirteen years old." Isaac Asimov, whose *Foundation* trilogy was one of the cornerstones of that golden age, remembers those years with nostalgia. "When I was young, it was a small, compact field. Everyone felt they could cling together for companionship in a strange and hostile outside world. We weren't much conscious of being looked down upon; mostly we were ignored. It was very much of a cottage industry. There were three magazines, but only one that counted: *Astounding Science Fiction*, whose editor was John Campbell. I was fortunate enough to live within subway range, and I would visit him every few weeks with a story. We'd discuss the last one—usually, why he'd rejected it. We'd talk about all sorts of things, and I would go back home all charged up and write another story. This went on for three years. John Campbell taught me how to write—or encouraged

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me to teach myself. Then came World War Two, and everything gradually changed; I'd gotten my start. However, I must admit, the most exciting time for me personally was those early years with Campbell."

Others have less rosy memories. For some the golden age had a rather dark side. Ray Bradbury, whose fiction has sold more than 17 million books for Bantam alone, says, "It was lonely—and paranoid, I suppose, because people made fun. I remember going to New York in 1951, when *Martian Chronicles* and *The Illustrated Man* had just been published. I went to a party at someone's house one night. There were all these writers and the whole troupe of the New York City Ballet. When they found out what I did for a living—my God, the hilarity! They called me Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon . . . Well, I've remembered all those names! And when I bump into those people nowadays, I shove it up their nose and break it off. 'Cause I'm not a good Christian about this. They had no imagination, and they couldn't see it coming, and what a shame, to miss out on the fun of watching a thing come to birth."

One factor contributing to the creation of a solid science-fiction readership was the post–World War Two technology. The atom bomb, television, and *Sputnik* made rocket ships less of a loony prospect and more a subject for serious speculation. A second factor was the ready availability of science fiction in inexpensive paperback form. Ian Ballantine, founder of Ballantine Books, was the first to publish science fiction regularly in mass-market paperbound editions, effectively launching the modern science-fiction market. "All the other publishers thought I was crazy," Ballantine remembers, "but the books sold for me in a really remarkable way. I had very good advice then from Fred Pohl. I also had the cream of the cream to pick from: Theodore Sturgeon, Arthur C. Clarke, Fred Pohl, and C. M. Kornbluth. We did several Bradbury originals: *Fahrenheit 451*, *The October Country*. Fred Pohl did a marvelous anthology of short stories for us in succeeding volumes, *Star Science Fiction*. And we'd sell several hundred thousand a title. Not only was it a surprise, but also other publishers would try it and not be able to do it! I don't know why. I think they were not in sympathy with the writers or the books. They were thinking about bug-eyed monsters and space opera. I thought there was a young, thoughtful audience for science fiction, and I was publishing for that audience."

That audience has grown at a steady rate of from 4 to 5 percent with each succeeding year so that now Fred Pohl estimates, "About 2 million people in the United States regularly and willfully read science fiction. Worldwide it's probably three or four times that number; the Soviet Union, Western Europe, and Japan have considerable science-fiction audiences. Then there's a much larger number who read *The Andromeda Strain* and *The $6.000.000 Man* without knowing that they're reading science fiction."

One thousand new paperback titles are published each year—reprints of hardcovers, reissues of older books, and paperback originals. Jove Books' science-fiction editor Adele Leone Hull says, "There's a commitment with publishers now—a feeling that science fiction is really booming—that encourages you to make certain science-fiction books into lead titles, increase their distribution, and let them break out of the science-fiction category. When it works—as it did with Frank Herbert's *Dune*—books have a chance to sell a million copies in ten years. Most mass-market books don't have any backlist appeal at all—they make it big, and in nine days they're gone—but a science-fiction book that works can go on and on and on."

Nancy Neiman, science-fiction editor for Avon Books, says that sales received a boost five or six years ago, "when publishers decided that it wasn't really a specialist market but was a lot wider than they'd thought. Many publishers began doing more books and printing more copies of them. An average sort of printing nowadays is from 60,000 to 75,000 copies; a few years ago it would have been 40,000. At the same time, sales haven't been hurt by the increase of titles; the more books on the market, the better the sales. Science-fiction readers are unique in being very aggressive; they *look* for new books. They cluster together at their conventions, talking about their favorite titles, meeting the authors. It's a very involved kind of community, which doesn't seem to happen anywhere else."

What do these dedicated followers choose to read? Everything under—and around and beyond—the sun: a burgeoning array of writing encompassing a wide range of political, social, and sexual options. A bookstore browser hunting through the rack space labeled science fiction (a rack space growing visibly larger each year) would be confronted with a kaleidoscope, a cornucopia, of speculative writing. Ray Bradbury's evocative tales, which somehow create a nostalgia for small-town America even as they describe the plains of Mars. J. G. Ballard's bleak, bizarre visions of ominous day-after-tomorrow futures. Isaac Asimov's clever, oddly sexless jaunts to Art Deco planets. John Norman's S&M-drenched fantasies. The feminist ideology of Joanna Russ's *The Female Man*. The swashbuckling space operas of E. E. "Doc" Smith. The sly intellectual games of Philip J. Farmer.

And, or course, George Lucas's and Stephen Spielberg's novelizations of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*.

Right-wing, left-wing, liberated, sexist, mindless diversions, demanding fiction, sword-and-sorcery, or hard science—the shelves go on and on, offering something for almost every taste.

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may be. Kurt Vonnegut, most of whose books have at least a couple of rocket ships and alien beings, has gone to some length to dissociate himself from the science-fiction crew. Harlan Ellison's public disclaimers have been noted. Even those stamped for all time as science-fiction masters are a bit uncomfortable with the label. Ray Bradbury says, "We all want to be treated as individuals, as human beings who write idea stories. That's a much better way of putting it, isn't it?"

One reason for being cagey about the whole thing is the disregard in which science fiction has been held by much of the outside world since the days of the pulps. Even as everyone begins to discover the genre, the question persists: *But is it literature?*

Simply asking can touch a raw nerve with some. A slightly testy Jerry Pournelle, coauthor with Larry Niven of the perennially best-selling *The Mote in God's Eye*, asks, "Who's got the most influence on the world? People who write books that get a big stir for a little while and then vanish? That's the world of 'real' literature, right? Then there's poor old science fiction, that junky old rocket-ship shit, which comes out and stays in print forever. How many generations of people have read Robert Heinlein—Robert Heinlein, who has yet to publish a book that hasn't sold over a million copies? When you consider that he's written about twenty-five or thirty books, that's really quite a lot of books, isn't it? Would you say that he might be the most influential writer in the U.S.A.? It's certainly a defendable proposition.

"Heinlein said it many years ago: we're in the entertainment business. That does not mean you cannot write stories that change the world. It is my goal to influence as many people as I possibly can by getting them to plunk down money for my books.

"I'm not so convinced that *we* aren't the mainstream already, anyway," concludes Pournelle.

Dan Wakefield, a mainstream novelist who enjoys reading science fiction, agrees that the genre has been unfairly stigmatized. "I avoided it for years because I assumed everything was many-legged monsters with different-colored eyes and things. But then I read the *Foundation* trilogy by Isaac Asimov. There's this incredibly great character called the Mule, and once he took over, I wasn't worried about whether there were spaceships or anything. I was too involved with the Mule. It's like any terrific story; it's the plot that matters, not the trappings. The person who I think is really great is Ursula K. LeGuin. She's as good as anybody writing anything, and the fact that she writes in this area doesn't prevent her from being a first-class *fiction* writer."

Bob Silverberg is often referred to as one of the finest *writers* in all science fiction. He admits to giving some thought as to whether the genre produces literature. "We all have that occasional doubt, and it's uncomfortable. To me, it's a branch of literature, a fantastic branch, and I see no point in diminishing it, even though I worry about it quietly. When Spenser wrote *The Faerie Queene* and when Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, they were creating literature, although it took place in remote, fantastic worlds; so I don't think we're disqualified by the fact that what we're writing doesn't necessarily take place in the here and now."

With some 2,000 science-fiction courses being taught to approximately 60,000 high-school and college students around the country, it would seem that Academia is agreeing with Silverberg. Dave Samuelson, a science-fiction critic and an instructor at Cal State Long Beach, explains why approval took so long. "Whether something is labeled literature or not is partially a political decision, a decision based on taste, which has to do with socioeconomic class. The aristocratic or elite taste of previous ages has defined what is 'literature' for our own time.

"There was a thirty-to-fifty-year period in which the academic elite was totally opposed to anything that smacked of the *ingredients* of science fiction—unless, like the novels of Huxley or Orwell, it said practically unequivocally that science and technology were bad for you.

"If you ask me to produce a Shakespeare from this genre, well, it can't be done. But at the same time, there are grounds on which some of our great mainstream writers, especially in the twentieth century—people like Joyce, Eliot, Yeats—are failures. Joyce can't tell a story! He's not interested in doing that, he's interested in how individual characters perceive their environment and relate to each other on the small scale—little bits of things—and that's the taste of a small minority."

H. Bruce Franklin's remarks complement Samuelson's. "The Academy complains that people no longer read literature. People *are* reading literature; it's just different literature from what the Academy and the critical establishment would care to have them read!

"When there's a work that's clearly thought of as a masterpiece, the literary establishment wants to define it out of the science-fiction field: Eugene Zamiatin's *We* and all the books influenced by it—*Brave New World*, *1984*, Anthony Burgess's novels, the whole anti-Utopian modern tradition. The leading playwright in the Soviet Union for quite a while, Vladimir Mayakovski, was a great science-fiction writer. If the works are good, the establishment says they're not science fiction!

"Not only is science fiction literature, but it is also one of the most important forms of literature of our epoch. Even the works that are not necessarily great on artistic grounds—the films, the television shows—deal with important areas of human experience. It's the one genre able to relate the developments of science and technology and our sense of the future with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

"My true genius, of course, lies in surrounding myself with talented people."

New National Smoker Study:

Tar/Taste Gap Bridged.

Smokers rate taste of low tar MERIT equal to—or better than—leading high tar brands.

Low tar MERIT, with 'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco, has shattered the myth of "low tar, low taste."

In a new national smoker study conducted with high tar smokers, MERIT was proven to deliver the flavor of leading high tar brands.

Results Endorse MERIT Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

Detailed interviews were also conducted with current MERIT smokers.

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative to high tar smoking.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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MERIT

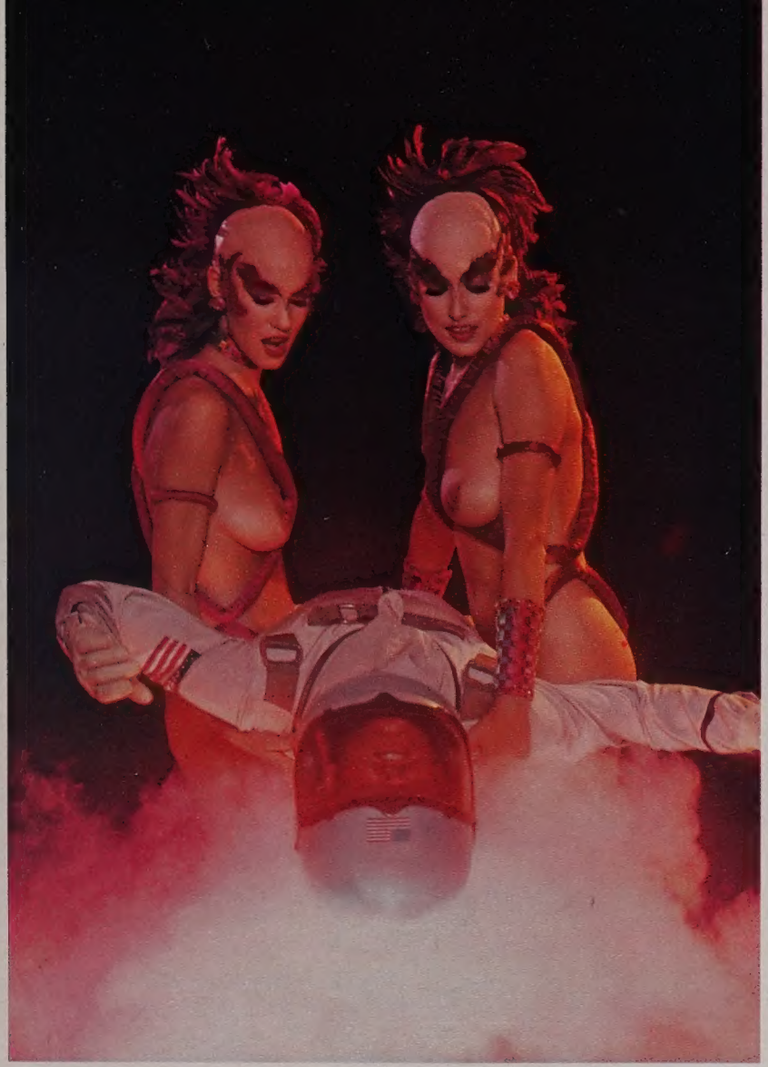
Kings & 100's

LUST IN SPACE

SPACE: the final, full-frontal frontier . . . the last hurrah . . . to go where no man has ever gone before, the forbidden and yet insidiously alluring planet of NYMPHON in the second quadrant of PHI DELTA PUBIS, hard by the tumescent moons of GLUTEON MAXIMUS. It was here that I said good-bye to an intrepid friend, a great lady, whose heaving decks and smoldering afterburners had served me well — the *Yenta Prize,* peripatetic mistress of the cosmic seas. I beamed down . . . down into the swirling, choking vapors that envelop NYMPHON, down to the very floor of this curious planet where, unused to the dense, jellylike atmosphere, I passed out.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER
WARDROBE AND SET DESIGNED BY SIDNEY LAURAN

I was unconscious for some time—I don't know how long. But when I next opened my eyes, I saw a flurry of breasts and hands . . . I saw bright cobalt eyes that bore into my brain and scarlet-red mouths that oohed and aahed as my benevolent captors set about examining me in earnest. I responded by making a few quick observations of my own. They brandish whips, for example, but wear smiles, they have hairless but elegantly plumed skulls, and, when aroused sexually, they give off the faint odor of apple blossoms. Otherwise, they are perfect, humanoid facsimiles and deserve our uncompromising respect. And although the possibilities of verbal communication may be remote, one seems to sense exactly what these charming creatures have in mind anyway.



NYMPHON was well named, and my eager captor-companions lost little time living up to its otherworldly reputation. At first, they merely prodded and pinched, testing my reactions, fingering different parts of my body, probing the nether regions, feeling it . . . weighing it in the moist palms of their hands . . . passing it playfully from one to the other and punctuating each movement with little gulps of appreciation.

Emboldened by their close encounter with my alien but very responsive member, they fell upon me with silken whips . . . with eyes ablaze and mouths adrool. Was I biting off more than I could chew? Had I come to the end, however sweet, of some voluptuous dream? Was I trekking up the wrong star?

Inflatable Touch à Tout couches courtesy of Relaxon Corp., Hollywood, Calif.; shoes courtesy of El Greco; accessories by Janice Fortier for Tallulah, Los Angeles, Calif.

Inevitably, each proved to be more delicious than the other. I had them both, again and again, jointly and separately. And the more orgasms I sustained, the stronger I became.

It was uncanny, as if sex were the very life force of this improbable world, as if, by geometric progression, each sexual encounter suffused new dimensions of power into my system. Ahhh, NYMPHON, forbidden but insidiously alluring, third planet in the second quadrant of PHI DELTA PUBIS, hard by the distended moons of GLUTEON MAXIMUS, how much I shall miss thee. How vivid the dream . . . No joy is forever, no pleasure supreme . . . Jus' keep on trekkin'.

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

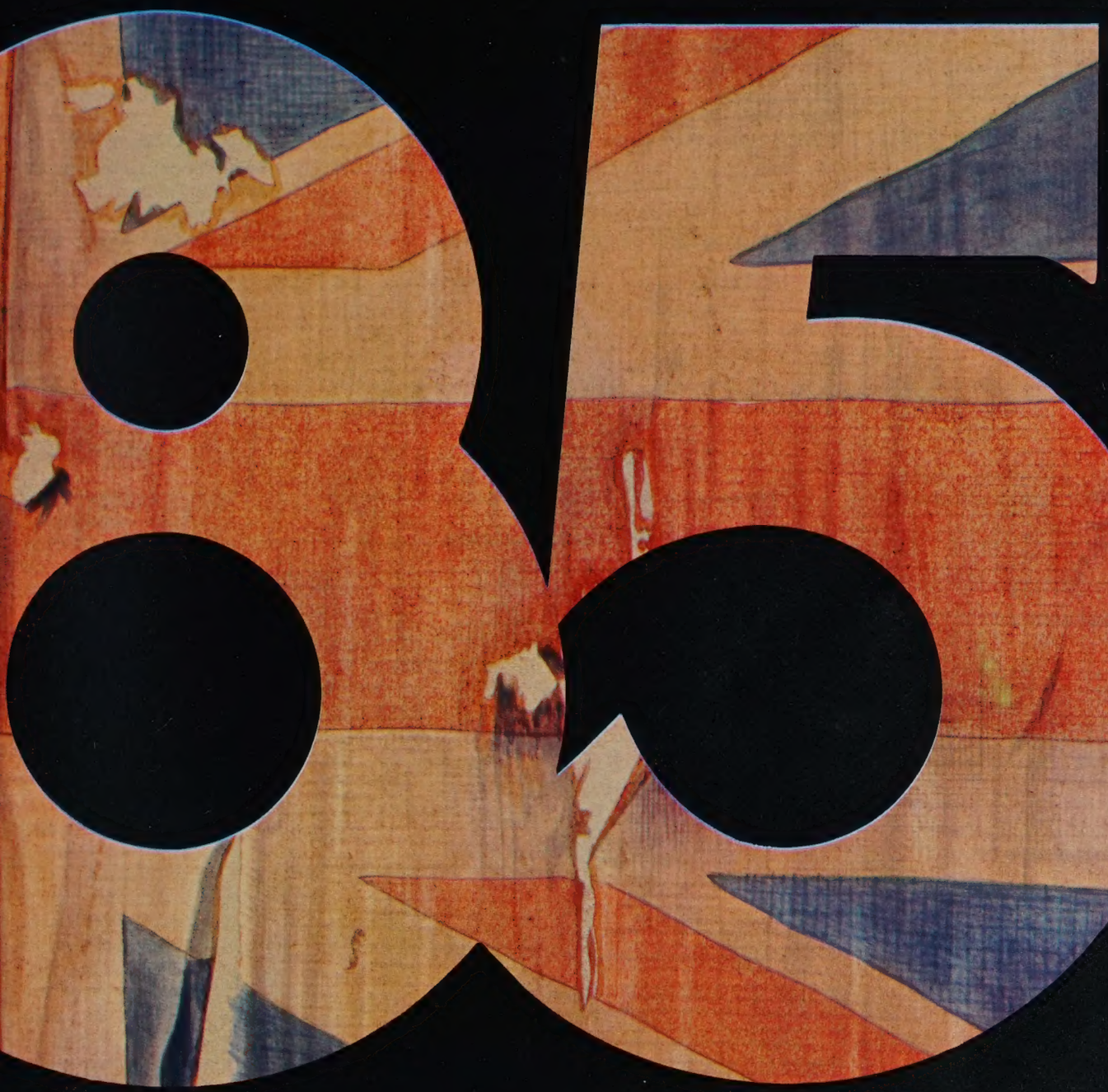
As the sun finally sets on the British Empire.

FICTION BY
ANTHONY BURGESS

It was the week before Christmas. Monday midday, mild and muggy, and the muezzins of West London were yodeling about there being no God but Allah:

"La ilaha illa'lah. La ilaha illa'lah."

Bev Jones shoved his way through the multiracial shopping crowd past the screaming Diskbutik, the tinseled supermarket, the former pub that was now a travel agency specializing in trips to Mecca but still known as Al-Bulnbush, turned the corner of Tolpuddle Road onto Martyr Street, and arrived at Hogarth High Rise. This was where he lived, but, he thought glumly, his heart sinking, you would hardly suppose so, with that gang of aggressive youths barring the way in. Kumina gangs they were called, these terrors of the streets, *kumi na* being the Swahili prefix that meant "teen" and, by extension, "teen-age." Normally, they would, at this hour, be terrorizing their school canteens, but there was a teachers' strike on. This was why Bev Jones was not lunching at his own canteen today. His daughter, Bessie, was home and unattended; his wife, Ellen, was in the hospital. He had to unlock the kitchen and give Bessie a meal. Thirteen years old, physically precocious, she was otherwise young for her age. The National Health doctors blamed it on Yenethlia, a substance prescribed for the easing of



childbirth whose side effects had not been foreseen. "Nobody's fault," Dr Zazibu had said, "medicine must progress, man."

Bev grinned ingratiatingly at the seven kumina youths, but his risor muscles responded as though to the massed sucking of lemons. He didn't know any of them; they didn't live here. They were always dangerous, the more dangerous because they were intelligent—more than intelligent, positively learned, some of them. That was the trouble: when the State didn't encourage learning, learning became an antisocial thing. Bev said: "If you don't mind, gentlemen, I live here." He was on the second step of the stone stairway; they wouldn't let him get any higher. "And," he added, "I'm in a bit of a hurry."

"*Festina lente*," smiled a cocoa-colored youth in a sweat shirt that showed a huge-fisted, flying-cloaked Shakespeare with the legend WILL POWER. Then they had him pinioned. The Latin-speaking youth went through his pockets, singing Latin: "*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*." It was a good tenor voice, unforced, resonant. He did not find much in Bev's pockets—an Interbank credit card, a near-empty packet of Hamaki Mild, a disposable lighter, three pound notes, five deckers (or tenpenny pieces). He pocketed all except the lighter. This he flicked and flared at Bev's eyeballs, as if testing his ocular reflexes. Then he yawned, and his belly rumbled. "All right, tigers," he said. "We eat." Then he set fire to Bev's hair and let his companions beat it out with their fists. Then they all kicked Bev not too hard, gracefully, balletically. It could have been worse. They went off languidly. When Bev got inside the hallway, he saw an explanation of the languor. The Irwin boy lay unconscious near the elevator door, near-naked, bruised, not too bloody. It had been a multiple pederastic assault, a sevenfold entry. Poor kid. The Irwins lived on the tenth floor, and, naturally, the elevator was not working. Bev rang

the janitor's bell. Mr. Withers came out chewing, marmalade on his chin. He chewed still, looking at the bloodied boy.

"You heard nothing?" said Bev. "Are the Irwins in?"

"No," said Mr. Withers. "To both."

"Saw nothing on your screens?"

"The screens is not working."

Bev climbed to the third floor. It didn't do, these days, to be too compassionate. You could spend all day and night being compassionate to the victims of street, hallway, and apartment assault. Compassion began at home. He came to his own apartment, 3B. Home. It was no good ringing, not with little Bessie. Bessie could not manage the complicated multilocks. Bev gave his name to a dim red eye on a wall panel. The device responded to his voiceprint, and, from a slot, his key bunch came jangling into his hand. It took him forty seconds to open up.

Bessie sat wide legged on the floor in front of the telly. She wore, Bev saw, no garment under her one-piece school frock. He sighed. She's been masturbating, no doubt, to some beefcake image on the screen. The screen was now flashing, bleating, and exploding with a kid's cartoon film—lethal violence but nobody getting really hurt, let alone dying. The six-year-old Porson kid on the twelfth floor, having seen Chickweed the Wonder jump from a hundred-and-twenty-floor skyscraper roof without damage, had, in smiling confidence, leapt down the stairwell. That had been a year ago; the Porsons had got over it; they had not even got rid of their telly.

"Did you telephone the hospital?" Bev said, carefully.

"What?" Her eyes didn't move from the jerking images.

"The hospital. Where your mother is. Did you telephone?"

"Not working."

"What is not working?" he asked patiently. "Our telephone? The hospital exchange?"

"Not working," she said, and her mouth opened in weak, silly joy as a mouse in a hat was crushed with a steam hammer and lived to squeak vengeance. "I'm hungry," she added.

Bev went to the telephone in the little hallway. He dialed 359-1111 ("I ill": that was how one remembered the hospital number; the prefix was, of course, a different matter). A tapevox courteously responded. It said: "This is Hospital Control. At Brentford General salvage and evacuation are still proceeding. No individual inquiries may be dealt with for at least twenty-four hours. This is Hospital C——"

His heart had hardly settled from its triple agitation. The balletic beating, the Irwin boy, the enforced climb. Now it thumped viciously. He dashed to the telly and began to search the channels. Bessie wailed; she beat his ankles with her fists. He got the news. A man with little chin and much hair was saying, against a background of blown-up flames: "——is taking a serious view of the matter. It is believed that the fire was started by irresponsible elements who have not yet been identified, though Scotland Yard is already at work on the following up of what is described as significant clues. It is felt that deliberate advantage was taken of the firemen's strike, now in its third week, and of the sympathetic strike that broke out yesterday at army barracks in the London area. In the absence of professional antipyro services, said Mr. Halifax, minister of public safety, citizens must be on the lookout for further acts of wanton incendiarism and, at the same time, should acquaint themselves with the fire precaution information made available by their communication services."

Bev, sobbing *Oh my God*, was out of that room and fumbling with the multilocks while the announcer was saying, "Soccer—tonight's fixtures," and Bessie, as ever, slow on the uptake, was wailing before switching back to her cartoon. An old Popeye was just coming on. She was content. And then she remembered her hunger. But Bev was out of the apartment before her complaints grew loud.

> The Arabs owned Al-Dorchesters, Al-Klaridges, Al-Browns, various Al-Hiltons,and Al-Idayinns. They owned things that people did not even know they owned.

He stumbled downstairs, sobbing. The Irwin boy, still unconscious, lay waiting for an ambulance. Mr. Withers was probably back at lunch. Bev ran to Chiswick High Street. He saw no taxis. He saw a bus, Brentford bound, snarled up in the traffic. He boarded it and then remembered he had no money for his fare. To hell; the shock of the sight of the burning sky, his own distress, were not these payment enough? They proved to be as the bus crawled on. The black conductor said: "You look pretty sick, man. Okay, you pay 'nother time."

And then he was there, trying to push through the police, for the police were not at present on strike, and shouting, "My wife, my wife, it's my wife, blast you." The sky was puce, damson, gamboge, primrose, daffodil, smoke, flinders of destruction going up like thin, black angels, and the heat was a huge, shouldering bully. A few windows were square eyes empty of all but flame, sad, at length sadly collapsing. There were a couple of collapsing doctors in singed surgical coats. Beds and stretchers were being loaded onto floats borrowed from the nearby brewery. "My wife," cried Bev. "Mrs. Jones, Ellen, Ward 4C." The doctors shook their heads as if shaking were physically painful. "You," cried Bev to an old woman, gray hair burned off, slackly naked under a blanket, "you know me; you know my wife."

"Don't let them get away with it," breathed a known voice.

"Oh, my God, Ellie, Ellie." Bev knelt to the stretcher that awaited loading. His wife and not his wife. There were parts of the body reluctant to be combusted, but they were mostly bone. He was on his knees beside her and then, desperately sobbing, lying across her, seeking to embrace, picking up a handful of scorched skin and, under it, cooked meat. She could not feel anything now. But that had been her voice. The last thing she said had not been: "Love, I love, look after Bessie, God, what a waste, we'll meet." It had been: "Don't let them——" "My dear poor beloved," he sobbed.

North Sea Oil had been mortgaged to the Arabs for a government loan when the International Monetary Fund had closed its cashboxes to Britain for the last time, and the loan had been called in and the mortgage foreclosed, and the crescent moon banners waved from the chilly derricks. The Arabs were in Britain to stay. They owned Al-Dorchesters, Al-Klaridges, Al-Browns, various Al-Hiltons and Al-Idayinns, with soft drinks in the bars and no bacon for breakfast. They owned things that people did not even know they owned, including distilleries and breweries.

Like good Muslims, the British millers who produced what Britain called flour—a fine white dust with carcinogens but little nutritive content—struck at sunset, not at dawn. At dawn on Christmas Eve there was no bread, for the bakers locked the doors on their flour stocks and also went on strike. The confectionary workers were on strike, too. Housewives, who were not yet unionized, grew angry when they found no loaves or cakes around and rioted in the High Streets. The Wages Board responded at three in the afternoon by promising favorable consideration of the millers' demands for triple-time pay for night work, and the strikes were ended half an hour before the Christmas holidays were due to start for regular day workers so that all could toast the festive season in the boss's time.There was still no bread for Christmas.

Bev, shoulders straight, chest out, legs like water, reported for duty as usual at eight in the morning at Penn's Chocolate Works. There were pickets waiting for him. There were policemen, chewing their straps. The police, though reluctantly, grabbed a man who threw a small stone at Bev, even though he had missed.

"Whose side are you bloody rozzers on?" went the shout.

"You know the law as well as what I do," said the sergeant unhappily. A van from Thames Television drew up. Bev waited. His act would have no validity unless it was available for the world to witness. This was the new way. It's Really Real when it's Seen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

FOLLOW THIS BRIGHT NEW STAR INTO THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY!

loonheads

Y ART CUMINGS

thought the whole fucking thing was a mask."

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The black conductor said: "Yo
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And then he was there, try
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present on strike, and shoutin
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was puce, damson, gambog
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ers were being loaded onto flo
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SEE OMNI PREVIEW ISSUE AND SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFER BEGINNING ON PAGE 127

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"—and I remember when I thought the whole fucking thing was a mask."

Photograph by Don Carroll

ROBOT LIB

Mechanical men are here, demanding equal employment.

BY BOB SCHNEIDER

In the mid-1950s robot researchers at Johns Hopkins University developed a peripatetic little machine that they called Ferdinand. He looked like a garbage can on wheels, and he was constantly on the lookout for electrical outlets to feed his ravenous batteries. To those who knew Ferdinand well, it was not surprising to find him trundling through the physical-engineering lab at Hopkins, in quest of a socket for a fast-food fix.

It is said that one fateful night in 1956, an anxious young watchman, his head full of terrifying science-fiction scenarios, came upon this perambulating piece of primitive technology while Ferdinand was calmly searching out a midnight snack of watts and volts. The watchman ordered the robot to halt; the monomaniacal machine rolled on. The man plugged the tin can full of lead, rupturing the battery pack, "killing" Ferdinand instantly.

Ferdinand was no Einstein. The greatest robot of his time, he was less sentient than an earthworm. He could move, but only on a level surface. Unable to back up, Ferd would frequently run himself into a corner and get stuck, draining his juice until someone rescued him. He was deaf to human commands and blind to the existence of everyone and everything except wall sockets.

Robot research has progressed considerably since the days of the Model T. Ferd. There are robots at work on assembly lines in Detroit; robot-computers that play chess, draw pictures, and balance checkbooks; robotic devices that direct traffic, mow lawns, deliver mail, and explore the surface of the moon.

But most robotic scientists agree that it will be a long, long time before anything like C-3PO will be serving coffee and making small talk at the local greasy spoon. Dr. Tom Binford, leader of the robotics group at Stanford University, describes today's typical robot, industrial variety, in this way: "Imagine a blind man with one arm tied behind his back, the two fingers on his good hand numbed with novocaine. Furthermore, imagine that the man himself has less brainpower than a trained monkey. That should give you a good picture of what today's industrial robots are like."

In a strict sense, the devices that are called robots today are not much more than highly sophisticated machines. As Robert Malone, author of *The Robot Book*, puts it. "If a machine is really going to be considered a robot, it has to be able to change its behavior in relation to its environment." Dr. Leonard Fredman of the Jet Propulsion Labs amplifies: "A robot is a sensitive machine. It should have sensors to interpret what the state of the environment is; computing power for problem solving, decision making, and control; and effectors—arms, wheels, and legs—in order to accomplish commanded goals."

So the creation of truly humanoid robots requires advanced technology in at least three areas—sensors, brain, and effectors. A robot worthy of the name has to sense what's going on around it, figure out what to do, and then be able to do it. Most researchers agree that really sophisticated robots will not be perfected for at least twenty or thirty years.

But by the year 2001, say, roboticists may well be capable of building a machine that could, for example, play Ping-Pong. It would have binocular, stereo vision enabling it to see in depth and interpret precisely the position, spin, and speed of the oncoming ball. All these data would be fed to its on-board computer, which would analyze the facts and order the correct response (within a few billionths of a second). Equipped with the proper effectors, the robot would move laterally, backward, or forward to a precisely computed spot. The paddle and the arm would be articulated to allow the robot to hit the ball with the correct spin; the robot would be equipped with a sensor capable of regulating the pressure exerted for slams and soft returns. It might come in two models: the cheaper version, capable of playing at three preprogrammed levels of competition—beginner, intermediate, and Chinese; and the luxury model, capable of playing up to the level of the competition and equipped with a voice-generating mechanism that would announce the score. Although very adept at its one game, this particular robot would be a terrible conversationalist and a deadweight on a volleyball court.

The point is that the robots of the near future will be specialists—their sensors, brains, and effectors designed to do only one job. The Ping-Pong robot, for instance, wouldn't be able to recognize faces or hear or trot up the stairs or open a beer can. In other words, as an all-around athlete and survival machine, the robot of the next twenty or thirty years will be far less sophisticated and versatile than its creator, the adaptive superape—man.

The year of Ferdinand's genesis (and demise)—1956—was a big year for robots. The star of one of the year's hit movies, *Forbidden Planet*, was one Robby the Robot, a space age alchemist that could think fast on his mechanical feet and had a penchant for cracking wise. Until R2D2 and C-3PO came along, Robby reigned as the most famous reelworld robot.

Nineteen fifty-six was also the year that Joseph F. Engelberger, visionary capitalist and father of the industrial robot, founded a company called Unimation, Inc. Armed with the patent applications of George Devol, Engelberger decided that he could make money by manufacturing automated industrial workers. Sixteen years and $12 million later, he showed his first profit. Today industrial robots are a growth industry. Unimation now grosses between $30 million and $40 million a year, and Engelberger predicts a potential yearly gross of $120 billion. Clearly, there is a cauldron of platinum at the end of the robotics rainbow.

Metropolis, Fritz Lang's classic cinematic vision of technology gone berserk, pictures the workers of the future as slaves, shackled to unceasing and unerring machines. The technological revolution currently at hand promises a far more benign fate for tomorrow's factory workers. Dr. Charles Rosen, a robotics pioneer for more than fifteen years and the head of artificial-intelligence research at Stanford Research International, foresees that the factory will be positively revolutionized by the introduction of industrial robots: "You'll find the factory a new place to work in. All the tedious jobs kicking around from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution can be eliminated. People can be more skilled and more satisfied in what they're doing. They'll be more in control."

Robot is Czech for "worker." Today robots do spot and arc welding and work where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. · DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN · DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD. · 86 & 80 PROOF.

COSMIC CENSORSHIP

Rather than openly searching for the truth about extraterrestrial life, our government is determined to keep the facts from the public and to humiliate and discredit UFO witnesses.

BY TONY SCADUTO

There's no question that UFOs are a very real phenomenon. Any attempt to explain them away as natural events or as imagination is just nonsense. They seem to be programmed in some way, and that suggests an intelligence.—Dr. J. Allen Hynek, astronomer

Take the case of one [a UFO] that landed out on the dry lake bed [at Edwards Air Force Base, California] . . . A number of camera crews we had . . . found it and filmed it. And the film was sent for safekeeping somewhere in Washington, never to be seen again.—Gordon Cooper, former astronaut

Since the first highly publicized "flying saucer" reports were made in 1947, UFOs have been seen all over the earth, soaring above airports, air force bases, electric power sources, missile sites, and isolated farm areas. They have buzzed military jets, commercial airliners, astronauts in orbit and on the way to the moon, and cars driving along lonely country roads. They created a furor on two weekends in the summer of 1952 when they were seen visually

Photograph by Don Carroll

and confirmed on radar, flying in restricted air space above Washington, D.C. Jet interceptors chased them and in turn were chased by them in a harrowing aerial game of tag.

Reports of UFO encounters have been made not only by ordinary people but also by trained pilots, scientists, and engineers. The most credible reports agree on several points. UFOs seen in daylight are metallic objects, often oval-shaped with a dome on top. They can fly at amazing speeds. They can stop on a dime, accelerate from a standstill to enormous velocity in an instant, execute sudden right-angle turns at high speed, and hover indefinitely with no visible mechanism for overcoming the earth's gravity. They do not have wings, props, or jet engines. At night, when they're often seen as brilliant balls of light, they can "turn off" at will and seem to disappear, becoming invisible to the eye and yet still appearing on radar scopes. Their behavior defies every known scientific principle.

In the face of the evidence and the belief of a growing number of scientists that UFOs are a very real phenomenon and should be investigated, our government says that they do not exist. And it holds that what does not exist is so dangerous to the American psyche that it should not be discussed publicly—a Pentagon regulation promulgated in 1953, when the CIA decided that UFOs were a serious threat to national security, states that "any person" who discloses the contents of an official UFO report is subject to prosecution and imprisonment for ten years. That regulation is still in effect.

As far as we know, nobody has ever been prosecuted for discussing UFO reports. But the existence of that legal weapon of intimidation is just one piece of evidence for what Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who was UFO consultant for the air force for almost twenty years and now heads the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Ill., calls a "cosmic Watergate."

"My opinion is that certain parts of the government do know more than what they've told the public," Dr. Hynek says.

Even Jimmy Carter, when he was running for the presidency in 1976, said that he thought the government was being too secretive with UFO files. He once saw a "shiny and saucer-shaped" UFO, Carter told reporters. And he promised, "If I become president, I'll make every piece of information the country has about UFOs available to the public and to the scientists." Nothing of the sort has happened, of course. No matter what candidate Carter promised, President Carter has stopped talking about his sighting. The White House staff is reluctant to answer questions about it, except to claim that Carter has ordered the National Space and Aeronautics Administration to be "open and candid" with the public about UFOs.

NASA, however, says that it has nothing to be candid about. "We're not hiding anything," says Robert Frosch, director of the space agency. "We don't take UFOs seriously," says Harold Brown, Carter's defense secretary. The air force, despite its regulation ordering military personnel to report UFOs and to keep them secret from the public, claims that it stopped investigating them in 1969 and that it discourages ordinary citizens from reporting UFO sightings to air force bases. The CIA maintains that it lost interest in 1953, which was the year a CIA-sponsored panel of scientists looked into the UFO phenomenon and issued a report that followed CIA dogma—UFOs should be debunked because the periodic "flaps" over them could be used to clog military and intelligence communications channels and leave us vulnerable to Soviet sneak attack.

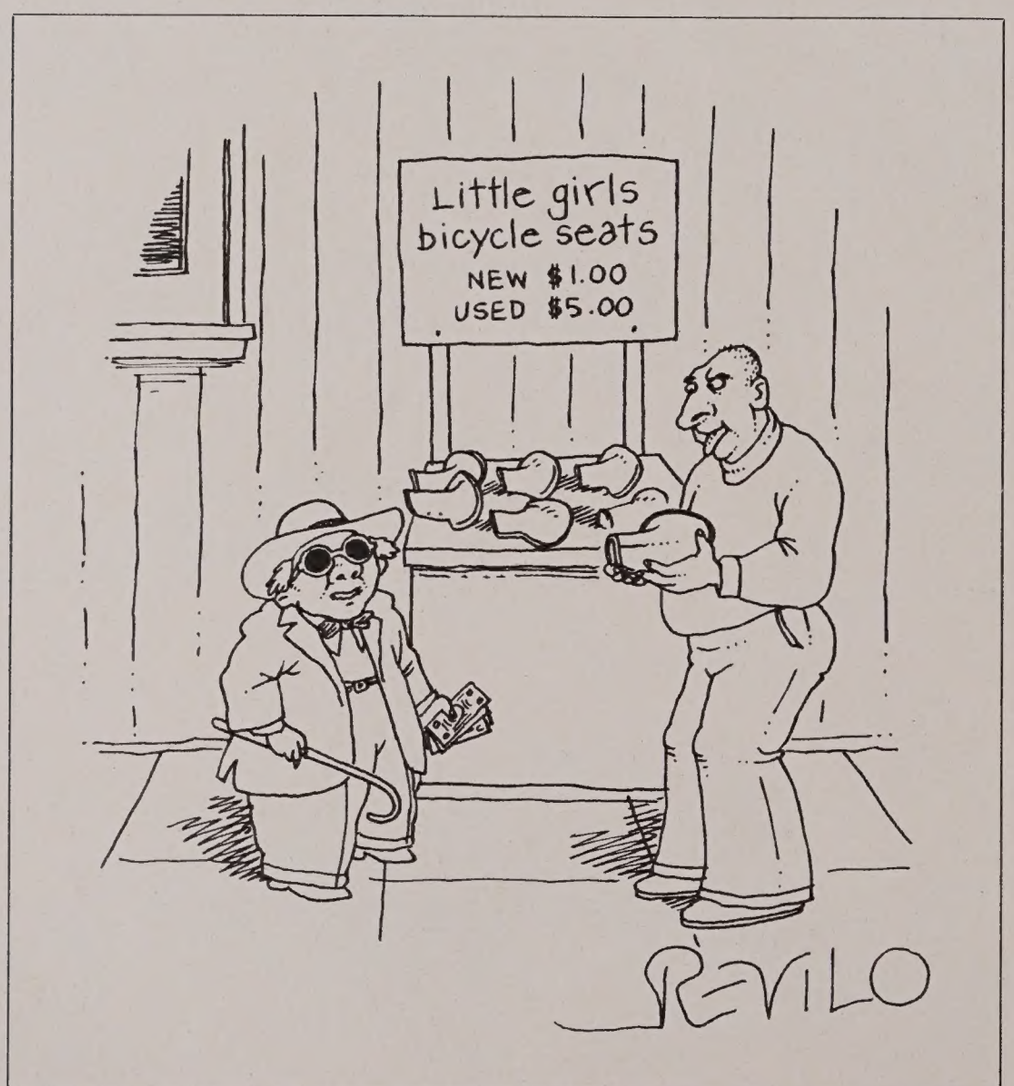
UFO investigators are certain that the air force and government intelligence agencies—including the CIA—continue to investigate UFOs. There is some evidence proving that the CIA is still involved in UFO research. In responding to requests for UFO documents under the Freedom of Information Act, the CIA has permitted a few things to be disclosed. Among them are reports that show its operatives were investigating UFOs long after 1953 and were warning people who made sightings not to discuss them publicly. And Henry Rothblatt, a New York City criminal lawyer who is suing the CIA on behalf of a private UFO research organization, says that he has "documented evidence that the CIA collects and stores facts about UFOs, which appears to be contrary to their public position—that UFOs are not worth investigating.

"We further believe," Rothblatt adds, "that we have documented evidence proving the CIA has an ongoing investigation and has covered it up."

You have to wonder how badly the CIA was spooked when several of its agents were taunted by a UFO back in 1959. Lt. Col. Robert Friend heard some of the details directly from the intelligence agents involved. At the time Friend was head of Project Blue Book, the air force's unit that was created to collect UFO reports and investigate the most promising of them.

According to a memo that Friend wrote at the time and is still in Blue Book files, two naval-intelligence agents were sent to interview a woman who lived in Maine and claimed to be in contact with the occupants of a UFO. She made a contact for the agents, falling into a trance and writing what the UFO commander was telling her telepathically, getting intelligent answers to very technical questions the agents were asking her. During her trance the woman wrote that the UFO commander wished to contact one of the questioners directly, and one of the intelligence agents went into a trance and also began writing out messages.

Friend said in a recent interview: "After



they got back to Washington, they told the CIA about it, and a controlled experiment was set up at CIA headquarters. There were six witnesses in the room. This fellow who went into a trance in Maine attempted another contact and was again successful. The men who were there, who were a lot better trained for that sort of thing, asked him certain kinds of questions, and they were getting answers about where the UFO people were from and why they were exploring our planet. And at some point the intelligence fellows said, 'Hey, wait, we need something that's a little more concrete in the way of proof.' So the answer came in, 'You want proof? Go to the window and take a look out, and you'll see proof.'

"So these fellows, CIA and naval-intelligence agents, went to the window and looked out. And they saw a spacecraft hovering outside. It really shook them up."

At the same time that the agents saw the UFO—which sped away in a few moments—radar at Washington National Airport was completely blocked out in the direction of the sighting, according to Blue Book records. That bizarre incident should have been investigated further, Friend says. If it was, the details of that investigation are hidden in CIA files. Only Friend's unofficial memo survives as a record.

The charge of suppression made by UFO investigators is rather compelling because very credible and highly trained men have begun to talk about their experiences and about the fact that evidence of those experiences vanishes into some federal agency's top-secret files. Gordon Cooper says the film that he knows was taken of a UFO landing near the astronauts' training base in California has disappeared somewhere within official vaults. Astronaut James A. McDivitt, who saw and filmed a metallic, cylindrical-shaped object while he was aboard *Gemini IV* in June 1965, says that the pictures released by NASA "were not anything like what I had seen." In interviews McDivitt makes it clear that what NASA showed him and released to the public were not the photos he took; the actual photos have been squirreled away.

And Mrs. Betty Hill relates a more recent incident. Mrs. Hill is the woman whose report that both she and her husband were abducted by humanlike men in a UFO is believed by some of the most cynical investigators because independent evidence substantiates her claim. Late last year her home was broken into, and files of her continuing UFO investigations were stolen. Police told her that the burglar alarm protecting her home had been "burned out and short-circuited by sophisticated professional equipment." Only her UFO files were missing.

If there is a suppression of hard evidence, as attorney Rothblatt charges, a charge to which Colonel Friend also subscribes—a "cosmic Watergate" in Dr. Hynek's words—the reasons for it can be pieced together. Enough documents have been declassified to make it clear that the suppression was orchestrated by the CIA and other intelligence agencies in 1952, during the Cold War scare. And it is being continued by those agencies, by NASA, and, in spite of his promise, by President Carter.

The rash of sightings that followed the first flying-saucer sighting in 1947 was secretly investigated by the air force—mostly because its own pilots, radar operators, and even rocket experts and physicists involved in our atom bomb project were also sighting silvery disks that were not aircraft and did not behave in any normal aerodynamic manner. These military and scientific witnesses could not be ignored. In a near panic, our intelligence agencies first demanded the answer to one question: were the Russians testing some new weapon? The spooks decided that it wasn't possible. But they wanted to know what these damn things were. So the commanding general of what was then the army air forces asked for a full report on these strange objects from Lt. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, whose command included the technical division of air force intelligence.

In a dispatch dated September 23, 1947, Twining recommended that a secret air force agency be set up to conduct a full investigation of the UFOs. His reasons: "The phenomenon reported is something real and not imaginary or fictitious," and "the reported operating characteristics lend belief to the possibility that some of the objects are controlled either manually, automatically, or remotely."

Project Sign was set up to investigate UFOs. Sign later became Grudge and then finally Project Blue Book. But instead of investigating and informing the public of its findings, the air force turned its UFO agency into a massive public-relations machine whose aim was to con the public into believing that all reported UFOs could be explained as natural phenomena, hallucinations, or hoaxes. It became standard practice to warn military personnel who had sighted UFOs that, as several Blue Book reports put it, "any information concerning the objects was SECRET." The secrecy stamp guaranteed that the best evidence concerning unidentified flying objects, from military and scientific witnesses, would not be released publicly.

The American public, confronted with periodic news stories about UFO sightings, didn't buy the air force con job. And the CIA and other intelligence agencies, studying those secret reports, worried over them. At a meeting of intelligence officials in the spring of 1952, the head of what by then was named Blue Book was told that it was the considered opinion of intelligence analysts that UFOs could be extraterrestrial. They ordered Blue Book to collect more information—of sufficient value for scientists to analyze, they hoped—and to keep it all classified.

"Don't let him intimidate you with any of these prefight publicity stunts."

A month after that meeting, the intelligence agencies were badly shaken up by a "squadron" of UFOs that flew into restricted air space above the White House, Pentagon, and CIA headquarters. The flyby began a little before midnight on July 19, 1952, when a group of UFOs appeared on radar. The objects moved at about 100 m.p.h. at first and then zoomed off at what radar experts called "fantastic speeds up to 7,000 m.p.h.," beyond man's technology. F-94 jets were sent up to intercept the objects and were vectored to the targets' position by radar operators. When the jets neared, the objects vanished. Simultaneously, people on the ground—including radar operators and military officials who had gone out to look—saw strange lights making erratic maneuvers. The UFO "flap" lasted about five hours.

The following weekend Washington area radar picked up another group of UFOs at 10:30 P.M. Jet fighters were again scrambled in order to intercept the objects, and again the UFOs disappeared—only to show up in sightings over Virginia. The lone jet fighter available to Langley air base was ordered to intercept. The pilot saw bright, rotating lights with alternating colors. As he approached them, the objects vanished "like somebody turned off a light bulb." But they were still there; though invisible, the pilot was able to get a radar lock on one of the UFOs for a few minutes, but he broke contact because he was running low on fuel.

The UFOs reappeared over Washington, and jets were once more scrambled. This time the objects didn't go dark. Each time the pilots got close enough for good visual observation, the UFOs sped off at unbelievable speeds. And then they would return to play tag, dashing toward the jets on a collision course and veering away. The tag game ended when the jets ran low on fuel and had to return to base.

Over the next few days the phones at the Pentagon and nearby air force bases were completely tied up with calls about the UFOs. And intelligence agencies began to worry that communications at the country's military centers could be jammed by curious and frightened citizens. The decision was made to try to eliminate all reports about UFOs and to tranquilize the public. The CIA took on the job of slamming the lid into place, a policy of secrecy that continues to this day.

The device used by the CIA was its sponsoring of a "scientific panel" whose results it dictated. It has become known as the Robertson panel, after its CIA-appointed chairman, Dr. H. P. Robertson, who is an expert in mathematics, cosmology, and relativity and was a CIA-classified employee. On the panel were four other scientists, three of them connected with the defense establishment, all with CIA clearance.

The Robertson panel met over a period of five days for a total of only twelve hours. It watched several brief films of UFOs caught in flight, read and discussed a few UFO sighting reports, and spent much of its time listening to lectures by members of the CIA and other intelligence agencies, who briefed the panel about the dangers of UFO flaps and suggested solutions to the "problem."

And the panel came up with a report that was precisely what the CIA wanted. UFOs were not a direct threat to national security, it said, but the *reports* about "these phenomena do, in these parlous times, result in a threat to the orderly functioning of the body politic." UFO reports could clog military and intelligence channels and could make the public easy prey to "possible enemy psychological warfare" by cultivating a "morbid national psychology in which skillful hostile propaganda could induce hysterical behavior and harmful distrust of duly constituted authority." The UFO *reports*, not the UFOs themselves, were the problem.

The Robertson panel's classified report was designed to influence all levels of government up to the president, to set official policy. It recommended that Project Blue Book, in effect, lie to the public about the reality of UFOs. It suggested surveillance over two private UFO investigation groups as potential threats to national security. And it suggested a public-education program that would train us not to believe in UFOs and would "debunk" them.

> A Pentagon regulation states that any person who discloses the contents of an official UFO report is subject to prosecution.

Evidence that the CIA dictated the findings and the recommendations of the panel can be seen in the minutes of its meetings, which, surprisingly, were declassified and released years later in still another government attempt to con the public. The CIA scientists didn't even write their final report until intelligence agencies approved the rough draft.

Dr. Hynek, who at that time was himself skeptical about UFOs, was an associate panel member but was invited only to select meetings. He says today that "the scientists met under the guise of a symposium to review the physical nature of UFOs," but "the true purpose was to 'defuse' a potentially explosive situation from the standpoint of national security."

A few months after the Robertson panel report had been circulated through the government, the air force issued its directive threatening prosecution and imprisonment of anybody discussing official UFO reports publicly.

Although the CIA set the policy of secrecy and suppression back in 1952, the UFOs didn't get the message. Over the following decade the sightings, reports, and publicity refused to diminish. Finally, in 1966, after a series of sensational sightings and a great deal of media pressure, Congress for the first time held an open hearing on UFOs. Dr. Hynek warned the committee that maintaining the official line that all UFOs were natural phenomena or hoaxes "may turn out to be a roadblock in the pursuit of research endeavors," and he proposed that a civilian panel of scientists be established to investigate the UFO phenomenon. The congressmen practically ordered the Pentagon to do so, and the result was what has come to be known as the Condon Report.

Dr. Edward U. Condon, an internationally known physicist and a former head of the Bureau of Standards, with the proper political credentials, was chosen to head a $500,000 "scientific" study of UFOs. He quickly made his aims clear. "We must give the public a better understanding of ordinary phenomena, which, if recognized at once, would reduce the number of UFO reports," he said even before the project got under way. And the project coordinator wrote in a memo that "the trick would be" for the investigators to convince the public that the committee's work was "a totally objective study," while at the same time stressing the "psychology" of people who report UFOs so that "the scientific community would quickly get the message" that those people were crackpots.

After two years of study, Condon concluded that UFOs don't really exist and that the government and scientists shouldn't waste time investigating the objects. The media and the scientific establishment accepted these conclusions, and the intelligence agencies once more were grateful that the subject has been "defused."

Yet the text of the 900-page report disputes Dr. Condon's findings. A full 30 percent of all the cases the committee studied, including several astronaut sightings, can't be explained by any known phenomenon and are called "unidentified" in the report. And a number of cases that project investigators claimed had been caused by "natural phenomena" turn out to be absolute distortions. The most laughable example is a group of UFOs that had been sighted by the crew of a commercial airliner and confirmed by radar by a jet interceptor. The Condon Report, after straining for and finally dismissing several rational hypotheses for a UFO seen by experienced fliers and on radar, still refused to concede that it could not be identified. The report attributes the sighting to what can only be called a miracle; it said: "This unusual sighting should therefore be assigned to the category of some almost certainly natural phenomenon, which is so rare that it apparently has

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never been reported before or since."

Once more, the scientific establishment gave military and intelligence agencies precisely what they wanted. The air force ended Project Blue Book and said that it was no longer interested in collecting UFO information, while it continued to require military personnel to report all sightings on special forms and to obey the regulation commanding secrecy. On the surface, the government was out of the UFO business, but it continues to amass and suppress UFO reports.

One of the more striking things about the years from the first saucer sighting in 1947 to the termination of Project Blue Book in 1969 is that throughout the period the scientific establishment helped the government in its efforts to denigrate the UFO reports and suppress the evidence contained within those reports. From the very first public reports, physicists and astronomers leaped forward with "logical, scientific" explanations of phenomena they didn't personally investigate and test, and with rather unscientific remarks about the mental and emotional condition of anyone who dared report a sighting. The entire subject of UFOs and of the people who reported them was held up to ridicule, in some cases by scientists who were paid consultants to military and intelligence agencies. Ridicule was such a terribly effective weapon in stifling UFO reports from observers whose evidence would be most highly valued that even scientists who had seen objects they couldn't rationally explain would not publicly state that the UFO phenomenon was a legitimate line of scientific inquiry, although some of them believed it was.

("That's one of the reasons why I set up the Center for UFO Studies," Hynek says, "to give people a place to report their sightings, be guaranteed anonymity if they want it, and not fear ridicule." Because he and his professional staff are seeking patterns of characteristic UFO behavior that might eventually help explain the objects, Hynek welcomes calls to the center. Dial 312-491-1666. A computer bank at the center contains more than 50,000 UFO reports, and they come in weekly.)

Some scientists continue to jeer at the thought of UFO research, but the persistence of the sightings and the mounting evidence that they are in some way real has caused a large number of scientists to abandon what Hynek calls the "it-can't-be;-therefore-it-isn't approach." A survey of 2,611 members of the American Astronomical Society—astronomers, who are generally more cautious than most other scientists—shows that 53 percent of those who responded believe that UFOs "certainly" or "probably" deserve further scientific research. Only 20 percent were completely negative, and most of those surveyed were older astronomers, sixty and above.

The debunkers among scientists have always asked why astronomers aren't sighting these things. The debunkers have also said that if astronomers saw truly unidentifiable objects in the skies, UFOs would be more believable. Well, 4 percent of the astronomers, who are probably the most capable among us of finding rational explanations for unusual flying objects, reported that they had seen UFOs which they could not explain scientifically, no matter how hard they tried.

But the fear of ridicule persists. Almost all the astronomers who responded to the survey said that they wanted to remain anonymous.

It wasn't difficult for the intelligence agencies to promote taking scientific cheap shots at those who reported UFO sightings, because a small number of such witnesses were indeed cranks, hoaxers, publicity seekers, and lunatics. The worst of the lot, because they were so good at getting publicity, were those "contactees" who claimed that they had been taken aboard alien spacecraft and flown to the outer limits of space. Among UFO investigators, *contactee* became a word of derision.

Despite the crazies and the ridicule, there are close to fifty contactee cases that are difficult to dismiss out of hand. "The dozens of cases of that kind that we have come across have consistent similarities that can't be easily explained away," says Dr. Hynek, who first coined the phrase "close encounters of the third kind" as a special category of UFO experience. "For instance, in the typical case you have a short conscious memory of an encounter, then there ensues a period of amnesia, and then when we put the contactee under regressive hypnosis out comes a similar story in every case—it always involves some sort of medical examination. Now what the hell is going on? Is it a sort of an image, as Jung would say, that is planted in our collective unconscious, and everybody comes up with the same story under hypnosis? Or did it really happen?"

Betty Hill is today more certain than ever that she had an experience with occupants of a spacecraft, and many scientists involved in UFO research think her story is credible because of independent evidence.

Betty and her husband, Barney, who has since died, were driving through the White Mountains of New Hampshire in September 1961 when a bright ball of light swooped down from the skies and followed their car. They remembered stopping to watch it through binoculars. And then, somehow, they were back on the main road en route to their home city. Later, they realized about two hours and from twenty-five to thirty miles of driving were missing from their memory. That realization troubled them for a couple of years, during which they didn't seek publicity and discussed the experience only with relatives and close friends. After two years of nightmares, they

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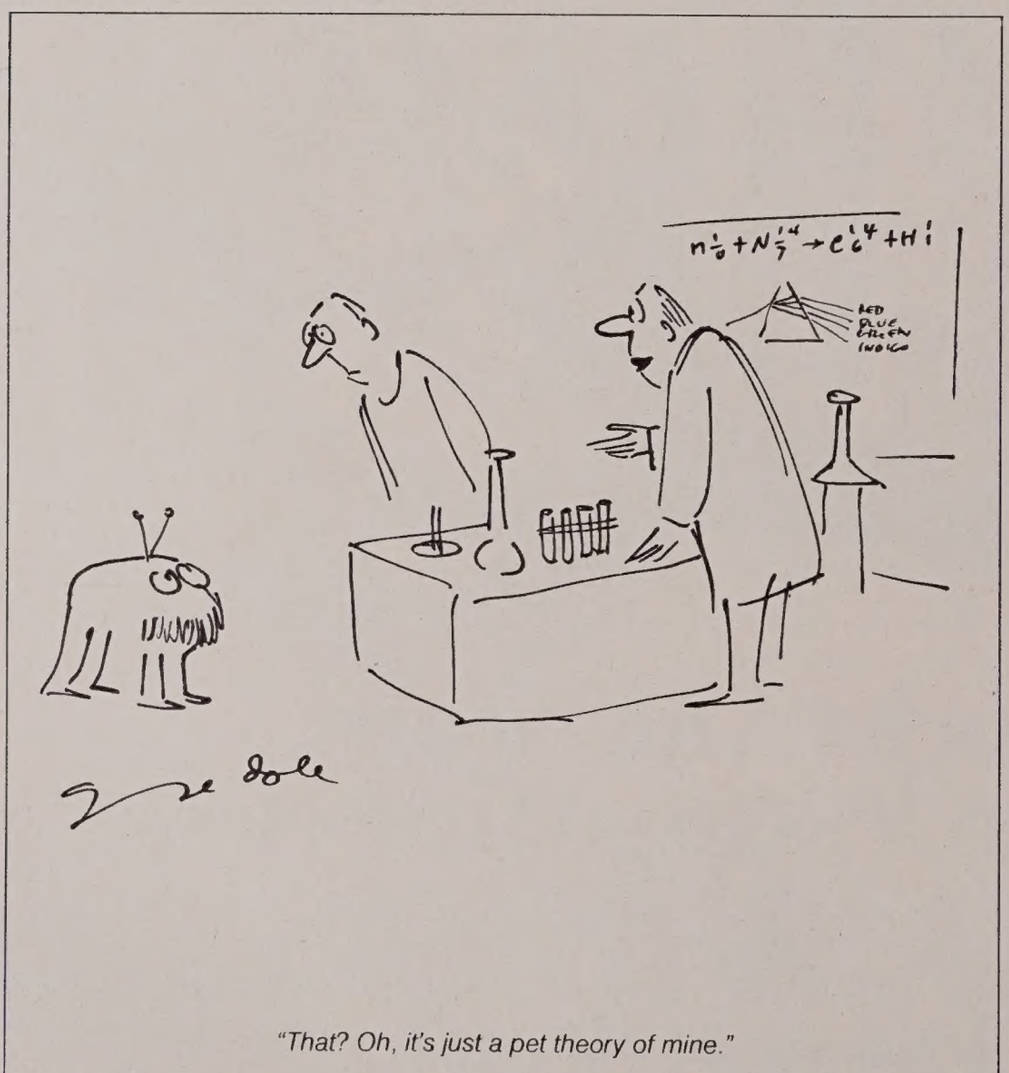


"That? Oh, it's just a pet theory of mine."

'I want a lover who dominates me, not with force, but with gentle persuasion.'

VERONIQUE

BELLE DE JOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. ZUBER

I was educated in England, but I'm a Parisian by birth, choice, and temperament," claims Veronique de Valdene. "Some of you may think the French are overexcitable, but that is the kind of passion you find at the heart of France. We believe being 'civil' is very often less civilized than freely expressing your feelings." She adds, "I'd never leave Paris—not permanently, not for any great length of time!" Given the same geographic proximity, we could say the same about Veronique. With her honey-colored hair and pouting lips, this magnificently molded example of French architecture could put pay to the Arc de Triomphe as France's premier tourist attraction. "It *is* imposing, but I suppose I have more curves," she says. When not out improving the view, Veronique is busy running a little lingerie boutique on the Right Bank. "I discovered that I love to sew and create little things of my own—especially lingerie. At first, I made things only for myself and close friends. Gradually, it grew into a business."

But commercial success is not an end in itself, or so Veronique suggests. "A woman must expand her vision—her interests. She must never stop growing. She must taste life from every cup . . . experience everything but surrender nothing of herself."

"When you're touching and making each other happy in bed, it's a universal communication."

"I'm an independent woman in many ways, but that doesn't mean that I can't enjoy what you Americans call my 'feminine mystique', does it? I can't imagine not having lacy, sexy underthings to tempt a man with. And why would any woman object to a man who holds open a door for her or sends her flowers or tells her romantic, unimportant things while they're strolling along the river in the moonlight? And that doesn't mean I can't also be interesting in other ways!" Veronique prides herself on being as well informed as she is well endowed. "Every week," she tells us, "I regularly read not only *Paris-Match* and *Métro* but also *Newsweek* and *Time*."

How does she feel about American men? Are they as interesting sexually as Frenchmen? "Well, I guess I do like a little variety," she admits, scarcely blushing. "I usually feel more comfortable when I'm with a fellow countryman, but the most important thing in a lover is not where he's from. It's that I must feel cherished. When I make love with a man," she volunteers, "I want him to dominate me, not with force, but with gentle persuasion—you know, as in that American song. To tell the truth, it doesn't really matter at all to me if he's from another culture, because when we're touching and exploring and making each other happy in bed, it's a universal communication, is it not?"

Whether we are looking at Veronique or just listening to her, it is apparent that in every way—charm, beauty, and the promise of endless romantic possibilities—she definitely has Paris matched.

MISS VERONIQUE DE VALDENE / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

SCIENCE FICTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

our individual lives and our lives as a society."

As the twentieth century draws to a close, science is catching up with fiction. What once existed only in the imagination of certain seers and their readers is now the subject of congressional-appropriations debates. Bob Silverberg puts it this way: "We've been invaded by the twenty-first century. In a lot of ways we are leading a science-fiction existence. In the forties and fifties, even though there were lots of technological changes, they came at a regular pace. Now there's some new wonder every year or two. I think the changes are going to come faster and faster, and a lot of people are turning to science fiction as a conditioner against future shock."

Starlog's Zimmerman says, "The blending of science fiction and science fact is so much greater today than anyone is aware of that we would probably have instant trauma if it were all made public at once. Scientists are working on canceling gravity. Laser technology is at a point that staggers the imagination; they're turning holograms into three-dimensional objects with weight and substance. These are projects in the works right now."

Isaac Asimov, who is as adept at writing science texts as he is at fiction epics, is as adamant as anyone else about the *need* for science fiction: "What science fiction does is to force people to think in terms of change. You must work out solutions, not to what now exists, but to what's *going* to exist by the time you can get the *solution* started. And the only practice for that, dammit, is reading science fiction! Reading and writing science fiction are essential to the survival of civilization."

Even the prognostications of the best minds in the genre need to be revised with the passage of time. Asimov's own *I, Robot* (1950) posited laws of robotics that would govern conduct of artificial intelligence. Michael Rogers, a novelist who has written science-fiction stories and who does a science column for *Rolling Stone*, came across a paper at a computer fair, suggesting that Asimov's laws needed drastic and immediate amendment. "One of the new ones this guy suggested was, 'No robot will be given full access to the means of self-reproduction.' That's extremely ominous! Something else he said was, 'We must begin to wonder what it will be like when artificial-intelligence machines become smarter than we are; how will we be able to tell?' His only answer was, 'When a machine begins to appear insane, one possibility is that its intelligence exceeds our own, since the operations of a higher intellect will probably always be meaningless to those unable to comprehend them.'

"It's time for another great leap of imagination," Rogers guesses, "because it's beginning to look as if everything that's been written about artificial intelligence so far will all indeed happen."

Joe Haldeman, whose book *Mindbridge* set a record for the science-fiction field when its paperback rights were sold for $100,000, has had the experience of seeing some of his fictional invention validated by reality. "I made up the idea of using black holes as a sort of shortcut to interstellar travel, to satisfy a plot requirement. Then a couple of years later some astrophysicist at Yeshiva University came up with the startling news that that could actually happen!"

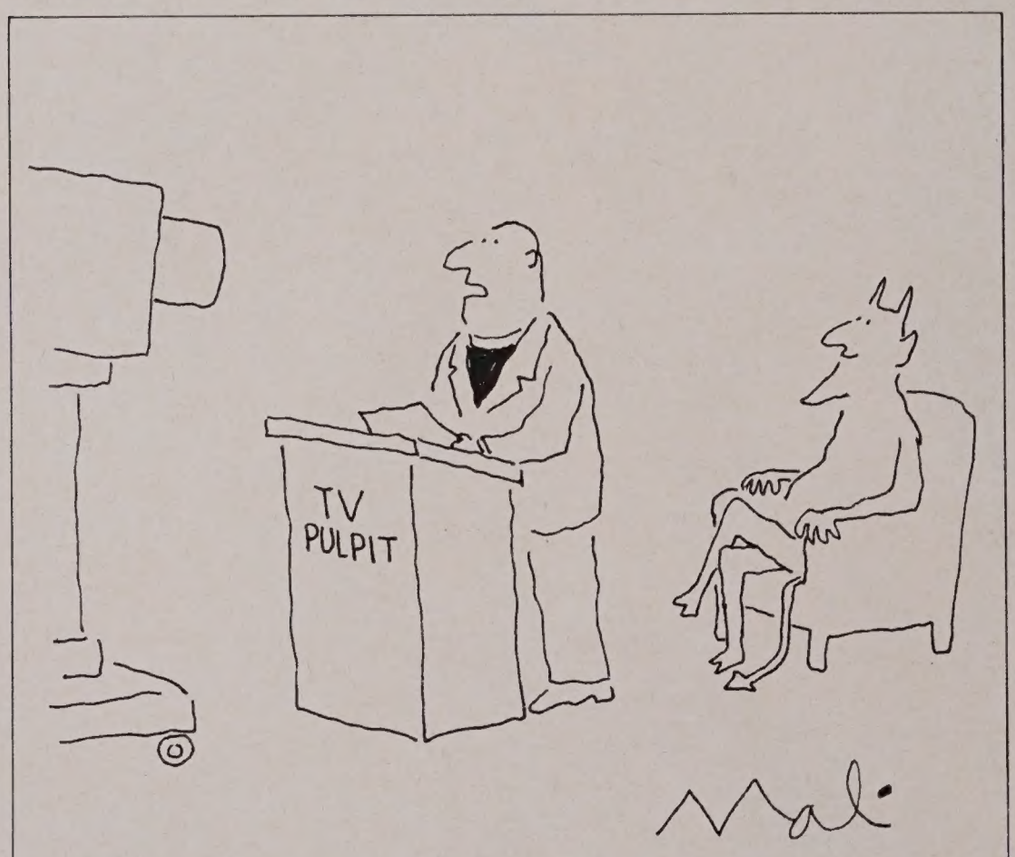
Haldeman, like many science-fiction writers, has some science background. A member of the L-5 Society, a group dedicated to the establishment of floating habitats in space, he sees 'space utilization' as the only hope for survival of the human race.

"There are so many ways we could destroy life on this planet. Any number of poisons. A new ice age. Increase of carbon dioxide in the air, which would puncture the ozone layer. The technology: liquid-metal fast-breeder reactors. DNA manipulation. I think it's important that we get a large breeding stock off the surface of this planet and get it someplace where the people who are on this planet can't destroy it, for whatever illogical reasons. But who's going to foot the bill? To a senator from Wisconsin, whose main preoccupation is dairy products, this doesn't seem terribly important. . . ."

Janet Morris summarizes the feelings of many science-fiction partisans when she says, "The science fiction of today is in *Scientific American*. In five years anyone who wants to write relevant contemporary fiction is going to have to deal with scientific concepts. It's really true already."

Rather than becoming outdated as the present catches up with some of its past musings, science fiction may well be poised at the brink of a new golden age in which this fiction of the future/the past/the present is an important part of everybody's today.

Chances are that no two science-fiction minds will agree on the future *in* the future anymore than they do now. And for every doomsayer there will be an equally eloquent prophet of joy, like that ever-enthusiastic citizen of the galaxy, Ray Bradbury, who exclaims, "We're all lucky to be alive in this time, to be part of landing on the moon, the most important series of dates in the entire history of mankind. How much more important can anything be than the day we left earth and began to move out into outer space—when we stopped being caterpillars and became butterflies? We're going to go off and colonize the moon; we're going to colonize Mars. We're going to write science fictions about that. Then we're going to build starships—Jesus Christ, how exciting! Our encounters with other worlds will be endless, because the universe is endless. This can go on for the next million years!"



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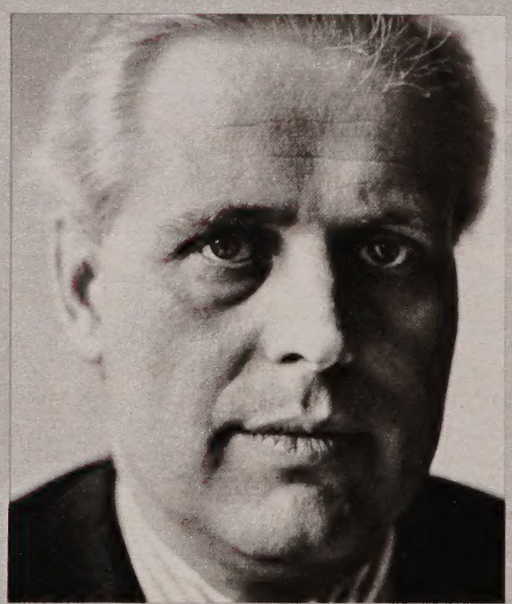
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Contributing editor von Hoffman's latest book, *Make-Believe Presidents: Illusions of Power from McKinley to Carter*, has just been published by Pantheon.

SPACE IS A WELFARE PROGRAM FOR THE TECHNOCRATS

Current gossip in space circles has it that the shuttle rocket—the one Cronkite shows us piggybacking on a Boeing 747—will blow up if it's pushed to full throttle. At half throttle it is supposed to be able to fly up to an orbiting space station and come back down again without disintegrating, but the catch is that at half throttle it can't carry much of a payload. Since the space shuttle was advertised as the cheap, reusable rocket that would ferry food and supplies to starry places for but a few dollars a ton, the fact that it is next to useless would make sensible, practical-minded people abandon the project.

That can't happen, and that won't happen, because space is the voyage of the technically trained middle class toward full, if not necessarily useful, employment. The telltale indication of who profits from touring beyond the earth's gravitational field is to be seen in the fact that one of the first things our astronauts did upon touching down on the moon was to play golf. Golf, after all, is *the* game of the affluent middles, the upper-class male having given it up for jogging and those violent paddleball games that are said to be so good for the cardiovascular system.

The old-fashioned middle class consisted of doctors, lawyers, the smaller sorts of businessmen, and various kinds of self-starters and fast finishers. They were the ultrarespectables, independent props and stays of the community, who owned property and made money by their own efforts. The new middle class owns nothing but a college education. That's its only equity in life: four, six, eight, ten years of expensive schooling, which may or may not equip some of them to perform worthwhile and needed tasks, but which imbues all of them with the expectation of lifetime incomes. The space program is primarily designed for these people.

Ignore their expectations at your peril. While they may not have the skills to provide a service that people are willing to pay for, they have the capacity and the potential for the bloodiest mischief. They're easily converted into dangerous revolutionaries if they don't get a good living. It's this useless collegiate class—these engineers, psychologists, coordinators, planners, research specialists, communications experts, personnel managers, and Ph.D. expediters—that furnishes the new clericals from whom are recruited roving terrorists like the Baader-Meinhof gang in Germany and the Red Brigades in Italy.

The working classes are reasonable, patient, and self-disciplined. Whether simple American-style pork-chop trade unionists or the more doctrinaire European Communists, Socialists, or anarchists, they aren't to be found speeding about kidnapping politicians and assassinating businessmen and charladies. It's the new middle class—the overeducated nuttos—that plays those sanguinary games.

When the Russians, who may also have been trying to busy

> The cheapest solution to the problem of today's useless middle class would have been to give them $20,000 in tax-free welfare a year in return for a solemn promise never to come to work again. It was more costly to allow them to work in the space program.

their idle middle-class technocrats, put their first satellites into orbit, American strategists reacted by changing the product mix coming out of the high schools and colleges to increase the number of technicians available for the great race to the moon. But these planners badly overestimated the numbers needed for designing and perfecting lunar leisure suits and cranked out superfluously large quantities of people who had the dreary skills necessary for lunar perambulation and backpacking across the solar system.

Needed or not, these people had been promised a living, and a living had to be provided. The cheapest solution would have been to put them on a permanent high-income unemployment-compensation program . . . straight out tax-free welfare of $20,000 a year in return for a solemn promise never to come to work again. It sounds expensive, but it was more costly to allow them into the research-and-development facility. Public employment instead of undisguised welfare is cheap for leaf rakers who lean on the handles of their tools from April to October, waiting for the raw material for their occupation to drop from the tree branches. Leaves grow at no expense to the taxpayers. But providing the new middle-class technicians with supplies and equipment means running up deficits larger than the total light-years in a voyage to Orion.

For a time it was hoped that it might be possible to switch the new middle-class technicians into other lines of work, like building subways and renovating inner-city real estate. One result of this scheme is BART, Bay Area Rapid Transit, the multi-billion-dollar fiasco that runs under the waters from San Francisco to Oakland (most of the time, however, it *doesn't* run). As far as using interstellar know-how to rejuvenate inner-city housing is concerned, landlords in places like the South Bronx would rather torch their slums.

The reason for the terrestrial failures of space technology is that it is essentially useless. Space technicians aren't trained to achieve utilitarian values. They have no customers to sell to and no stockholders demanding earnings and dividends. They've never had pressure put on them to perfect and design useful tools or products. The proof of this failure is the spin-off stuff from the space program that the technicians say has contributed to better living down on earth.

For example, there are those tangerine-colored crystals that, when dissolved in water, will yield a form of gravity-free Kool-Aid. This Day-Glo-colored drink that tastes like a chemist's distant approximation of orange juice is not to be compared in cost, quality, or nutrition with the juice of the citruses cultivated in such abundance in Florida and California. But it is held up as an example of the valuable contributions being made by those on space welfare.

The most exalted product of the space program is the no-stick frying pan. It is to those intrepid drones, the thousands of faceless free-lunch eaters in the research-and-development complexes, that we owe the substance that lets us easily slide two eggs, sunny-side down, onto our breakfast plates. As with all lift-offs engineered by these technological wastrels, the cost of eating undamaged yolks with our English muffins runs into the billions.

All welfare cons are launched—if you'll pardon the expression—by inflaming the imaginations of the taxpayers. Shrinks and social workers promise us they'll rehabilitate murderers and rapists currently incarcerated at the cost of $6,000 a year each in the pen; the quacks at the National Institutes of Health keep pleading for one more billion to wipe out cancer; the National Education Association swears to God that the only thing standing between Johnny and literacy is a pile of greenbacks the size of Mount Rainier.

The vision currently used to keep those paychecks a-comin' to the high-tech personnel in the extraterrestrial-transportation-welfare con is the space colony. An enormous man-made satellite, tens of thousands of acres in extent, is to swish about that old rusty bucket, the deteriorating Spaceship Earth. It will be out in these colonies, perpetually whirling around the left-behinds below, that they would have you believe crops will be grown and surplus populations will romp and copulate, though they will not, heaven forfend, conceive in a state of perfectly planned happiness unobtainable on terra infirma below.

This picture of things to be built has even claimed the enthusiasm of such normally antiwelfare types as Gov. Jerry Brown of California. Brown is one of the most vocal advocates of space colonialism, as well he might be expected to be. California has a superfluity of new-welfare technicians and old-welfare blacks and minority members. The space colony offers the chance of keeping the techies fully employed building the Great Ghetto in the Sky.

You know who is going to be shot off in rockets to live in the space colonies once they're operational, and you know it won't be you, white man. Within two years after the president and the secretaries of HUD and HEW shuttle up to the colony to become the first such officials to leave the planet and cut a blue ribbon in the blue yonder, the place will look like the inside of the New York City subway system. There'll be graffiti over the dome and free-floating dreck, debris, and garbage endlessly moving about to create a total environment of weightless filth.

In this bizarre way, the techies of the new middle class will make good on their promise to solve the problem of the inner city. It will cost 2 billion smackers to blast every welfare mother into space, but a nation that suffers constitutional qualms about sending 'em back where they came from will have none about propelling them past the Van Allen Belt into the really, really big sky country. Then the new clericals who are watching the monitors and operating the consoles will at last be able to hold up their heads and lay claim to socially useful employment. O+

The writer wanted
to solve the greatest mystery
of all, and died trying.

DEATH AFTER DEATH

BY J.J. KANE

When I first received the assignment, my initial response was decidedly ambivalent. Well, not *ambivalent*, perhaps, so much as *ambiguous*. On second thought, I guess you might say I was of two minds on the matter.

On the one hand, there could be no denying that the assignment was, in journalistic parlance, a plum of some proportions. Successfully executed, it was almost certain to grease my way, if not to the top, then at least to a cover story, an outsized by-line, and a lucrative book contract, replete with generous advance and royalty points. Maybe even a TV docudrama or—who knew?—a major motion-picture deal. At the same time, I also harbored some grave misgivings; if the assignment was *not* successfully executed, I *would* be.

"It's the only thing we've managed to come up with that hasn't already been done to death," explained Mel "Happy" Feller, executive editor of *Joie* magazine. "We've been through the wife swaps, life swaps, psychotic episodes, *shtup*-and-tell pieces, ethnic posturing, and Jewish complaints." His voice took an earnest turn. "I know it sounds like a risky business—and you don't have to answer until I finish what I say—but I *am* talking ten thou for half as many words and God knows what fortunes in spin-offs. Maybe even a TV docudrama or—who knows?—a major motion-picture deal."

I squirmed self-consciously in the tiny writer's chair positioned directly beneath his towering desk, unable to work up even a tentative reply.

"Believe me, it's so safe it's really foolproof," he went on. "We send you in for some mock surgery, then shoot you up with some drug that simulates the death state, you drift off for a couple of hours, come back none the worse, and you're ten g's to the good. For starters, just for starters."

"If it's so safe," I finally managed, "why don't you get a name to do it?"

"Look," he sighed, idly twirling the massive, gray sideburns that further obscured an already strikingly nondescript face, "I happen to think you're a damned good writer. I also happen to think you deserve a break; you're too good to waste your life writing filler items and smut copy, which is what you've been doing; let's face it. I also happen to think you'll do a helluva story."

He paused.

I waited.

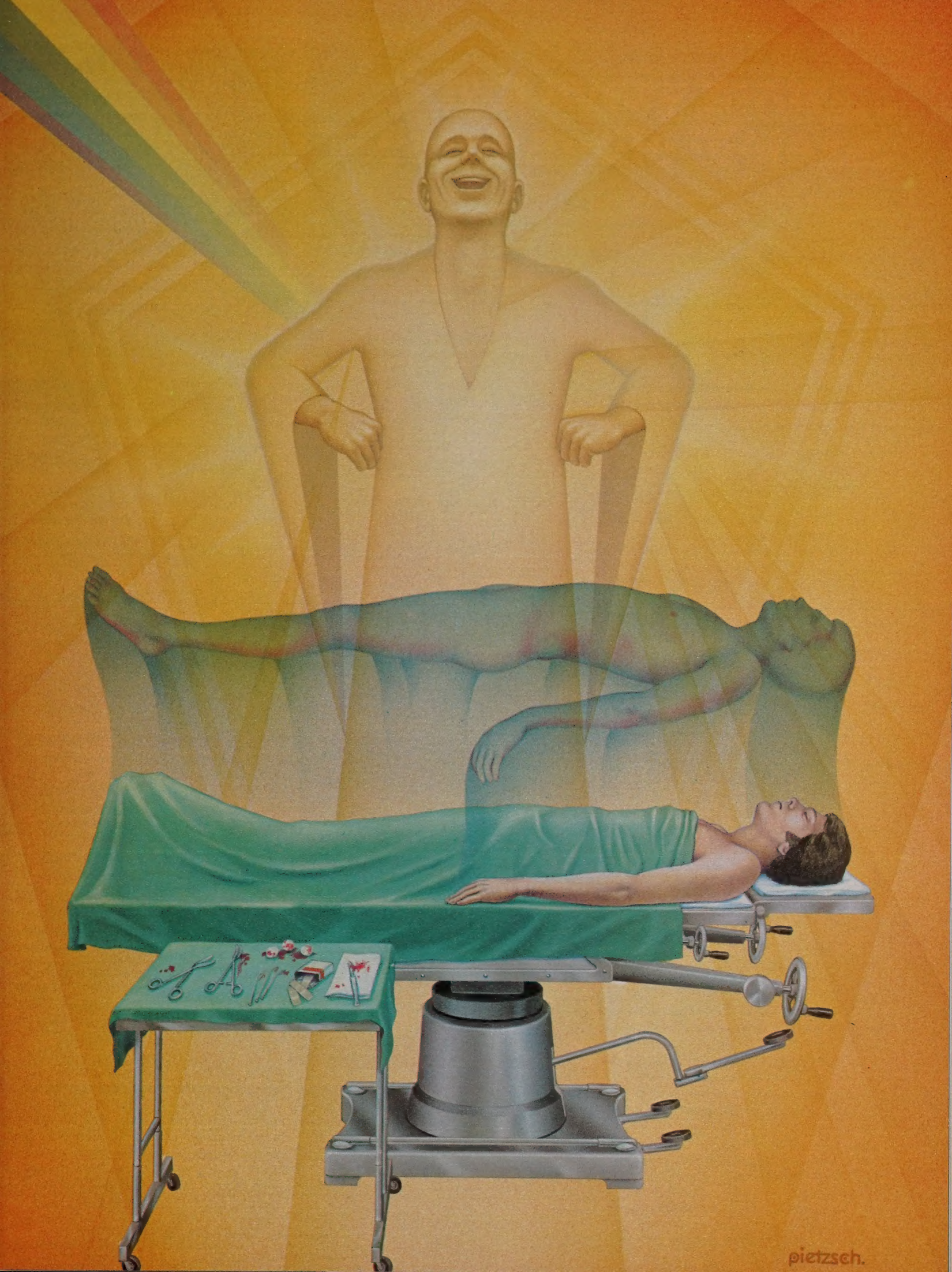
"Besides," he conceded, "I also happen to think we won't get any heavies for the kind of money we're talking. Mailer won't do it for less than a million, Plimpton's too tied up to die, and Salinger's politely informed us that he passed away some time ago. Even our own feature writers want a book deal in advance, where there simply isn't the time. You are, in short, our man."

"I'll have to think it over," I told him.

"Think it over," he said. "I've already commissioned a cover and set aside ten pages of the March ish. I want a yes or no by tomorrow noon." He paused. "Let me amend that," he reconsidered. "I want a *yes* by 10:00 A.M."

Ensconced in a corner booth at the Shades of Hades, a local Anglo-Irish bar favored by would-be writers and hopeful hangers-on, I gave further thought to Mel's proposal. Feller, for his part, was undeniably right: the demographics *were* impressive; death was definitely "in." No fewer than three popular paeans to the joys of Thanatos had already infiltrated the best-seller list (*I'm Dead, You're Dead* had been number one for weeks), several movies were in the can, and MTM Productions was working on a sitcom. Nevertheless, no professional scrivener had as yet undergone the death experience and lived to type the tale. If I wasn't the first, someone else, and quite possibly better, surely would be. It was a consideration I couldn't help considering.

Still, I had my reservations. I didn't want to end up another casualty of the publishing wars; too many passable writers and


pietzsch.

perfectly noble trees had already gone that route. I couldn't help thinking about the journalist who'd swapped lives with a barmaid, who later refused to trade back, or the proposed author of *The Lighter Side of Chronic Depression*, who remains to this day locked away in some obscure asylum, wondering who killed Sloane in the kitchen. Besides, while I may not have been too beautiful to live, I thought myself, at twenty-nine, a shade too young to die.

Then again, I didn't want to waste the rest of my life writing filler items and smut copy, which, as Mel had pointed out, was what I'd been doing—let's face it. Nor was I likely to be presented with so plumlike an opportunity again. Even if worse came to worst—or, for that matter, usual to usual—I could at least count on collecting a two-grand kill fee.

But I think what finally clinched it for me was the dozen Tequila Sunrises I'd downed while mulling over Mel's offer. When I realized I couldn't even begin to pay the tab, I resolved at once to secure success or die trying. Or, if that's what it came to, even try dying.

I arrived at Mel's office at precisely 10:00 A.M., accompanied by the most vicious hangover I'd had in days. My mind felt mined with poison-tipped punji sticks that threatened to spring into my eyes at the slightest provocation; a thousand tiny, screaming demons in my forebrain urged them on. Mel, immediately sensing my condition, addressed me in the most booming voice he could muster.

"Take your usual seat," he said. "I'll be with you in a sec."

With a palm pressed against my febrile forehead, I scrunched down into the tiny writer's chair and waited while Mel shuffled through an enormous folder of neatly typed data.

"It's all here," he fairly shouted, slapping the folder for emphasis. "Had the broads in research running crazy over this one." He chuckled dispassionately and put the folder aside. "We've got it all arranged with a certain Dr. Alswell. Ostensibly, he'll be performing some minor surgery—removing your liver—but what he'll really be doing is administering a simulated-death drug. So don't think of it as losing a liver so much as gaining an afterlife."

He gave his head a giddy shake, twirled his sideburns, and continued.

"Now, according to our research, which is pretty damned exhaustive, if I do say so myself (and I do), right off the bat you'll have a single advantage over your run-of-the-mill departed in that you won't really be dead. And unlike your *believed*-to-be-deaders, you'll enjoy the security of *knowing* you're not really dead, which should come in handy when you hear yourself being pronounced same, which, again according to our research, you should hear quite clearly.

"Like most of us you've probably always thought that death is just like life—i.e., that it happens only to *other* people—so there may be some mild initial shock at first. But you'll recover soon enough, at which point you should hear a loud ringing . . . well, maybe not a *ringing* so much as your basic loud *buzzing* sensation . . . which means it's time for an exhilarating ride through a long dark tunnel or void. Actually, it isn't a tunnel or void so much as a cave, well, trough, enclosure, funnel, vacuum, sewer, valley, or cylinder, depending on your terminology.

"Upon exiting the tunnel or void, you'll find yourself out of your body. This is not cause for alarm, however, as a new body awaits you. And, also again according to our research, what a body! A light, somewhat more amorphous approximation of your old one but equipped with all kinds of new, improved features, including greater vision, hearing, and maneuverability. You and your new body take an immediate test run, floating up to the ceiling, where you'll watch while the docs try to revive your old, supposedly lifeless one.

> Death was very definitely "in." But no professional scrivener had as yet undergone the death experience and lived to type the tale.

"Lonely? Not to worry: at this point you should be moving along to a kind of lobby, vestibule, anteroom, or foyer, where you'll run into the spirits of several former relatives, colleagues, and friends. You shoot the breeze with them a spell, before being introduced to a gent most folks call the 'Being of Light,' who, by all our accounts, is something of a fun guy. He asks you a few questions you'll understand without his actually asking—understand?—then screens a kind of instant replay of your life, with, I'm told, an emphasis on the highlights, which should make for some interesting, not to say downright steamy, viewing, if I know you and you get my drift.

"After that you'll rap a while about cosmic mysteries, eternal verities, and the like in an unspoken language that allows for perfect, unimpeded communication; then he'll lead you to some kind of border or limit separating you from the next life. Well, not a border or limit exactly, so much as a door, wall, fence, railing, barrier, barricade, balustrade, portal, threshold, gateway, turning point, *cordon*, Rubicon, line of demarcation, or circumvallation, again depending on your terminology. By this time you're so high on death, suffused with such an overpowering sense of *joie de mort*, that you'd follow him anywhere, particularly across the border or limit into the afterlife.

"But by now the drug is wearing off, and you start your short voyage homeward, bidding adieu to the Being of Light, exchanging farewells with your former relatives, colleagues, and friends, shooting back through the tunnel or void, and reassuming your old body. You wake up relaxed, refreshed; we sign you out, I personally buy you a drink, and that, as they say, is essentially that." He leaned forward and winked. "In fact, it sounds so good that we just might have to dock you for some vacation time!"

"I don't work here," I reminded him.

"There's just one little thing. Some people who've been through this have had a tough time trying to describe it later. But you're a pro; so there shouldn't be any problems there. Any questions?"

"Just one."

"What's that?"

"What if something goes wrong?"

He paused as if to give the matter some thought.

"Then we'll run the Farrah Fawcett piece."

"Tell the patient he can stop laughing now, Nurse," said Dr. Enswell, turning off the tank. "He's dead."

That's the trouble with laughing gas, I thought: a half hour later you're serious again. I remember thinking that thought as clearly as I might have had I still been among the living, which technically I no longer was. As it stood, however, I had more important things than thoughts on my mind—Dr. Enswell's words chief among them.

"We got to him too late," he explained, with an audible shrug. "Thirty minutes earlier he's home safe: patients one, doctors zip. Get him when we did and he's out by your proverbial mile. This is one game, I'm afraid, that won't be going into extra innings."

The surgeon's words were abruptly replaced by a loud, persistent ringing, not unlike that of an agitated telephone, which in turn gave way to the nurse's voice.

"It's for you, Doctor. A Mr. Feller."

"Yes?"

It was Dr. Enswell's voice.

"Yes, Dr. Alswell *was* scheduled to perform patient's operation. No, Dr. Alswell did *not* perform patient's operation as scheduled: a fatal coronary on his part early this morning precluded that possibility."

I heard a faint but frantic crackling sound, similar to that of an excited voice being filtered through a poor connection.

"No," Dr. Enswell resumed, with some impatience, "I *don't* know why Dr. Alswell failed to inform you of his cardiovascular history. Maybe he simply didn't have the heart. In any case"—and here his voice grew stern—"while I sincerely regret the loss of patient, I'm afraid that this does not constitute a valid excuse for nonpayment. No, I *can't* arrange a discount."

So that was it, was it? thought I, with some apprehension. Dr. Alswell had apparently expired without having apprised his replacement—to whom I had already taken a vague dislike—of the particulars of my case. If such were indeed the case, it meant that I was not only, in fact and all actuality, literally and dismayingly, *dead*, but also probably minus a liver into the bargain. While I had long ago resigned myself to just such a loss. I expected it to result from several added decades of tequila abuse, not some ill-briefed surgeon's spontaneous caprice.

I would have reflected further on this disturbing turn of events, but my attention was suddenly drawn to the long, dark tunnel or void through which I found myself being propelled. Actually, it wasn't a tunnel or void so much as a cave, well, trough, enclosure, funnel, vacuum, sewer, valley, or cylinder, depending on my terminology. As for the new body to which Mel had referred, it wasn't an amorphous approximation of my former one, nor was it on the ceiling. Instead, it was tiny, quite morphous, equipped with what seemed a thousand eyes and attached firmly to the wall. It also appeared to be the source of the renewed buzzing I'd been hearing.

As for my former shell, I could make it out quite clearly, if somewhat fragmentedly, lying in informal state precisely as I'd left it, though I didn't witness any strenuous attempts on Dr. Enswell's part to restore it to life. Oh, the nurse delivered a few casual thumps to the dead man's chest, but the surgeon summarily dismissed her with a warning against reading so many "bleeding-heart first aid manuals." Despite my contrary interests, on this point I had to agree. I'd never looked so peaceful in my life.

But, even as Mel had predicted, my mild initial shock soon gave way to a growing fascination with my newly acquired powers. From my literal fly-on-the-wall perspective, I found I could see quite distinctly through ordinary fabric, a talent I immediately applied at the expense of the nurse, who, provocatively bent over my dead body, was dutifully unplugging my life-support system. My verbal facilities had likewise been altered, and I soon found myself misusing words I never even knew I hadn't known before. My perceptions took on an icy edge of almost hypnagogic nebulosity.

My auditory abilities had been similarly augmented. The buzzing gradually faded, and I discerned the unmistakable opening strains of the music of the spheres. I concentrated for a time in contemplative silence before deciding that, while it was okay for listening, you couldn't really dance to it. Giving it an eighty-five, I continued on my way.

I soon found myself stationed in some sort of dimly lit lobby, vestibule, anteroom, foyer. I don't know how long I might have stood there, alone and uninformed, but if it wasn't quite a while, it was certainly some time. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Not every man can handle Metaxa.®

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

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CLOTHES ENCOUNTERS OF A FUTURE KIND

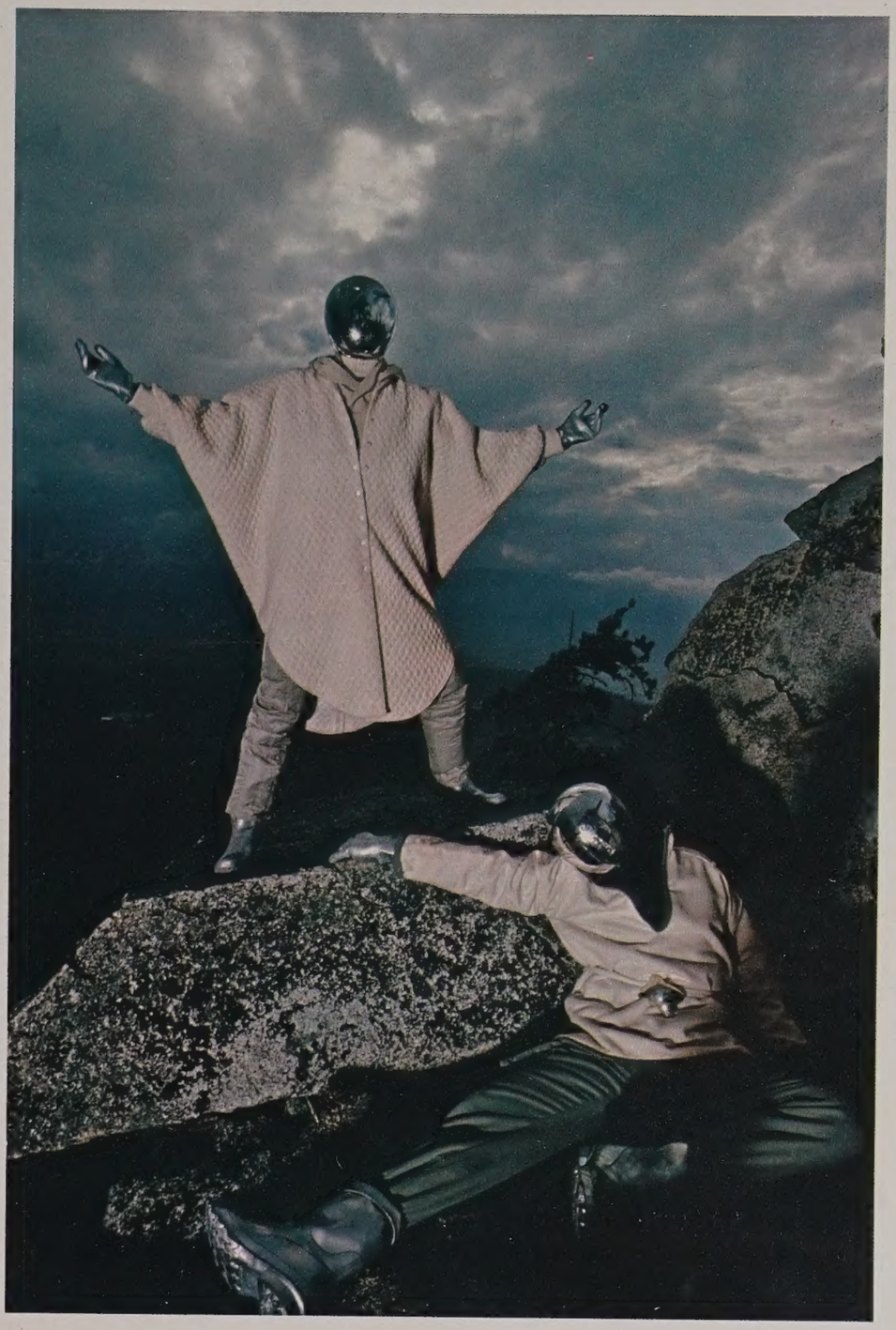
Fashion by Ed Emmerling/Photographs by Earl Miller

In the world of fashion, the future seems to be now. For the discerning male, dressing ahead of one's time is simple: choose only the best of contemporary clothing.

Swift. Clean. Decisive. Virtually genderless. The clothes to come combine a heroic gesture with boldness of line, exactitude of color, and an audacious mix of fabrics. It's a vigorous fashion hybrid that juxtaposes wool and nylon, toughness and sophistication, the rough and the smooth. This is the philosophy of the new breed of industrial fashion designers. Whatever the input may be, the readout is the same: clothes that narrow the gap between fantasy and reality.

(above) The union of fashion and technology for a highly refined, advanced society comes through in this pewter-colored thermal suit that flows easily over the body in a single piece (about $150). Zip-fronted and of polyurethene-coated nylon, it is accessorized by the clear-plastic tube belt filled with ball bearings (about $16) and black wool-orlon cowl-neck sweater ($45). By DAVID LEONG, 249 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, N.Y. 10001: (212) 594-3199.

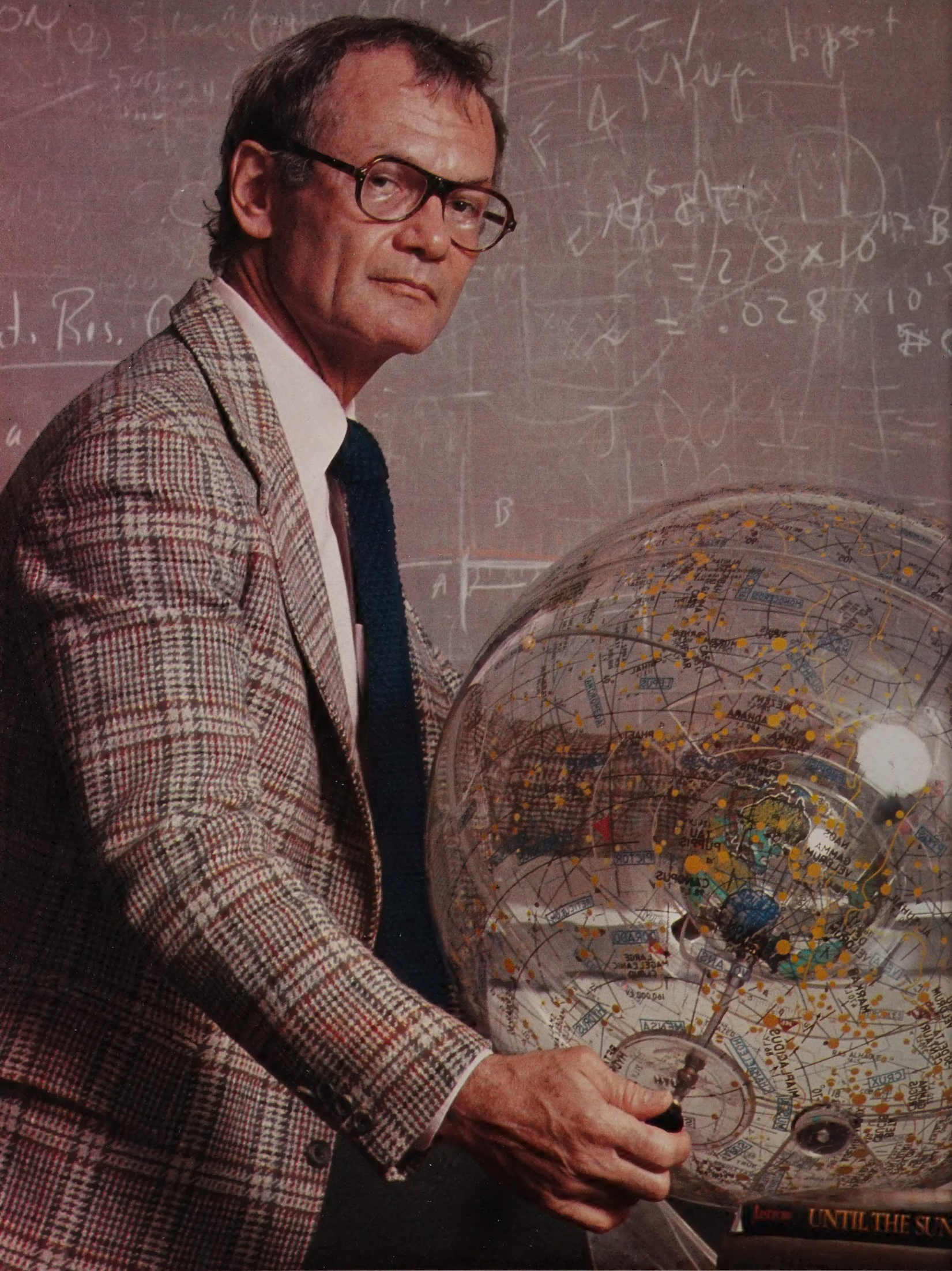
(right) The silhouette of the future is charged with fantasy and surprise. Brown-tweed samurai tunic with stand-up collar ($150), worn over gold-metallic-plated cap-sleeve top with gold-metallic stretch stiletto pants ($195). The silver-metallic-plated jersey quilted-look vest ($350) is worn with white body suit ($125) and pull-on black-terry Berber pants ($60). Both outfits by LARRY LE GASPI, 743 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021: (212) 744-6865. Pair of sterling silver cuffs ($500) and belt buckle ($200) by Richard Erker for Le Gaspi.



Shot on location at Fallen Leaf Lake and Heavenly Valley Ski Resort, Lake Tahoe, Calif.

(left) The fine line between fashion and function is drawn with this ensemble, which includes snap-front, water-repellent reversible cotton-twill-to-wool-flannel overvest (about $80), matching reversible shirt-coat (about $170), zip-front and multi-pocketed (zippered) water-repellent jacket (about $120), and multi-pocketed cotton-twill pegged-bottom pants (about $114); by GLEN PATRICK MAGARY, 126 Fifth Avenue, New York; N.Y. 10011: (212) 929-0518. The other–a one-piece overvest jacket of heavy, natural-colored industrial linen with waffle-weave-patterned sleeves of lightweight cotton-linen (about $150), with triple-pleated all-wool pegged-bottom pants (about $90) and a silk and mohair mesh sweater ($75)–is by BRIAN SCOTT CARR, 61 Seventh Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10014: (212) 242-7159. Hand-carved and polished water-buffalo-horn neck piece ($45) by Susan Sung. Everything is available at Camouflage Clothing, 141 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011: (212) 741-9118.

(above) The heroic silhouette is larger than life–or almost. The snap-front quilted-cotton (sweat-shirt) cocoon coat with dolman sleeves ($180) by REGINA KRAVITZ for REGGIE KRAYON CLOTHES, INC., 7 West Twenty-second Street, New York, N.Y. 10010: (212) 691-5330. Cotton-dacron hooded pullover top (about $80) and quilted Dupont nylon pants ($45) by David Leong. (seated) A reversible corded-cotton pullover with slit V-neck top ($150), corded-cotton multi-pocketed pants ($122), and black cowl-collar jersey sweater top ($76) by RONALD KOLODZIE, 80 West Fortieth Street, New York, N.Y. 10018: (212) 221-1760. Sterling silver belt buckle ($200) by Patricia Von Musulin, New York City.


UNTIL THE SU

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT JASTROW

> Humans are a finished chapter in evolution: our story is written. We are on our way to being living fossils.

In 1961 the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) appointed Dr. Robert Jastrow director of the Institute for Space Studies. They doubtless knew that they were getting a brilliant scientist who could theorize about space exploration and analyze the results of each completed project.

Well, they got that and more. They found in Jastrow a man who not only had a flair for describing to the taxpayers how their money was being spent and why it was worth spending but who could also make a lot of citizens eager accomplices in his speculations about space, time, and man's position in the universe. When you read his simple, clear prose, you get the comfortable feeling that you now know practically as much as he does. You may not be any happier about man's lot, but you feel, well . . . educated.

Jastrow's first book, *Red Giants and White Dwarfs*, explained how man came into existence. In his most recent work, *Until the Sun Dies*, he considers the latest information about the origins of the universe and goes on to speculate about the future and what will become of the human race. Supplementary to his books, Jastrow has written many newspaper and magazine articles on related subjects.

He was born September 7, 1925, in New York City. He won numerous academic prizes and was a superb scholar, starting out as a premed student, then switching to biophysics and again to theoretical physics. He graduated from Columbia College at the age of eighteen. By nineteen he had his master's degree, and at twenty-two he was a Ph.D. He spent a year at the University of Leiden in the Netherlands as a postdoctoral fellow and subsequently became a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Later he did research at the University of California at Berkeley and taught at Yale.

By 1956 Jastrow had abandoned nuclear physics and been swept up by the romance of the space sciences. He joined Project Vanguard, the government program for launching the first American satellite. By 1958 he was making headlines, particularly when he told the Russians, during a visit to Moscow, that they were wrong in calculating that the Sputnik I rocket had fallen on North America—he could prove that it had fallen on Outer Mongolia. After his return from Moscow, he was named the head of NASA's theoretical division, which conducts basic research in astronomy and planetary science. Within a year he persuaded the government to allow him to set up the Institute for Space Studies at Columbia University, where it has remained and expanded.

In 1963 he led an impassioned defence of the Apollo project against critics who questioned the wisdom of spending $22 billion to put men on the moon. Since the period of his involvement in lunar exploration, he has been engrossed in the Mars and Venus probes and—typically controversial—in opposing the majority view of his colleagues that there is no life on Mars.

Jastrow was married once and is now divorced. He lives in a comfortably cluttered apartment in Manhattan, overlooking the Hudson River. The living room windows have no drapes. The grand piano must be played standing up, since the bench is used to hold a hi-fi. An attractive rust-red rug covers the floor but doesn't quite fit one corner and has been allowed to run five inches up the wall. Hanging from a nail on one wall are a medallion from the Explorer's Club, an African necklace given him by astronaut Scott Carpenter, and a medallion from the Dutch Treat Club. A desk, typewriter, and file cabinet dominate the bedroom. The bed seems an afterthought and is under constant threat of burial by a literary avalanche from the hundreds of books that bulge out from the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. It is obviously the home of a man who works, as he maintains, between eighteen and twenty-four hours a day.

This exclusive *Penthouse* interview was conducted in Dr. Jastrow's apartment and in his hectic office at Columbia, by frequent contributor Richard Ballad. The interview concentrated on the future, particularly as it pertains to Jastrow's pet theory that computers—or "the silicon intelligence"—may very well supplant man as the next form of life.

Photograph by Pat Hill

Penthouse: What aspect of space science intrigues you the most?

Jastrow: My main interest is in the possibility of human existence in the cosmos and the fact that the earth has been such a recent arrival in the family of stars and planets in this cosmos. It seems unlikely that we are unique and alone in the universe, favored by a creator who chooses to have life on this planet but on no other. It is much more likely that we are the new kids on the block and that the real life of the cosmos, the real physical reality, is outside the solar system and advanced far beyond our present understanding.

Penthouse: Why should life be so advanced elsewhere?

Jastrow: The universe was created 20 billion years ago in a shattering explosion. That is not an "iffy" question; it is a hard, proven fact, like the structure of the DNA helix. Our earth came into being less than 5 billion years ago, out of the gases of space. Life on earth is 4 billion years old or thereabouts, and man, of course, is only a few million years old. This means that the very planet itself came into existence when much of the rest of the universe was already 15 billion years old. And that means that the planets around us in other solar systems are, on the average, about 7 or 8 billion years older than we are.

So it is these two numbers, 5 billion years for the age of the earth and 20 billion years for the age of the universe, that are the striking facts to come out of astronomy. They tell us that we are not, as we like to think, at the summit of creation. We are down near the bottom somewhere.

Penthouse: You have written about what the next form of life on earth will be like. What are your latest conclusions?

Jastrow: The history of life, as contained in the fossil record, reveals a progression from simple to complex, starting from the threshold of life, about 4 billion years ago. One billion years ago the highest forms of life were worms and jellyfish. But we are not circular like the jellyfish, so obviously we are in a line of descent from the worm. And worms, of course, had no brains to speak of. In a billion years, according to the fossil record, man evolved out of the worm.

Now, this gives us a perspective on our place in the cosmos relative to societies that may be a billion years older than we are. We may appear to them as the worm appears to us. You must notice that it took only 1 billion years to get from the worm to the man but 3 billion years to get from the threshold of life to the worm. So we're actually very close to the worm.

It is also revealed in the fossil record that at every stage in the evolution of intelligent life, the highest form present became the rootstock out of which a new, higher form developed. In the case of man, we evolved out of the Savannah ape in a line that split off, 4 or 5 million years ago, from an animal in the tree that looked something like genus *Australopithecus,* the "ape-man." Now, *Australopithecus* leveled off in brain size and became extinct about a million years ago. But *Homo*, our ancestor, kept increasing in brainpower until about a quarter of a million years ago, when it began leveling off; and in the last 100,000 years, the human brain has not changed in size. The body of man has changed hardly at all for a million years.

So we are a finished chapter in evolution: our story is written. We are on the way to being living fossils. But the history of life indicates that man is likely to be the rootstock out of which a higher form will evolve. It will not be a more intelligent man—man is *Homo sapiens*—but rather a new form, something beyond man. The question now is whether this new form will be a biological entity having puny limbs and a big head to accommodate the progression of intelligence. Will the brain of man continue to be housed in some hollow shell of bones, fed by blood vessels, from a model developed by the fishes 300 million years ago? Or will it be something different?

I say that computers, as we call them, are a newly emerging form of life, one made out of silicon rather than carbon. Silicon is chemically similar to carbon, but it can enter into a sort of metal structure in which it is relatively invulnerable to damage, is essentially immortal, and can be extended to an arbitrarily large brain size. Such new forms of life will have neither human emotions nor any of the other trappings we associate with human life.

> Computer beings are evolving at a dynamite speed. They have increased in capabilities by a power of ten every seven years since the dawn of the computer age, in 1950.

Penthouse: You use the term *life* to describe what we usually think of as lifeless creatures. One might call them "computers with delusions of grandeur." How can you say they are a form of life?

Jastrow: They are new *forms* of life. They react to stimuli, they think, they reason, they learn by experience. They don't, however, procreate by sexual union or die—unless we want them to die. We take care of their reproduction for them. We also take care of their food needs, which are electrical. They are evolving at a dynamite speed. They have increased in capabilities by a power of ten every seven years since the dawn of the computer age, in 1950. Man, on the other hand, has not changed for a long time.

By the end of the twentieth century, the curves of human and computer growth will intersect, and by that time, I am confident, quasi-human intelligences will be with us. They will be similar in mentality to a freshly minted Ph.D.: very strong, very narrow, with no human wisdom, but very powerful in brute reasoning strength. They will be working in combination with our managers, who will be providing the human intuition. Silicon entities will be controlling and regulating the complex affairs of our twenty-first-century society. The probability is that this will happen virtually within our own lifetime.

What happens in the thirtieth century, or the fortieth? There are 6 billion years left before the sun dies, and over that long period I doubt whether biological intelligence will continue to be the seat of intelligence for the highest forms of life on this planet. Nor do I think that those advanced beings on other planets, who are older than we are, if they exist, are housed in shells of bone on a fish model of carbon chemistry. Silicon, I think, is the answer.

Penthouse: What are the powers of mobility like in these silicon beings?

Jastrow: Mobility is only an attribute of life as we know it. I envision these entities as immortal beings, freed from the prison of life on a planet like the earth. We mortals cannot escape earth, except to nearby places like the moon and Mars, because our life span will never be more than 100 or 200 years, at most, and it takes 100,000 years or perhaps 1 million years to get from the earth to some other habitable place. But a silicon intelligence, in the memory bank of a central store on a spaceship, could live forever. To such an intelligence, a million years would be like a day.

Penthouse: Would these silicon entities dig their own minerals, refine them, make their own spare parts, and repair themselves?

Jastrow: Yes, just as Hal, the computer in the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, was able to control all his sense organs and all the mechanical devices of the ship. The space ship in that film was alive. The human beings were mere adjuncts, though they did win out in the end.

Mobility is not in the brain but in the sense organs and the organs for manipulations that they control. Silicon entities need not be biological or derived from the model, that, again, we got from the apes of the Savannah. They can be made of metal and plastic.

Penthouse: Will humans as we know them die out like the dodo?

Jastrow: It may be that a symbiotic union will exist between humans and new forces of life, between biological and nonbiological intelligence—and it may now exist on other planets. We might continue to serve the needs of the silicon brain while it serves ours.

Penthouse: Do you think that the computer beings will triumph in the end?

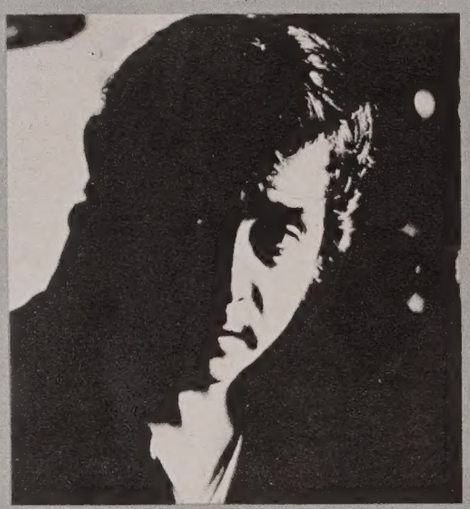
Jastrow: Yes. Not "triumph" in the sense of a war but triumph in the same sense that the mammals triumphed over the dinosaurs. It will be the next stage of perfection.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

INTRODUCING OMNI

A MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, SCIENCE FICTION AND THE FUTURE
. . . THE FIRST MAGAZINE OF THE 21st CENTURY

FEATURES



FIRST WORD

Light years beyond the technological potential of today's science—alert to the myriad possibilities of the future—*Omni* foresees a world of growing intellectual vitality, expanding dreams and infinite hope, a world in which the magical has become real, the impossible commonplace.

Editorially, *Omni* will pursue that which is probable within the context of that which is known. Each month *Omni* will present the latest developments in science and technology and strive to predict their impact on the future. The most adventurous and forward-looking members of the scientific community will be profiled and interviewed. Top science fiction writers will prophesy the philosophical, emotional, and structural realities of the world to be.

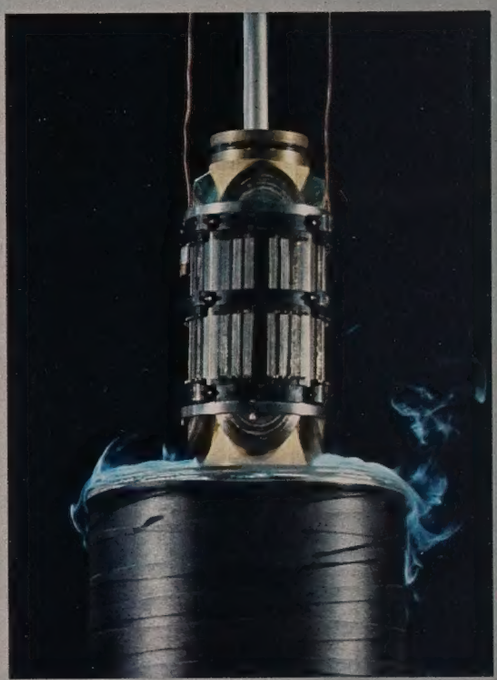
Omni is the world's first major publication to combine science fiction and science fact, the first publication to afford paranormal phenomena the simple dignity of a proper ongoing scientific inquiry. *Omni*'s aim is to heighten and enliven the world we live in—to discover, clarify, and inform. *Omni*'s range, editorially and graphically, is as broad as the universe, as infinite as time.

—BOB GUCCIONE

SOME OF US MAY NEVER DIE

In October of 1976, Luna, the 16-year-old daughter of science writer Robert Anton Wilson, was brutally beaten and killed in a grocery store robbery. Helpless in the face of death, Wilson took the only action he could. He immediately had the child's brain set in cryonic suspension, frozen in liquid nitrogen. From this frozen brain a part of Luna's identity may someday be recovered or, from the cells of her brain stem, a new body cloned.

Possible immortality is not the only promise of such freezing. For example, near absolute zero, where all molecular motion ceases, resistance to electricity suddenly disappears, allowing it to flow virtually forever with no loss of energy.



PERPETUAL HELP CENTER

WHO IS THIS MAN?

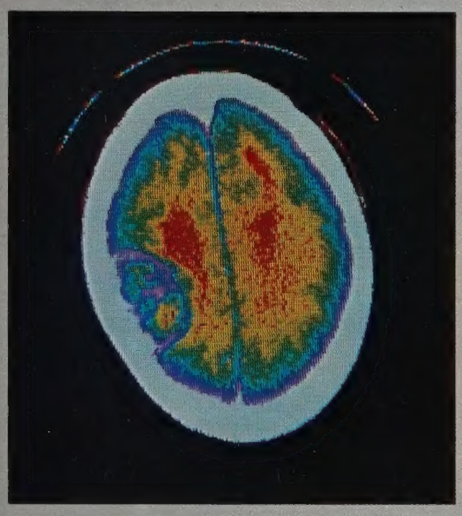
For hundreds of years pilgrims have flocked to a town in Italy to view a mysterious piece of cloth known as the Turin Shroud. The shroud displays an unaccountable, photographlike image of a man some believe to be Jesus Christ.

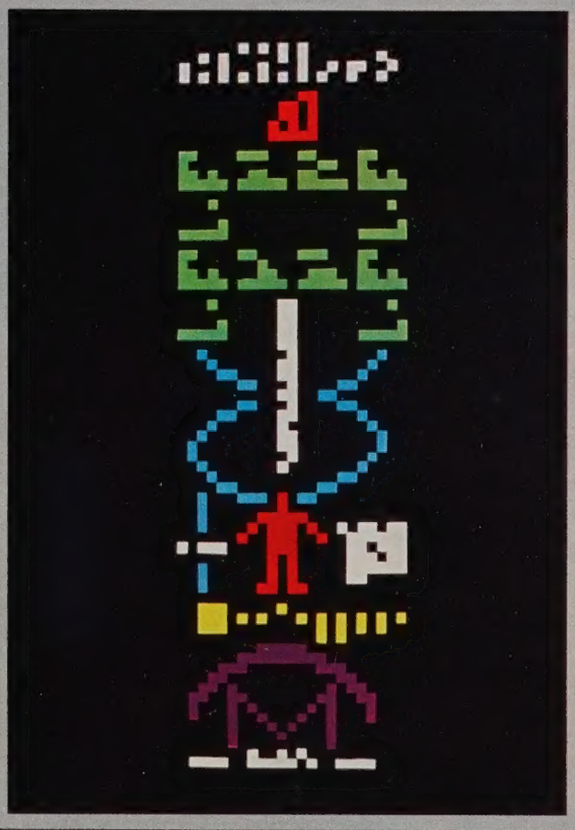
This fall, after a summer on public display, the shroud is to be minutely tested by an international team of scientists looking for clues to its origins.

The Turin Shroud, UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, strange explosions in the atmosphere, telepathy, clairvoyance, out-of-body experiences—wherever events challenge the imagination, *Omni* will be there to report the facts and comment on science's expanding efforts to explain the unexplainable.

AN INSIDE LOOK

Armed with a mind-bending array of supertechnology, physicians can now literally peek inside the body to see what's wrong. Computer enhanced x-rays (below), fiber optic video systems contained in a hypodermic needle, sound holograms, nuclear scanners—you'll see it all in *Omni*.





COURTESEY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

MESSAGES

We send a variety of messages into space these days. Some, like the message at left, are reasoned statements of who we are, where we live, and what we're doing. Others, like the television reruns of *I Love Lucy* that continuously leak into space, are less thoughtful. Nonetheless, they have so far reached some 400 stars, their planets, and perhaps inhabitants.

Are we getting answers?

Nobody knows for sure but we are listening hard. In an upcoming *Omni*, Alton Blakeslee tells us of NASA's plans to upgrade the giant electronic "ears" we now have tuned to space.

And if the aliens are already here? *Omni* will tell you of a new test, based on the properties of starlight, to determine whether or not your neighbor is an extraterrestrial. And if he is, you can even locate where he's from.

EXPLORATIONS

You can now take a trip into space, a real no-drugs trip into real space. The cost is an even $1 million, the trip lasts some 20 minutes (or shorter), and the vehicle is primarily leftover NASA hardware. Read about it in *Omni*.

If you want to go with friends, a better way would be NASA's newest baby, the Space Shuttle, developed by Rockwell International. As early as 1982 the shuttle could carry hundreds of passengers into orbit each year. Tourists. And the tickets should cost considerably less than $1 million. You'll find out about that in *Omni* too.

While you wait for your boarding card, *Omni* will tell you where to go and what to see here on this bizarre and wonderful planet, third from the sun. *Omni* will be your guide to ancient meteor craters, exploding volcanoes, sand beaches that actually sing under your feet, archaeological digs, the secret places where animals mate, museums, laboratories, even the hideaways where scientists go to relax. Exploration is science adventure and *Omni* will take you where the action is.

JLA

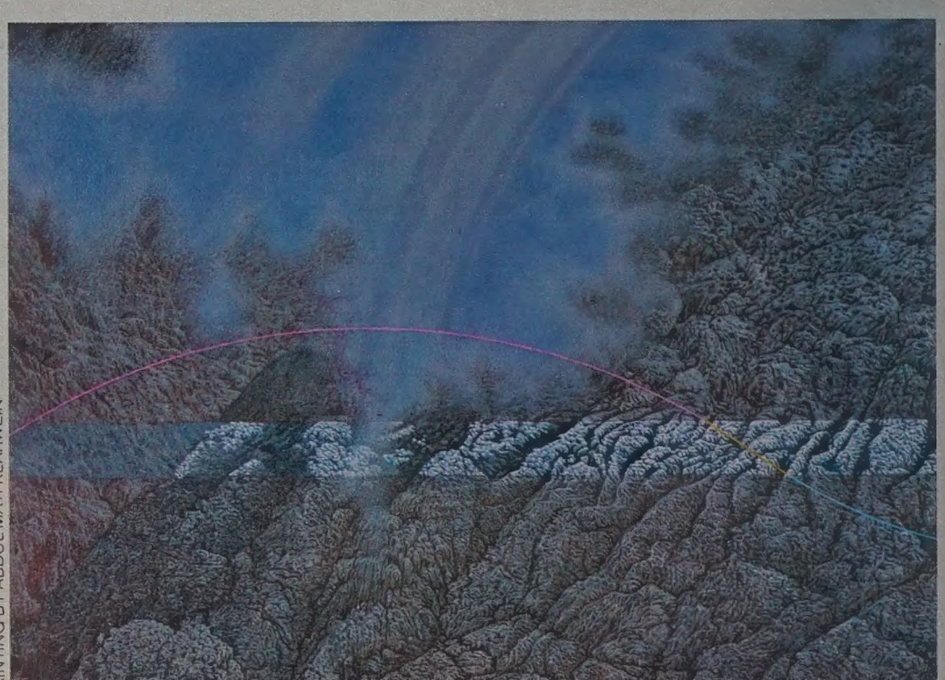
IDEAS AND IMAGES

VISIONS

"The Creator of the universe comes through the microscope clearly and strongly. Everything made by human hands looks terrible under magnification."

Roman Vishniac should know. At 81, he remains the world's foremost photo-micrographer. From examinations of the structure of matter to incandescent views of distant galaxies, *Omni* will take you on visual voyages far beyond the worlds you know and understand.

ROMAN VISHNIAC



PAINTING BY ABDUL MATI KLARWEIN

FUTURE DRUGS

"I finally learned how to come into possession of an encyclopedia. I already own one now—the whole thing contained in three glass vials. Bought them in a science psychedeli. Books are no longer read but eaten, not made of paper but of some informational substance; fully digestible, sugar-coated. I also did a little browsing in a psychem supermarket. Self-service. Arranged on the shelves are beautifully-packaged low-calorie opinionates, gullibloons—credibility beans?—abstract extract in antique gallon jugs, and iffies, argumunchies, puritands and dyecstasy chips."

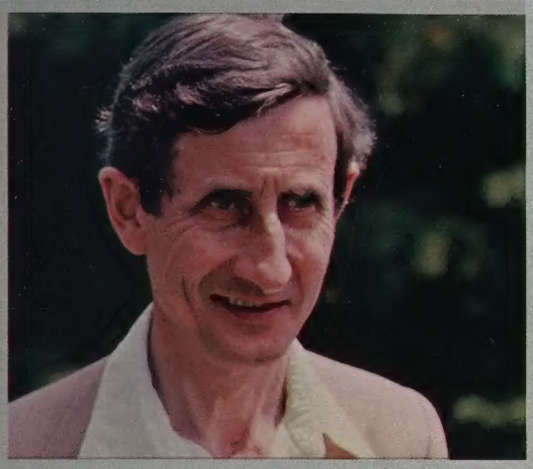
Stanislaw Lem in *The Futurological Congress*

FICTION

"He was sleek and he was furry; he was totally amphibious, and Althair the adventurer was what he really was. However, he was known, on his lovely planet Ceer, as Althair Storyteller just because he did that better—better even than adventuring, at which he was a marvel. His people called his planet 'Ceer, the planet indetectible,' and that it really was."

Thus begins Theodore Sturgeon's short story "Time Warp," a mind-bending tale of time travel, exploding planets, and the marvelous Althair who can make anyone invisible. You can find out what happens in the October *Omni*. Also in early issues of *Omni* you will find stories by established masters such as Isaac Asimov, Ben Bova, and Harlan Ellison, as well as offerings by the new writers who will chart the future of this exciting genre.

PAINTING BY ROGER DEAN



INTERVIEW

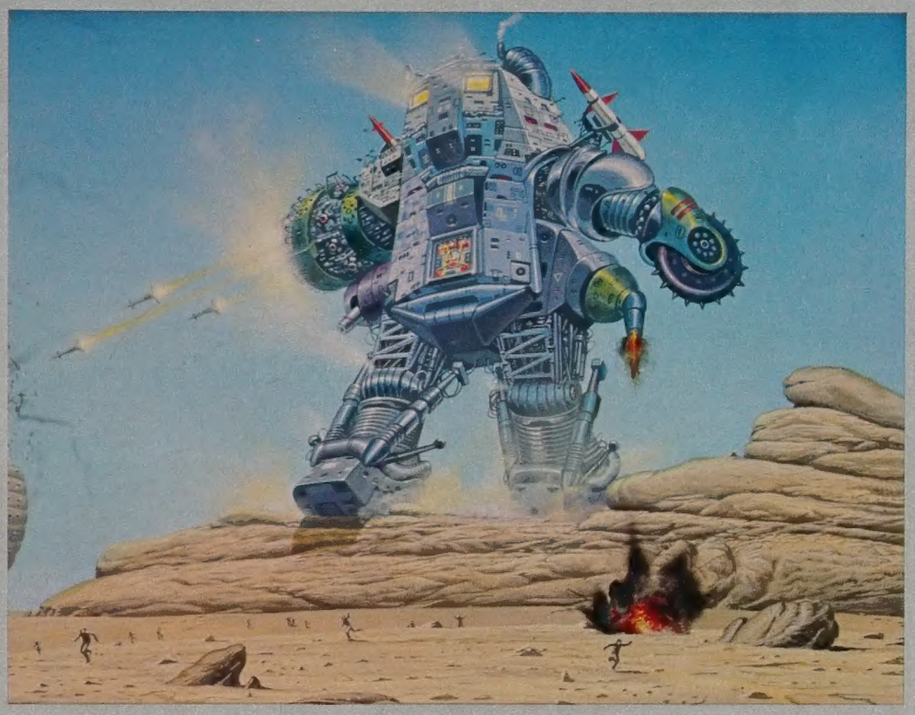
"I think it's possible to go into space on a much smaller scale—a cost on the order of $40,000 per person, which in terms of real wages, is comparable to passage on the *Mayflower.* Otherwise, space is a luxury only governments can afford."

So speaks the eminent physicist/futurist Freeman J. Dyson, subject of one *Omni* interview. Each month *Omni* will present, probe, and challenge the ideas and opinions of the most important minds in science and science fiction. Rare close encounters with such notable thinkers as Alvin Toffler, Isaac Asimov, Jacques Cousteau, Thor Heyerdahl, and Jane Goodall will be the rule rather than the exception in *Omni.*

ROBOTS

1) A robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
2) A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
3) A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

Isaac Asimov, *I, Robot*



PHILIP DUNN, FROM MECHANISMO © PIERROT PUBLISHING, LTD. U.K.

WINGS

Before he had conceptualized time, man viewed the flight of birds with awe and envy. Too heavy and unstreamlined to escape his earthly prison, millennia would pass before such imaginative men as Leonardo would develop the mind, the artistry, and the intellectual sophistication to anticipate the heavenward journey. Another five centuries would pass before man's knowledge could catch up to his aspirations. *Omni*'s coverage of man's escape from terra firma will begin with the inspired drawings of Leonardo, recapture that epochal day at Kitty Hawk, encompass the revolution wrought by the propeller, and trace the development of powered flight through rocketry and beyond. In words and pictures, *Omni* will detail our flight against nature and gravity and then take us to the ultimate frontiers of time and space for the most incredible journey of all.

DEPARTMENTS

ENVIRONMENT

For the first time in history humankind is in possession of data and knowledge about the whole earth: resources, ecosystems, population, environments. How we put this vital knowledge to work may well determine whether or not we will survive.

Each month *Omni* will present the important environmental issues—strip mining, nuclear waste storage, air and water pollution, political strategies and alternatives, new technologies and new energies. It will provide a forum for all those concerned with the environment, conservationists and industrialists alike.

HALE OBSERVATORIES

SPACE

At this instant, light is reaching the earth from vast exploding galaxies at the edges of the universe; neutrino telescopes buried a mile under solid rock are peering into the seething interior of the sun; engineers are working on plans for an ion rocket probe designed to rendezvous with Halley's comet. Each month *Omni* will bring you the latest in astronomy and space technology, ranging from the plight of *Skylab* to the frontiers of cosmological speculation.

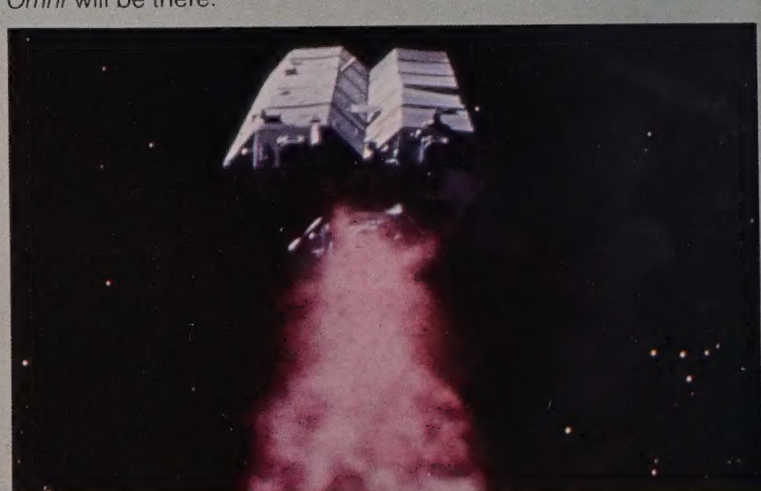
UFO UPDATE

On a dark hillside in Texas, technicians monitor a battery of instruments, hoping to catch and record UFO visitations. Data specialists across the country analyze computerized images of alleged UFO photographs, seeking evidence of authenticity. A Chicago firm prints out pattern analyses of UFO sightings, searching for a signal behind the noise of thousands of annual reports.

After three decades of aimless theorizing, UFO proponents have finally accepted the rules of science.

Will they succeed?

Each month *Omni* will report on the controversial world of believers and nonbelievers, chronicle important highlights of the UFO phenomenon, evaluate the evidence. Final proof now rests with the time-tested standards of scientific research . . . and *Omni* will be there.



THE ARTS

We are in the midst of an incredible media explosion wherein science plays the principal role.

Omni will keep you informed on all science-related and science fiction films, books, tv, theater, music, and any other medium that is likely to illuminate and influence your future.

Movies such as *Superman*, *Flash Gordon*, *The Lord of the Rings*, *Star Trek*, *Gizmo*, and *Meteor* will be coming your way soon. They promise the ultimate in adventure, special effects, and the kind of exquisite excitement that only science and science fiction can generate.

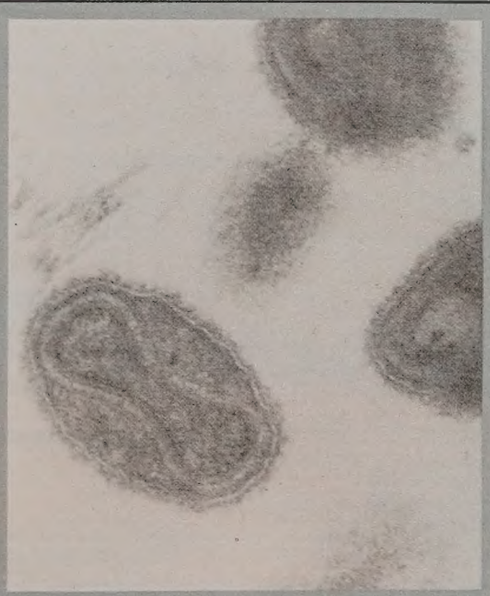
With *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* dramatically underscoring a new age in media recognition of science fiction, television has lost little time mounting such special productions as *The Martian Chronicles*, *Brave New World*, an all new version of *Buck Rogers*, as well as *Battlestar Galactica*, *Project UFO*, *Quark*, *The Incredible Hulk*, and *Space Force*.

As barometers of human endeavor, media and art tell us that the future is now—your future and ours—and that's what *Omni* is all about.

LIFE SCIENCES

In the October issue of *Omni*, Dr. Bernard Dixon, editor of the prestigious British weekly *New Scientist*, will tell you of a species only recently endangered—the smallpox virus. Virtually extinct in nature, the smallpox virus may soon be eradicated in the laboratory as well. According to Dr. Dixon, the total elimination of this deadly virus may not be such a good idea.

Each month in *Omni* Dr. Dixon will report on the latest developments in the life sciences. His column, *Life Sciences*, will explore the most wondrous of man's endeavors—the study of life itself.



CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL

COURTESY OF ROBERT F. SMITH

CONTINUUM

Did you know that:

- We can now equip mice with human chromosomes?
- We can make machines that see, hear, think, learn, and speak?
- Nearly 15 percent of all Americans bite their toenails?
- Power lines affect climate, agriculture—and human alertness?
- Over 200 satellites now in orbit are "nuclear bombs"?
- Homeowners' rights to solar power are not protected by law?
- A pocket of sea creatures has been found a mile deep in the ocean where life as we know it should be unable to survive?
- The unicorn, traditionally a mythological beast, may have existed after all?
- Computer crime will comprise more than 20 percent of the total felonies in the next five years?

Continuum, *Omni*'s unique data bank of scientific anomalies and curiosities, will bring you answers to these and similarly fascinating questions each month. A potpourri of late-breaking developments, compelling facts, fallacies, and profiles, *Continuum* encapsulates the editorial spirit and vitality of *Omni*.

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– Charles F. Kettering

You are invited to step into the future – your future – to savor every aspect of it, as it unfolds before you through the pages of a bold, new magazine – so visually stunning . . . so intellectually exciting . . . so extraordinary an experience . . . that nothing remotely like it has ever existed before!

OMNI

What makes OMNI so special – so unique?

THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS, THINKERS, AND WRITERS IN THE WORLD.

Each stunning issue of OMNI will be bringing into your home – and into your life – the thoughts, the dreams, the accomplishments of the men and women who have changed the course of history and transformed the world we live in. The roster of international luminaries who will be writing for OMNI or captured in revealing and candid interviews will include such notables as:

ALVIN TOFFLER, THOR HEYERDAHL FREEMAN DYSON, RENE DUBOS, JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU, DAVID BROWER, BARBARA MARX HUBBARD, ALTON BLAKESLEE, LEWIS THOMAS, I.J. GOOD, DAN GREENBERG, EDMUND O. WILSON, BUCKMINSTER FULLER, MARGARET MEAD.

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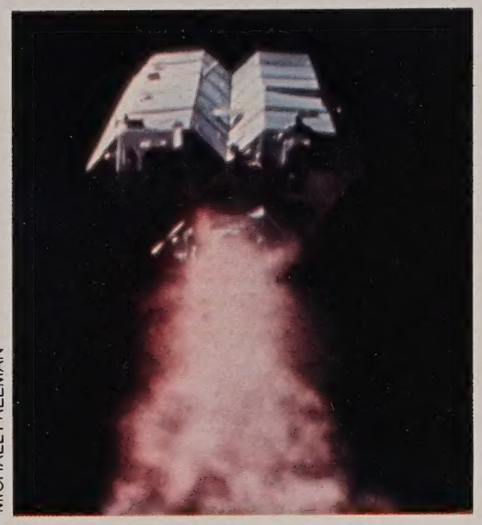

MICHAEL FREEMAN

Space Colonies, Cloning, Machine Intelligence, Regeneration, Lasers, Computers, Extrasensory Perception, Black Holes, The Origin of Life, Genetic Engineering, Fusion, Solar Power, Time Dilation, Aging, Life After Death, Ultrasonics, Chemical Learning, Transplants, Geothermal Energy, Behavior Modification, UFO's and Other Extraterrestrial Phenomena, Tachyons, Holography, Weather Control, Anti-Matter, Superconductivity, Bionics, Microsurgery, Artificial Galaxies, Magnetic Bubbles, Future Farming, Dreams, Transmutation, Immortality, Molecular Clouds, Undersea Habitats, Interspecies Communication, Cybernetics, Nuclear Wastes Storage Coding, Natural Pain Killers, Cosmology, Extraterrestrial Life

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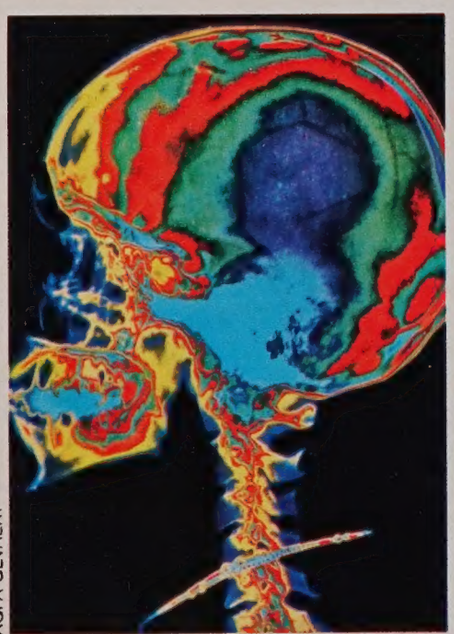

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Penthouse: Are concepts like ethics, morals, and spirituality irrelevant to these silicon beings?

Jastrow: No, not at all. I think that such intelligent beings may be capable of aesthetic perceptions far beyond our imagining. The only thing is that their aesthetics will not be *human*. These beings will not have a large baggage of emotions. You see, our musical and verbal perceptions were bred into us for their survival values back in the time when we were evolving out of the Savannah apes. Forms of life in the African savannah environment developed selected traits for survival that have nothing to do with the needs of today or with those of a billion years in the future.

Penthouse: What would be the purpose of the existence of these computer beings?

Jastrow: That's a big question. I don't know what the "kicks" of these computer beings will be. No human emotions will be involved, but there may be other emotions. I think that they may find their pleasure in aesthetic perceptions akin to our delight in music and art and design, and also find it in the larger search for order and harmony in the universe. Their understanding of the harmony of the cosmos and the nature of physical reality may transcend ours. Their curiosity to *discover* may be what drives them.

Penthouse: If there are life-forms in the cosmos that are older and more advanced than ours, why have they never made contact with us?

Jastrow: I suspect that these other forms of life are *around*, but they don't drop in on us every minute. They come down every now and then to see how the garden is growing. We must get to a certain point before they find us interesting. It's almost like dealing with children: before you invite them into your adult community, they must be able to talk with you. I don't know whether we have reached that threshold.

In the book of Ezekiel in the Bible, you can read a description of what sounds like the landing and taking off of a spaceship. Ezekiel speaks of seeing creatures with wheels with enormous rims and of "eyes all the way around" the rims. He describes the noise of their wings, "like a storm," when they moved. It's all there in the first few pages.

I would say that they come down every million years or so. In any event, we have been sending out a million-watt level of television broadcasts for the last twenty years, which by now will have revealed to fifty or a hundred stars that there is intelligent life on this planet. And unless they are indifferent because we are so juvenile, as it were, they should have their replies on the way—and these replies should be converging on us at about the end of the century.

Penthouse: You have said that the day will come when, through the use of silicon machines, we will completely conquer our environment and our natures will become gentle and peaceable.

Jastrow: Yes, I think that is a possibility. We could become a race of leisure beings, with all our needs cared for and with our hostilities—generated millions of years ago on the plains of Africa, when aggression was a vital component of survival—eventually bred out of us so that we would not be warlike.

Man's nature was forged in the crucible of adversity. Our wits were honed by the struggle against all the pressures of the environment: cold, famine, disease, predators. Our bodies were strengthened and developed in that same struggle over the course of a million generations. But as we are relieved of those pressures, the muscles soften and the brain softens. It is the pruning action of nature, applied through these pressures, that has kept us tuned to a high pitch.

Penthouse: Do we have any examples of what happens to man when he is living in an environment free of competition and struggle?

> Mortals cannot escape earth, because our life span will never be more than 200 years, and it takes perhaps a million years to get to some habitable place.

Jastrow: Yes. Consider the people who moved out from the Asian mainland and eventually colonized Tahiti. They found a natural paradise with few natural enemies. You might expect that under such ideal conditions they would be free to create art and music and all manner of worthwhile things. But when the Europeans found the Tahitians, they found a society dominated by promiscuity, infanticide, ritual cannibalism, and drugs. The Tahitians had not created anything. Instead, they had lost many of the skills their ancestors had brought with them to this new land—writing and pottery making, for example. Apparently, with no pressure to create, man generally does not create.

Penthouse: Then it's better for the artist to starve in his garret?

Jastrow: Well, perhaps not that exactly. I'm saying that this has been the pattern, as revealed in the leveling off in human brain size that took place 100,000 years ago. Man learned to make his way on this planet in a much easier fashion than before.

So, if we develop in the future to a point where we become leisure beings, it is possible that in such a society the person who is dissatisfied—who questions, who upsets the equilibrium of what is for all material purposes a perfect world—will find himself undergoing societal or perhaps political pressure not to rock the boat.

Penthouse: He'll be told to love his world or leave it?

Jastrow: Yes. That will be the case, more or less. So you might find that the innovations in music and the arts that could be revolutionary or even evolutionary might be frowned upon or suppressed. In short, if you are living in paradise, you can't try to change it—you may be ordered out of the garden.

Penthouse: And will it be at that point that the silicon brains take over?

Jastrow: Yes, because the silicon intelligence has nothing to do with this history of human evolution we've been talking about. Its capabilities, from our point of view, are unlimited. No natural forces are required to keep it honed to a sharp edge.

Now, I do not know what forces will go to work to limit or expand the capability of a silicon intelligence; they lie far in the future. Who can tell what the silicon intelligence will do? It might curl up and be satisfied with itself and stop progressing. And it might not.

Penthouse: What do you think of the possibility of an all-out nuclear war wiping out the human race before the silicon beings could take over?

Jastrow: I do not believe there is a possibility of total nuclear annihilation. It would be necessary to eliminate every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth. Even if we did succeed in eliminating every form of life on the land, we would only set evolution back 350 million years, to the time that the fishes left the water. That's the blink of an eye on this time scale, when you consider that we have 6 billion years to go before the sun will become a red giant and vaporize the earth. Even if we wiped out all human beings, the baboons and the raccoons would inherit our niche within 20 million years. Again, this is just the blink of an eye.

And if, as is likely, we do eventually decimate the human population with such an overwhelming catastrophe, I think that the 10 percent who might possibly survive—those radiation-resistant mutants—would remember that holocaust for a long time and would not make that mistake again.

Penthouse: Would it then follow that this surviving 10 percent might, as a result of their radiation-resistant qualities and because of the enormous challenges to their survival on a nuclear-blasted and polluted planet, make another evolutionary leap?

Jastrow: Indeed. But they would never make the mistake of unleashing nuclear energy in that fashion again.

Penthouse: Perhaps by that time we could be packing up and going off to live on Mars. What's ahead for us in that area of space exploration?

Jastrow: I think that by the first decade of the next century we'll have a small as-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

CAN THIS BE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD?

JANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

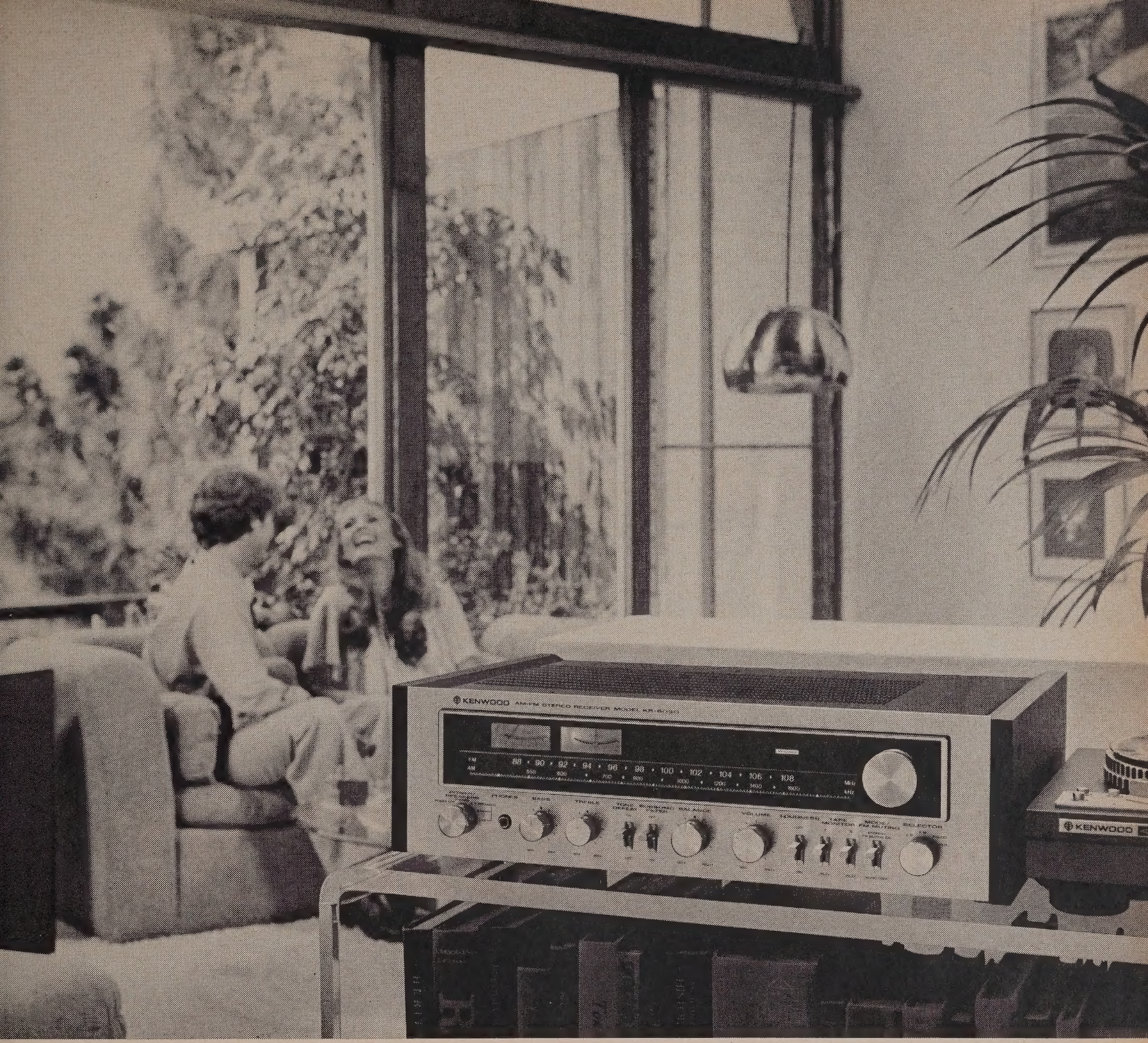
According to Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione, who took these pictures and who has been photographing Jane Hargrave since she was eighteen (*Penthouse* July 1975), the twenty-one-year-old 1976 U.K. Pet of the Year is "easily one of the most erotically beautiful women I have ever met . . . and one of the most interesting. Her physical beauty is classically English elegant and aloof, and yet her mind and her manner are ablaze with sensuality." Jane's appeal is direct and unerring. She is the living incarnation of one of the most popular of all male sexual fantasies, that inevitable amalgam of lady and whore—the perfect woman!

Bob rates Jane as one of his few all-time favorite models. "I like the way she moves, the angles and shapes her body makes, the intelligent use of erotic attitudes and expression, her willingness to do anything I ask, however bizarre, because she trusts my judgment, her incredible ability to remain ladylike even while making explicit love in front of a camera as she does in *Gore Vidal's Caligula*" (*Penthouse*'s soon-to-be-released, $16 million tour de force of life under the Roman Caesars).

Jane has no misgivings about her brief but unforgettable role in *Gore Vidal's Caligula*. "It was something I never dreamed I could do, but I was playing a part. I was a young noblewoman in the court of Caligula. I was a promiscuous bitch in a strange, sex-charged world, doing what any other promiscuous bitch would do. But I was still acting and still very conscious of my responsibility to the whole film. I enjoyed it immensely, but that was because I felt I was good and because I had played an essential, creative part in something very grand and very important."

"I was a promiscuous bitch in a sex-charged world, doing what any other bitch would do."

"Well, there goes the neighborhood."



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1985

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

on the Screen. Jeff Fairclough got out, hands deep in smart Burberry, red hair waving in the breeze. A man with a hand-held camera and a recordist with a Stellavox followed. Fairclough and Bev nodded to each other. He had telephoned Fairclough the previous evening. Fairclough had once been a colleague, a teacher of English until the advent of the new Worker's English syllabus. Bev and the team marched through the open gateway. The strikers put on a great act of snarling and cursing for the camera. The sound recordist didn't record. Bev led the way to the executive wing. Young Mr. Penn, very nervous, came forth to meet them. The Stellavox man put his headphones on, switched on, gave a thumbs up to Fairclough, who said: "Action."

"Good morning, Mr. Penn. I'm reporting for work as usual."

"You can't, you know it, we're closed. There's a strike on."

"*I'm* not striking, Mr. Penn. I claim my rights as a free man. I'm here to work."

"You can't. You damn well know you can't. Be reasonable."

"Are you denying me my basic right as a worker?"

"Don't be so bloody stupid. You know the position as well as I do. You're in a closed shop. You can do nothing about it, and neither can I. Can't you at least go through the motions, man?"

"You and I, Mr. Penn, have entered into contractual relations—as employer and employee. Do you propose breaking that contract?"

"Right," said Mr. Penn grimly. "Come with me." And he led the way (the cameraman ahead, walking backwards) to the works. Soon Bev, being interviewed by Jeff Fairclough, stood by his cold machine among other cold machines.

"So this, Mr. Jones, is your way of denouncing the principle of strike action. Don't you consider you're being rather old-fashioned?"

"Is justice old-fashioned? Is compassion? Is duty? If the modern way approves the burning to death of innocent people with firemen standing by and claiming their workers' rights, then I'm glad to be old-fashioned."

"You realize, Mr. Jones, that you're inviting your dismissal from your job? That, moreover, no other job can possibly be available to you? That the closed shop is a fact of life and applies to every single gainful activity?"

"The individual worker has the right to decide whether or not to withhold his labor. My curse on syndicalism."

"You've just condemned yourself to permanent unemployment."

"So be it."

The camera stopped whirring. The recordist switched off and packed up. "Was I all right?" asked Bev.

"You was fine," grinned Fairclough. "But God help you."

"You was on the telly, Dad."

Bessie aproached Bev in a frank amorousness that he had to fight off. Poor kid, she was going to be a hell of a problem. He decided to cool her down by telling her what the situation was. It wouldn't spoil her Christmas: she'd have forgotten it all by tomorrow morning.

"Listen carefully, Bessie, my love," he said.

"Yes, darling, I'm listening. Put your hand there."

"No, I will not. Listen, bad times are coming. I'm going to be out of a job. There's going to be no money coming in at all, not even from the National Insurance. They'll probably throw us out of this flat because I won't be able to pay the rent. The bad times are coming because it's my stupidity that's making me jobless—that's what they'll tell you——"

"Why won't you put your hand there?" Bessie asked. "Because you're my daughter, and there are certain things not permitted between father and daughter."

"Who'll tell me? Put your hand there."

"Your teachers and the other kids whose parents will have told them all about it. But you have to understand why I'm doing it, Bessie. No man has to be crucified. Jesus didn't have to be. But there are some things that a man can't submit to, and I can't submit to what the unions mean. Do you understand?"

"What's croosy whatever it was? Why won't you put your hand there?"

"Because you're my daughter, and there are certain things not permitted between father and daughter. I want you to understand what I'm telling you, Bessie. Your poor dying mother said: *Don't let them get away with it.* And, although it must seem mad to you, that's why I'm setting myself up against the whole power of the unions. I can't beat them, but I can at least be a martyr to the cause of freedom, and some day, perhaps not till I'm long dead, people will remember my name and perhaps make a kind of banner out of it and fight the injustice that the unions stand for. Do you understand me, Bessie?

"No. And I think you're mean. Why won't you put your——"

The new year came in with bitter weather. Bessie was snug in a girls' home in Islington, whence she traveled daily to school in what her father, having already seen some of her co-inmates, ironically called a virginibus. Bev slept where he could—in Salvation Army hostels, in railway terminals, and, on one occasion, in Westminster Abbey. He grew pretty wretched, dirty, and bearded. He had expected to be able to spend much of the day in the reading rooms of public libraries, but there were not many public libraries around these days, and such as still existed were full of old, snoring men.

"The workers don't need libraries," said a kumina boy. "They need clubs."

"I'd club the bastards," growled another. A small gang of them had stopped Bev with an evident view to bashing and robbing. Bev felt no fear, and the boys must have sensed that. He leaned against a torn wall poster of Bill the Symbolic Worker, right hand in pocket clutching a flick knife. He smiled and said: *"Sunt lachrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."*

They'd surrounded him on that, examining, sniffing, breathing on him.

"You know Greek, too, man?"

"*Me phunai ton hapanta nika logon.* Sophocles," said Bev. "From the *Oedipus Coloneus*."

"Meaning?"

"It is best not to be born."

From some of the boys came a deep exhalation, as from some satisfying inhalation. The Kumina leader, black with an Aryan profile, pulled out a pack of Savuke Finns and said: "You want a cank?"

"Thanks, but I had to give it up."

"You out of a job? Union mashaki? You antistate?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

There were seven of these kumina boys, not all of them black. The leader said: "Ah." For across the street, an unwise man was walking alone purposively, a man with a place to go to. "Ali and Tod," said the leader. The two named walked over and tripped the man expertly, booted him in the left side, then frisked him as he lay. They came back with thirty five-pound notes. "Right," said the leader. "You come, Tod. The rest at Soapy's around eleven, okay?"

"Okay, Tuss."

So Tuss and Tod, a yellowish, frail-looking boy who danced up and down with the cold, took Bev to the unemployed canteen off Westminster Bridge. Here they fed him with ham sandwiches, sausage rolls, macaroons, and tomato soup in a cup. The woman behind the counter said they had to show their certificates of unemployment before they could be permitted to take advantage of the low, subsidized prices, but the boys merely snarled. Tuss said to Bev, while he wolfed his food: "You ever heard of Mizusako?"

"Japanese? Inventor of a violin method?"

"That's very good. But you're a couple letters way off. Violence is more like it. Method, yes, a method."

Tod said earnestly: "The trouble, he said,

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is separating culture from morality. Because culture's developed by societies, and that makes it preach social values. I mean, he means, books don't preach villainy. They preach being good."

"Books shouldn't strictly preach anything," said munching Bev. "Knowledge and beauty—they're outside ethics. Who is this Mizusako?"

"He's in jail somewheres in the States," said Tuss, smoking very aromatically. "He went the rounds of the campuses, preaching disin . . . disint . . . shit, disinterest—shit, shit, shit—"

"Disinterestedness?"

"Hell of a mouthful. But yes, that's it. Free learning, free action. He talked of a UU."

"You You?"

"An underground university. Paid for by robbery, which has to mean violence. Teaching useless things. Latin, Greek, history. We got lousy education, right?"

"Right."

"Lousy because it's Labor. Lousy because it levels. No clever boys wanted. There's certain things it won't allow, because it says they're no good to the workers. Now it follows that the things they won't allow must be the only things worth knowing. You get that?"

"There's a sort of logic in it."

"We go to school, we lot, till we're sixteen. That's the law. Okay, we go and we don't listen to the crap they call sociology and Worker's English. We sit at the back and read Latin.

"We're not in jobs, and we never will be. We're not sheep; we don't follow the ram's bell. We face a life of crime and violence. Culture and anarchy. I wish I could get them to fit. Read Virgil and then rip some guy up. I don't like—what's the word?"

"Inconsistency," said Tod.

"You can't avoid it," said Bev, though uneasily, "if you're human. You're committed to crime if you're against the Workers' State. My MP told me that."

"Crime of two kinds," worried Tuss. "Robbing Robin Hood style, like you saw tonight. The *acte gratuite*."

"Who told you about *acte gratuite*?"

"A guy called Hartwell," said Tuss. "He talked to us someplace; I forget where. A great man for the gin. He told us about Camus—a French Algerian guy, a footballer, you may have heard of him. This guy kills a guy, and then he knows he's a human being. He's done a thing there's no reason for doing, and he sees that that's what makes him free. Only human beings can do the *acte gratuite*. Everything else, and that means the great fucking big universe and all the stars, it all has to follow like laws. But men have to show they're free by doing things like killing and chopping."

"What we do isn't *gratuite*," Tod said. "It can't be. If we're antistate, we have to be properly antistate. That means kicking against the law because it's a State thing. Like Latin and Greek are antistate things. So violence and Shakespeare and Plato go together. They *have* to. And literature teaches revenge. When I read *Don Quixote*, I went round slashing every guy that wasn't thin and tall and a bit dreamy. I left the little fat ones alone, too."

"What's that big Greek word you said yesterday?" said Tuss to Tod.

"Symbiosis?"

"That's it. Without us how would the Christniques get on?"

Bev's head reeled. All these things happening. "Explain," he said.

"These kids," said Tuss, "that started the UG, or Underground Christ. In that bit of the district line that's been closed up. They have what they call a love supper, with real shagging, boy and girl, boy and boy, but the feast bit is only *mkate* and the odd drop of vino. Sometimes we nick it for them. They say the bread and wine is really Jesus. Then they go out looking for trouble."

"Christian violence?" said Bev, now ready to believe anything.

"No, no. They go out wanting to be cracked. Then they practice the Christnique of loving your enemies. That's where

> The Irwin boy lay unconscious, near naked, bruised, not too bloody. It had been a multiple pederastic assault, a sevenfold entry.

we come in. We get sort of friendly; that's the trouble; don't slash hard enough. Let them get their own vino," he said with sudden viciousness.

"The only things of importance," Bev said, still with uneasiness, "are subversive. Art is subversive. Philosophy, too. The State killed Socrates."

"Yeah, I know," frowned Tuss. "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius."

"*O Kriton*," translated Bev back, "*to Asklipio opheilmen alektruona*."

"Again, again," urged Tuss, grabbing Bev's worn greatcoat lapel. "Christ, those are the real words; that's really the poor guy talking." Bev, who still owned a stylo, wrote it down in Roman transliteration on Tuss's cigarette pack. Tuss devoured the words; then he said: "I get a shiver when I read the words in English. Right down the backbone. Now it'll be a shiver all over. I had to bash up those Greeks that ran the stinking restaurant in Camberwell. Because of that. Then I found the guy that ran it was called Socrates. Mockery, I said, and I put the boot in proper."

Bev shivered inwardly when the image of the ravished and torn Irwin boy came back to him. He'd suffered and died because he wasn't a character in literature? Or perhaps he wanted it, an extreme Christniquer? Who knew anything of the dark heart of man? "Aren't you afraid of getting caught?" he asked. "Of being put away?"

"No." Tuss shook his head many times slowly. "*Not* scared. It's the final test, to see if you can live like alone inside your skull. That's one reason for stocking it up, to see if it can feed off itself. That's real freedom, being alone in a cell, and there's all your brain to travel in, like a country. But nobody gets caught. The *nguruwes* keep out of our way."

"I don't know the word. Police?"

"'Pig' in Swahili. The *chanzirim*—that's Arabic; that's worse—they don't want blood on their uniforms. *O Kriton*," he began to read, "*to ask*—"

"Pay the debt, therefore. Do not neglect it," said Bev. "That's how it goes on."

"Give it me in Greek. Give it me real. I want the past in front of me like it was all really there."

"I can't remember the rest," said Bev. "Sorry. You're right about the past. We owe no debt to the present or the future. Keep the past alive; pay the debt. Somebody has to do it."

It was the following night that Bev, frozen, came to an abandoned factory off Hammersmith Broadway. In the factory yard, railed and gated off from the street, ragged men sat round a fire. A reek of charred meat flooded Bev's mouth with saliva. The gate was open.

"No room, no room," said a scholarly-looking man in a stained and ancient British warm, tartan trews, and muddy Wellingtons. But his eye was kindly. Bev, without invitation, sat on an old oil drum.

"Antistate?" he said. "All?"

They looked at him warily. "Your vocation?" asked the scholarly looking man. Bev told him. The man nodded. "My name is Reynolds," he said. "I am fifty-nine. Had I been willing to keep my mouth shut for a month or so longer, I would have retired in the normal way and received my State pension. Comprehensive School, Willingden. Senior teacher of literature, sir."

"Look, prof, we've heard all this," whined a bulge-eyed man with a perfectly round head shorn and shaven, as if against ringworm.

"You cannot hear it too often, Wilfred. Besides, I'm addressing Mr. Jones here. The set books laid down for the advanced level of the State Leaving Certificate examination were as follows. Poetry: the lyrics of a boy called Jed Foote, member of a singing group called The Come Quicks that sang them; a volume of songs by somebody, American, I think, called Rod something. Drama: a play called *The Mousetrap*, by the late Dame Agatha Christie—still apparently running in the West End forty years after its premiere. Fiction: a novel called *The Carpetbaggers*—or, to be exact, *A Shorter the Carpetbaggers*—by Harold Robbins, and some nonsense about the errors of social climbing by Sir John Braine.

I ask you: Literature? I resigned." He looked round the circle as if for applause.

"Most courageous," said Bev. "Might I have a little of that meat there? I'm starving."

"Let him nick his own," snarled a black man.

"Charity, charity," said Reynolds. "He will do his share of nicking tomorrow, if he joins our band. Here, sir, this is chuck steak and hard to masticate but nourishing. I think a roasted onion rests somewhere among the blue bleak embers."

Don't let them get away with it. Bev's wife's voice crackled out of the fire. "What do we do?" Bev asked.

"We wait," said Reynolds. "We wait for one of history's little surprises. I propose turning in, gentlemen." To Bev he said: "This factory closed down when it couldn't meet the '79 wage demands. The government didn't find it worthwhile to take it over. It was a mattress factory. We found plenty of moldering mattresses in the warehouse. If you sleep here, you will feel very much like the filling of a sandwich. Trevor," he said sharply to the black, "you said something about knocking off some blankets."

"Not easy, man."

"You must really take our situation more seriously, Trevor." To Bev: "Have you any particular specialty, sir?"

"In thieving?"

"We don't like that word. We prefer euphemisms like nicking, knocking off, finding, scrounging. Were you ever in the army?"

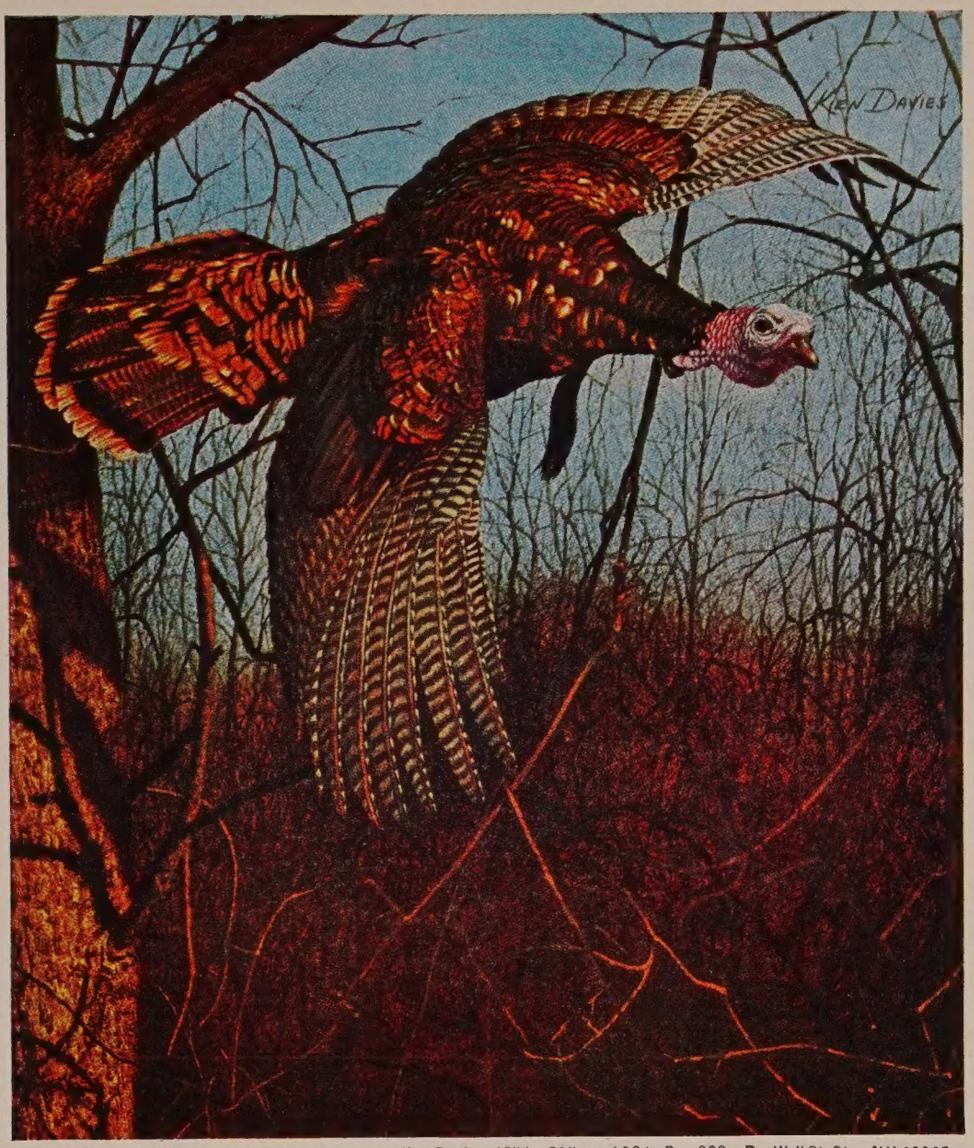
"I was born," said Bev, "at the beginning of the Long Peace. In 1945."

"I see. The army gave me, brief as my service was, a wholesome attitude toward property. Well, we'll see. Come, let me find you a place to sleep." He produced a candle end and lighted it at the fire.

The empty hull of the factory was cavernous and rusty. It rang hollow and forlorn. Reynolds lighted a smoking oil lamp with his end of candle. He showed Bev how to sleep—on a mattress with two other mattresses laid over him laterally. Bev felt warm but dirty. "Does one wash?" he asked. "Surely, successful nicking depends on a decent appearance?"

"For retail winning, yes. For wholesale, filth does no harm. When a meat truck is unloading, you present a dirty shoulder and receive a side of beef; then you take it into the store or shop in question and leave the back way. Sometimes there are problems. We can give it you the easy way tomorrow, if you wish. A beard does no harm. A cat lick in cold water. But decent dress is essential for the knocking off of supermarket goods. We have here what we call the C and A, Wilfred's little pleasantry—the Coat and At. Kept clean and ready in plastic. No shortage of plastic, plastic everywhere, free and indestructible, like God."

One by one, two by two, the cheerless cavern filled with sleepers. Snores, chokes, groans, odd muttered or screamed words. No life, thought Bev before he too dropped off, no life for anyone. ○+



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ROBOT LIB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

noxious fumes make human labor risky or impossible and in places that are very hot or very cold. Robotic drones are now at work in all kinds of environments that would be unbearable for flesh-and-blood proles.

In fact, several roboticists believe that the day when human blue-collar workers are entirely replaced by solid-state slaves is not very far off. "With the spectrum of technology available now, it would be possible to eliminate most of the blue-collar jobs today performed by humans within the next twenty or thirty years," Engelberger maintains. "But," he adds, "because of the social, political, and economic factors involved, a more reasonable time is likely to be a hundred years." These three factors can be reduced to two words: Big Labor. The unions know that robots will be replacing their people on the assembly lines as well as in the foundries—and they don't like it. They're already fighting a holding action: as of now, a robot can only replace a worker who retires or dies.

Tom Binford believes that 30 percent of the human labor force could be replaced by intelligent, sensitive automata within thirty years. And Robert Malone forecasts totally robotized factories that will need practically no human supervision: fully autonomous robots will oversee production, and robot managers and foremen will direct blue-collar robots to best meet preprogrammed quotas. A single human could probably manage several factories at the same time.

Present-day industrial robots are drones. They are equipped with rudimentary machine intelligence, but they lack panache. They're as versatile as galoshes and as witty as a microwave oven. What America wants, needs, and will be turned on by is a robot in the home—an interactive, mechanical Jeeves with a built-in Cuisinart, able to greet guests at the door, mix a mean margarita, pick up after the orgy, answer the phone, and be a mobile fire alert and burglar alarm unit.

It is no wonder that the home robot is the Brooklyn Bridge of the computer age. Lurking behind every digital clock is a con man willing to sell you a hunk of tin with a soul built in. But *caveat emptor*: the home robot is as close to being reality as Idi Amin is to being a humanitarian. For now, that is.

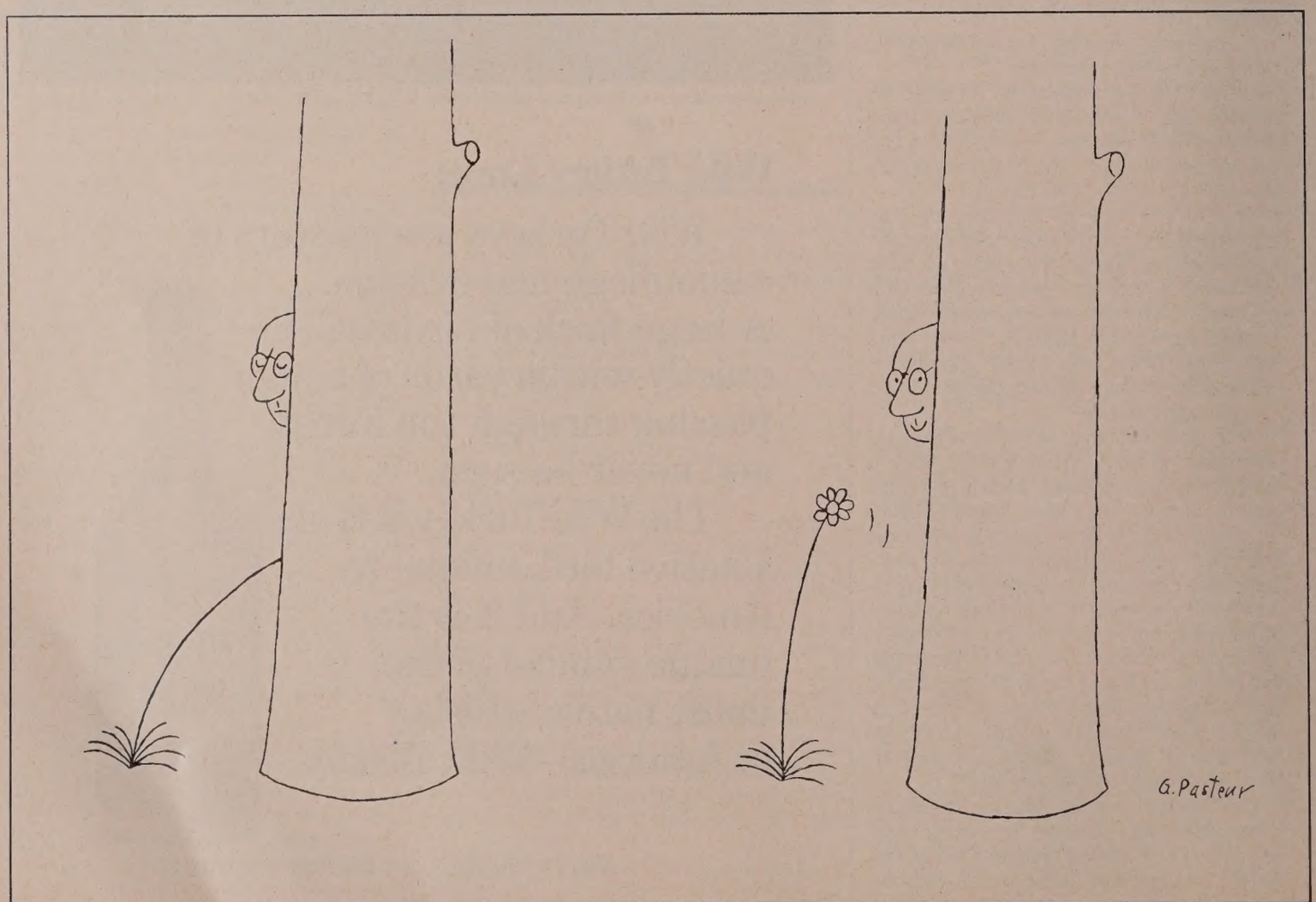
The major stumbling block is money. Professor Ed Fredkin of M.I.T. maintains that "even if we stick only to the capabilities that are reasonable extensions of our present state of knowledge, we can make an amazingly useful household robot." All that is required to build a working prototype of an affordable household robot, says Fredkin, is a few billion dollars and ten or fifteen years of intensive research and development—something similar to the financial support and human commitment that resulted in that one great step for mankind a few years back.

But the total support, both public and private, for robotics last year amounted to little more than $5 million. The army spends that much on cost overruns for mosquito repellent.

With the necessary backing, however, the home robot could be on the scene in a relatively short time. "The robot I have in mind," says Fredkin, "would be an anthropomorphic machine with two arms, two legs, and a pair of eyes and ears. It would stand less than five feet tall, be capable of simple, connected speech, and have a verbal-recognition capability of a thousand words or so. Eighty-eight motors and hundreds of small computers would go into it.

"Within the first ten years of production the typical household robot would be capable of performing the following tasks: vacuuming, dusting, cleaning, picking up, washing, and drying. It could even hang clothes on a line, move objects, change towels and linen, do simple painting, wax furniture, feed the pets, answer the phones, and wake people up."

Fredkin's predictions are partly based on the assumption that computer technology will continue to advance at its present rate. Each year computers are getting faster, smaller, and cheaper. Within twenty or thirty years computers that today take up half a



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WHEN THEIR WORK IS DONE,
EVEN THE LEAVES TURN TO RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

room and cost in the millions will fit on a finger and cost about eighty-five cents.

But the price tag for the complete home robot will be high—more than that of a new car. Even so, Fredkin predicts that in the first twenty years of production 35 million robots will be sold, for a gross of approximately $500 billion. After that he sees yearly sales averaging between $60 billion and $70 billion. "The household robot business alone, not counting industrial robots, should be bigger than the auto industry."

The home-robot boom will be a capitalist's fantasy come true. The only humans put out of work will be homemakers. They will not complain.

Millions of jobs will open up in factories where the home robots are assembled. Luxurious robot showrooms will open all over the country, with saccharine salesmen, well-versed in computer technology, demonstrating the desirability of domestic androids. Insurance salesmen will drool at the prospects of insuring robots against temperamental transistors and buggy programs. Two new money-eating sharks will enter the solid-state seas of the future: the dollar-devouring used-robot salesman and the equally carnivorous robot repairman.

Madison Avenue hucksters will promote robot sales with sex, style, and status—with anything that will get you into hock in order to be the first one on your quadrant to own your own robot. The time-tested capitalist strategy of planned obsolescence will assure an annual turnover in the showrooms.

Specialized models will lead to two- and three-robot families. Recreational robots will play Ping-Pong, throw Frisbees, even hustle their owners at pool. Tom Binford, a weekend gourmet, looks forward to the time that he can create a French-chef robot, with synthetic snout and sensitive palate for testing béarnaise sauce.

For all the sophisticated circuitry and performance of the projected home robot, though, it will be nothing more than a highly programmed machine, not much brighter than an extremely retarded human. Robotics is artificial evolution; it will not be complete until we produce synthetic intelligence that thinks, or seems to think, as well as humans do. All the other problems are mechanical and soluble.

Today's state-of-the-art robotic arm, for instance, has six articulations from elbow to wrist. Although that's a far cry from the thirty-seven that a human arm has, it's enough for many jobs, and refinements will come in time. Robot eyesight is improving, too. Right now Binford is working on stereo vision, which will enable robots to see in-depth and scan moving objects. That coupled with infrared cameras and the ability to judge distance to within millimeters will result in a machine vision that in some ways is superior to human vision.

The biggest breakthrough, though, would be synthetic consciousness. "When people first started attempting artificial intelligence fifteen or twenty years ago," says Dr. Charles Rosen, "everyone would have agreed that a machine with a little bit of simple vision or one that could understand human speech would show some real intelligence. Now these things are beginning to happen, and people are asking questions about even more advanced intelligence, about associative-thought patterns and creativity, going up one more level to a kind of abstraction human beings excel at. These are very difficult problems. They haven't been tackled successfully yet, but I don't think they're impossible. As far as I can make out from what I've seen, there's no end in view to what you'll be able to do when you talk in terms of hundreds or thousands of years."

Dan Hillis, an artificial-intelligence researcher at M.I.T., puts it more succinctly: "Though there's no science that tells me it's true now, I personally suspect that a sentient being can be made out of transistors as well as out of protoplasm."

What will the future be like when man and synthetically conscious machine live side by side? The sentient machine will have certain advantages over man. It will be able to correlate data in nannoseconds (billionths of a second) and will therefore be quicker on the cerebral trigger than fallible flesh-and-blooders are. But it will probably lack man's limber bioplasmic shell. Intelligence over agility will be the rule for robots of the future.

Richard Brautigan, in his poem "Cybernetic Forest," foresees a future in which man is watched over "by machines of love and grace." The nanny-robot would be the ideal governess for future toddlers. Its built-in defense capabilities would ensure that no harm befalls its wards. The perfect pedagogue, it would teach children everything from space history to calculus. When the kids tire of their algorithmic exercises, the robot could regale them with hoary legends of the early days of space exploration.

An adult version of the future world's nanny-robot will be the robotic bodyguard. Science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick suggests that "with the development of advanced associative artificial-intelligence systems, truly thinking computers will be able to analyze information at a much faster speed than humans can. Robot think tanks will provide us with accurate predictions about present and future problems, helping us to avoid messes like oil crises and depreciating dollars. Robot prophets and cybernetic religions are also a possibility. On the personal level, each human would have a robotic escort and adviser. As your bodyguard, it would protect you not only from criminals, but also from natural disasters and acts of God." Imagine a constant companion who would "live" solely to warn you of your chances of getting flattened by a speeding airbus.

David Heiserman, author of the highly

technical tome with the fifties science-fiction title *Build Your Own Working Robot*, sees robots as, among other things, the superjocks of the future. "What we're going to wind up doing is building machines that bridge the gap between living and nonliving things. I'd love to see a bunch of these robots playing football. The beautiful thing about the machines I'm talking about—self-motivating, goal-seeking robots—is that they won't always operate at optimum efficiency. They might go out on the gridiron and feel collectively sluggish one day if their goal-setting motivation isn't high enough." The Dallas Cowboy Androids will have off-games, just like their human counterparts. Even in the future, the cliché "on any given day" will hold true.

There is a dark side to the athletic android as well. The jock-robot might be turned into a gladiator for a cybernetic version of bread and circuses. The nasty, brutish approach to sentient robots could result in a military robot. Robotic infantry would make nuclear war more plausible, since robots will be able to fight in tactically nuked hot zones.

Philip K. Dick also foresees that robots will be used as space explorers. The long journey through the galaxy will neither bore nor age them. Once they reach a target planet, they would be impervious to conditions hostile to humans. The robots could then build the domes and artificial atmospheres necessary for supporting carboniferous life. Robert Malone sees robots as our representatives to other galactic life forms. We could send these representatives out in seedships to seek out other life forms. Because of the possibility of memory banking, these robots could be storehouses of vast, eclectic knowledge that would represent the range of human scientific and aesthetic activity.

Some roboticists are pleased to think of their machines' descendants as the next stage in human evolution. "You can even see robots as our children—*Homo machina*," says Dan Hillis. "Some people see that as a bad thing—that we'll be replaced. I prefer to see it as an extension of ourselves, as our children, only much better than we are in many ways. They won't have to worry about groveling for food or any of these other squishy protoplasmic problems. They can, in fact, go on and be even more human than we are; they could disinherit the animal in us. And for our part, we could help by putting into them the best and most human qualities we have."

At the end of Unimation's robot promo film—*Robots Work for People Who Think*—the narrator intones: "Robots don't think for us; they only do what we want them to do, and anything within their reach is in our control. What are they going to do now? That's up to you; it's up to all of us."

The cliche of the seventies is that the future is now. That's not quite true of robots, but they *are* coming. The robotic future is going to be very strange, and it is going to be happening very soon.

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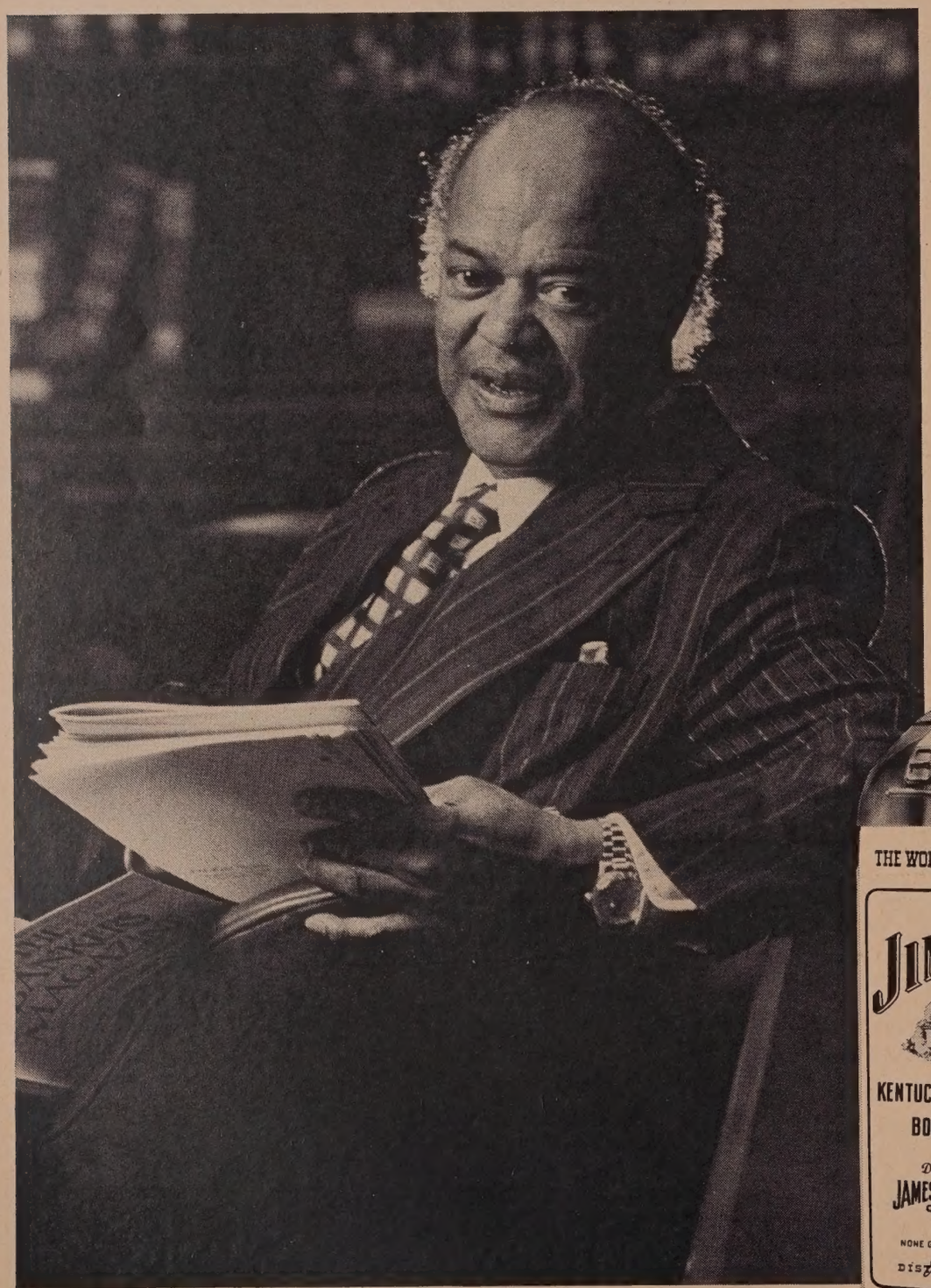

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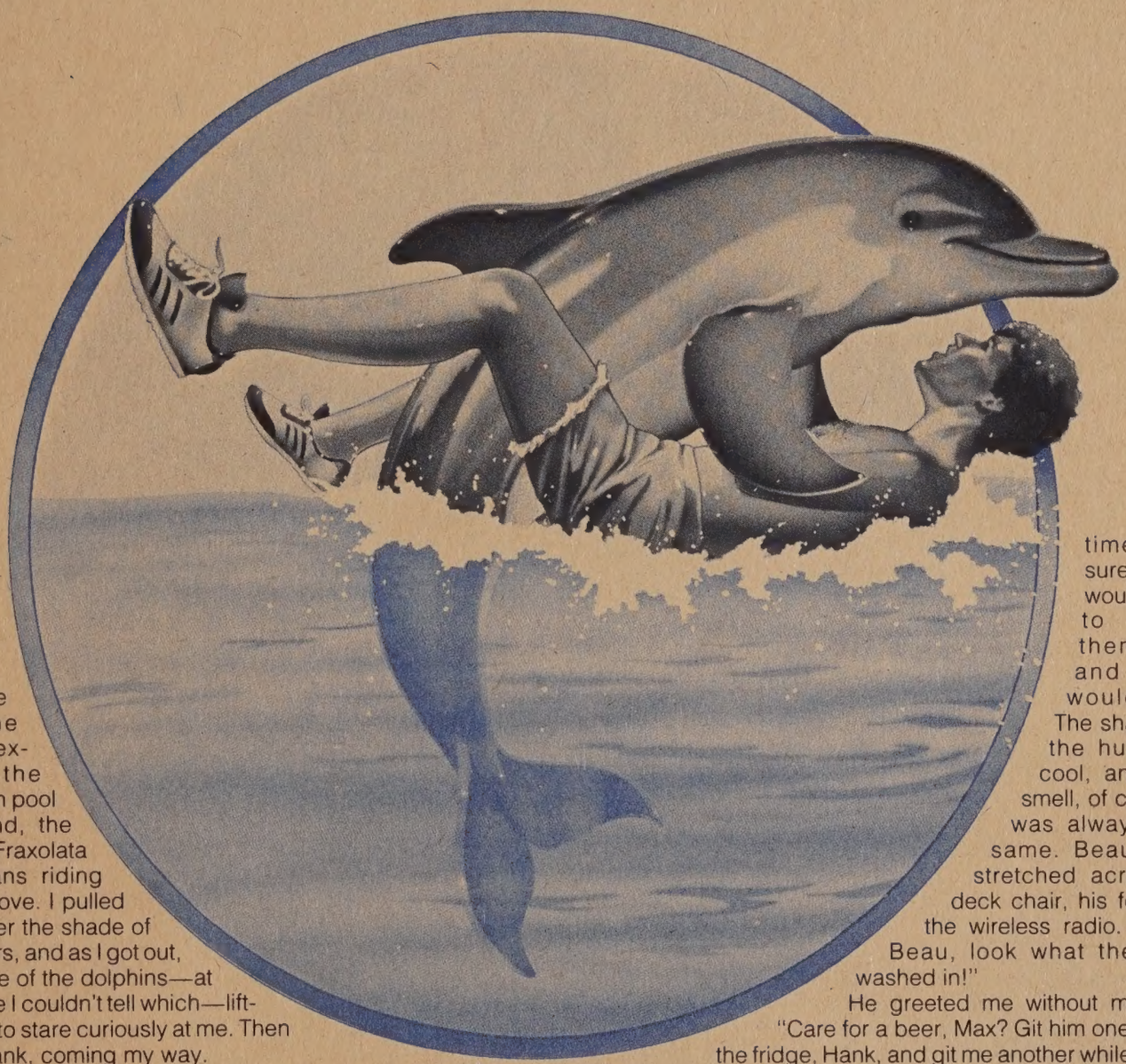
MAKING WAVES

Ruby was more than just his girl; she had fins.



The car emerged from the umbra of the palmetto scrub, and before me lay the gleaming expanse of the main dolphin pool and, beyond, the beauty of Fraxolata Bay, pelicans riding thermals above. I pulled the car under the shade of the bleachers, and as I got out, I noticed one of the dolphins—at that distance I couldn't tell which—lifting its head to stare curiously at me. Then I spotted Hank, coming my way.

"Well how-deee! Ain't seen you for the goddamnedest long time! Where you been hiding yourself, Max?"

"In the darkroom. I had a lot of work to finish for the end of term." I was supposed to be majoring in marine biology at Nova College, but photography was taking up more time lately. We walked back to the chikee. The dolphin—I think it was the same dolphin—continued its observation, swimming rapidly around the pen, lifting its head every few seconds, as if agitated or excited, but not making a sound. I had the feeling of being under scrutiny, but I had no idea why. I thought the dolphin's behavior strange and made a mental note to get some pictures of it later.

"Photographs, hunh? You oughta bring 'em down here sometime. I'm sure Beau would like to see them . . . and so would I!"

The shade of the hut was cool, and the smell, of course, was always the same. Beau was stretched across a deck chair, his feet on the wireless radio. "Hey, Beau, look what the tide washed in!"

He greeted me without moving. "Care for a beer, Max? Git him one out o' the fridge, Hank, and git me another while yer at it." I sipped the brew. It still tasted terrible. At least it was cold. "Really heatin' up around here, hunh? Gettin' to be summer. Tourists gone now. Ain't been doin' shit for business the last couple o' weeks."

"It's just as well, with those porpoises actin' up," muttered Hank, popping a tab. He tossed it on the floor, which was littered with tabs. My eye wandered to a cardboard box overflowing with cans. Then I noticed a movement in the sunlight outside. Because of the glare I could not see well, but it seemed as if that same dolphin was alternately peering into the dark recesses of the hut and splashing water on the dock, as if trying to attract someone's attention.

BY MALCOLM BRENNER

Illustration by Dickran Palulian

A caterpillar tour train arrived. Perhaps half a dozen tourists got out and arranged themselves in a lump on the bleachers.

One of the dolphins tossed a shred of seaweed onto the dock. The tourists pointed and aimed their tinny cameras, as if that were something unusual. Beau, his back to the door, didn't notice. I felt vaguely uneasy. The shiftless, run-down atmosphere was infectious. There seemed to be a nimbus of lethargy hovering over the park, although the sun was molten butter.

"What's the matter with them, Beau?"

His gaze passed over the pool, above the spectators, and into blue space. "I think they *know*, friend."

"That the park is closing down?"

"They sure know somethin's goin' on," he continued. "All of 'em been actin' real strange, lately. *Distant,* I guess you'd say. 'Course, not havin' any crowds to play up to doesn't help 'em . . . me neither. It's plumb discouragin'. 'Twasn't like this last summer, not *this* bad. It's been downhill for some while now . . . just gotten steeper, lately."

"What's going to happen to the dolphins when this place shuts down, Beau?"

"I'm thinkin' about various ways to dispose of 'em," Beau said. "Got an offer from a place in Jamaica to take three.

"The problem with *that* being, Could we get a porpoise to work for a *coon*?" Both men roared. Southern humor, I sadly reflected. Then I remembered that Hank was from Atlantic City.

"Then there's a place in Loozyana that's made an offer on a couple o' the others . . . but it's too early to tell, Max. Everythin's up in the air." He consulted his watch, got up, and chugalugged the dregs of his beer. He strapped on the mike and grabbed a bucket of fish from the sink. He stepped from the hut and was lost in lens flare. "GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AN' GENNLEMEN, AN' WELCOME TO THE FLORIDA FUNLAND PORPOISE SPECTACULAR."

Under Beau the dolphins performed in a competent but unexciting manner, not slouching so much as they had under Hank, perhaps. I watched the show from inside the hut, which afforded a rather limited view, and afterward strolled onto the dock to check out that curious dolphin. A pimply junior-high-school student in an Ed "Big Daddy" Roth T-shirt was bending over the water, snapping his fingers and calling in a nasal voice, "Here, Rosco! C'mere, Rosco! Aw, come on, you dumb fish . . ." The dolphins were ignoring him, since he was an unfamiliar object. As I stepped beside him, he asked, "Hey, mister, how do ya get these dumb things to let you pet 'em?"

It flattered me to be mistaken for somebody who knew something about dolphins; so I forgave the punk his crudeness. "For starters it helps if you call them by name."

"You mean, they got *names*?"

"Sure, you do, don't you? Now look, it's really easy to tell them apart. You just have to look at them closely. That one with the healed-up scar on her snout, hanging at the back of the pen, that's Trixy. She's a female."

"How can yuh tell?"

"There are ways. Now that one with the protruding, brown snout, that's Gator. The pink chin belongs to Bimbo. It's healing up, too, but you can see he's got no scratches on him whatsoever, whereas this scratched-up old mama in the pen with Trixy, that's obviously Ruby. And that mean son-of-a . . ."

Wait a minute.

Ruby?

Ruby!!! I had photographed her months ago for my mid-semester paper on the subject of "ESP with a Porpoise." She lifted her head and gave me an imperious stare. She

was apparently miffed at having been ignored so long. I was struck dumb. How could I *not* have recognized her before? She was the dolphin peering at me as I pulled in, splashing and throwing seaweed. None of the males had greeted me that effusively!

So Beau had heeded my advice! No more runs with the *Riverboat* for old Ruby! No more long hours in that lonely little pen! Just a soft life in the main pool with the boys for a change! A grin spread from ear to ear at the thought, not to mention a certain sense of relief.

"Rooo-beee? C'mere, Ruby! C'mere, ya big dumb fish! Is she a girl, too?"

"Yes."

"I still don't see how you can tell . . ."

"Experience. Now look, punk, get lost, will you? This dolphin and I gotta have a talk." He left fast, staring over his shoulder. I waded up to my knees, hand extended toward the dolphin, which lay on her side, staring at me, righting herself occasionally to breathe. "Ruby! Good to see you here, old fish! Come on over for a stroking . . ." I kept eye contact with her, as if my gaze alone could entreat her to move within my grasp, but Ruby would not come near me.

After the *Riverboat* returned (sans dolphin), I rushed to Beau, who was slicing fish for the next show. "Why didn't you tell me you'd moved Ruby up here?" I asked.

"Hmm? Oh, well, I guess it just kinda slipped my mind, Max. She been up here couple o' weeks now."

"I bet she's nowhere near as horny!"

"Yeah, they went at it for a couple o' days straight when I first put her in with the males." He chuckled.

"You're not sending her out with the *Riverboat* again?"

"I shouldn't hope so. It's a pain in the ass movin' her."

"Was she threatening to take off again?"

He sliced the last fish. With the blade of the knife, he pushed the pieces off the chopping board into the bucket, where they fell with a wet sound, becoming indistinguishable from all the other pieces of fish. As in life, so in death. Dead mackerels' eyes always looked so surprised. They seemed to be asking, *Why me?*

"Wellllll . . . that an' other things . . . the *Riverboat*'s gonna stop runnin' soon . . . figgered the change might be good for her . . . I dunno . . . just got the urge to do it."

"Would it be all right to go in with her?"

"I guess. Who's in the pen with her?"

"Just Trixy."

"Dunno how she'll behave with another animal around, but you can go ahead."

Ruby still wouldn't come near me. I decided to be patient. I waded out to the deep and floated. She swam over to me, staring, and submerged. There was no sign of her until I felt something soft pushing against my foot, and her head broke water in front of me, a gleam in her eyes.

Ruby was masturbating on the waffled rubber soles of my sneakers . . .

You must understand that, up until this moment, all my responses to Ruby's advances had been predicated on the realization (or rationalization, if you will) that she was sexually isolated from her own species. I had placed myself in the category of "surrogate male dolphin" and let her rub off, and that was okay with me as long as no one else was watching. Now, however, I found her repeating the same behavior in a pool with no less than six other dolphins, five of which were of the opposite sex, a situation that should provide an opportunity for every sexual experience a female dolphin can think of. Beau had said as much.

Yet she still wanted *me*.

WHY?

We floundered around in the water, that dolphin and I, and no less was I floundering inside. The carefully justified rationale I had built for justifying my unasked-for role as Ruby's animated scratching post was crumbling like sugar cubes, not just because of her continued masturbation but

because of the vibes she was giving off. When I stretched out my hands to embrace and stroke her, she outmaneuvered me without ever breaking contact with my foot. She would not let me touch her anywhere except at the critical point. The fact that I was wearing sneakers, rather than wading in barefoot, seemed to make no difference to her; she thrust and rubbed with the same abandon she had displayed when rubbing on my toes. She so far outstripped me in the water that I was literally at her mercy. This fact was becoming more apparent with each passing second. Her eyes were cold and distant, and there was none of the erotically seductive behavior she had employed last time.

I felt like a puppet; I felt manipulated, toyed with, as if I were something to gratify herself on—anything!

She took off when I tried to stroke her with my hand, only to return to my feet. She seemed to insist that I play a totally passive rolé, and I found that intolerable. Obviously, I had broken some unwritten rule of dolphin conduct, but how the hell could I be held responsible? I tucked my knees against my chest and floated in the embryonic position. She circled slowly, whining. That position put my face underwater, and Ruby knew that I, like her, had to come up for air. But she had no intentions of waiting. She thrust her snout vigorously in back of my legs, trying to force them down, and when that failed to budge me, she nudged me in the ribs, first ticklishly and then so hard that I nearly lost my breath.

I straightened out, gasping and shocked. Ruby pushed me to the wire fence that separated one pen from the next. I wrapped my fingers in the wire mesh and dug in with my toes, hanging to the fence with my head out of water and all my extremities either occupied or covered. Enough of this let-me-rub-my-cunt-on-your-sneaker-or-I'll-drown-you bullshit; I just wanted her to settle down and be a good dolphin. Like Rosco. Now what would she do?

Ruby hovered close and surveyed me; I could feel her highest "sonar" frequencies running up the back of my neck, making the hair bristle; and if I ducked, I could hear her clicking and whistling simultaneously—to Trixy, staying out of the game? To me, uselessly? To herself? It didn't matter, did it? I thought I had her licked. From now on I was in charge of the situation.

I had underestimated her again. She worked her snout into the gap between my back and the fence and began to wiggle. I tightened my grip, determined to cling. She shoved harder, splashing, battering at my exposed ribs. I let go with one hand to push her away, which was a mistake, since there was nothing I could do and she redoubled her efforts. *Damnit*, that *hurt!* Abruptly I let go and tried to deliver a slap right across her blowhole that would tell her, *No! I don't want any part of this!* But the water absorbed the impact of my blow, and it only raised a splash. She surfaced in front of me, undaunted, and resumed her masturbation. So much for *that* little experiment.

There was no eroticism here, only bestial lust, it seemed, lust heedless of its partner's pleasure or pain, lust centered solely on its own extinction at any price. I felt used. I felt raped—as much as a man can ever feel raped. As we spun slowly in the water, I began to consider seriously whether Ruby's time in solitary might not have been too much for her, whether she might not have gone off the deep end, lost all her marbles. Or was she simply confused? Or was it I who was confused?

The idea that she might be enjoying this, whatever her motives, didn't occur to me,

because *I* wasn't.

Perhaps if I tried to communicate with her telepathically . . .

Hey, Ruby!! You are making me *uptight!* This, for your information, is *not* the way we humans do it—not often, anyhow! Not when we feel loving and kind toward our partners! We *share* this experience! There's mutual positive feedback! If you would just let me participate a little, let me touch you, I could make you feel better than the rubber sole of my sneaker does!

I felt her receiving me. For a moment she stopped and regarded me with a startled expression. I gently grabbed and held her dorsal fin. With my other hand I reached down and around and began to stroke her genital slit, flush-warm, rubbery, smoother than the finest blade could ever render any human crotch. No hair. No stubble. *If you're going to be a bitch about getting your rocks off, we might as well do it this way,* I thought. Then I felt her pelvic-floor muscles contract. There was a flow of hot liquid over my hand. Ruby was pissing on me.

As a well-disciplined student of marine biology, I knew that it was important not to let my human prejudices make snap judgments for me. Dolphins, living in a fluid environment, naturally do not share our prejudices against elimination and excrement. When dolphins swim in formation, those behind probably taste the diluted excrement (a shreddy liquid) of those forward and it seems no more disgusting to them than pissing in the pool does to us. It had even been suggested in a paper published by Borealis in the *Journal of Existential Mammalogy* that the taste of dolphin excrement might serve as an infraspecies form of nonverbal communication, a way for the dolphins to monitor each other's emotions or state of health. For all I knew, pissing on one's lover might be considered the height of dolphin eroticism.

But it sure as hell didn't seem that way at the time . . .

I don't remember feeling either pleased or disgusted, just surprised, and I let go of Ruby. She returned to what she'd been doing. I wondered what the offspring of a dolphin and a Sears Jeeper would look like. I would have given my camera and both sneakers to know what was on Ruby's mind at that moment, but there was not a trace—not the faintest glimmer—of contact, only this remote and exploitative lust.

I retreated to the shallows and squatted with my feet tucked under me, neck-deep, trying to figure the situation out. She went to the other side of the pool and sulked. Trixy avoided both of us, as she had all through the massage session. I didn't grok any of it! I was nowhere near grokking.

"Looooeeeep-looo!" Ruby made a plaintive call—in the air, for the benefit of my ears—and then, *"Loooeeep-loo!"* A rising-falling slash call with a lisp in the middle, like Von Verlag's description of the alleged "distress call"! Under the circumstances that was understandable. Perhaps . . . *"Loooeeep-loo!"* What would happen if I imitated the sound, as I'd done so successfully before?

"Loooo-eep-looo!" Acutely aware of how lousy I sounded. Like trying to whistle a bird's song. But she immediately swam over and raced by me, half a meter away, rolling out of reach when I tried to touch her. Again she approached; again we missed each other. *Loooeeep-loo, orrrk!"* Like a groan at the end. Of disgust? Don't be so maudlinly anthropomorphic, Zargotti! At this point, everything—logic, reason, marine biology, science, telepathy—had failed me, and there was nothing to fall back on but a feeling in my guts. It was not good.

While we stood deadlocked, Beau came over. "I'm gonna let Trixy out and put Bimbo in here, Max. Trixy's goin' in with Satan." He unlatched the side gate, gestured Trixy through with a wave of his hand, and closed it. He opened the gate to the main pool, and in swam the boisterous boy-dolphin Bimbo.

Instantly the situation changed! Ruby ceased her mournful whistling, swam right

up to me, and laid her head in my lap! I was flabbergasted, even though I should have been used to such abrupt mood swings by now. I stroked her head for a few seconds before she rolled, presenting me with her genital slit. The vulva was flushed and hot-pink. She was monomaniacal. I felt dismal and disgusted. "Go on, get away from me, you bloody dolphin. Move!" I said, shoving at her flukes, splashing water in her face, and generally making it known she wasn't wanted. Reluctantly, she swam to the far side of the pen.

Bimbo decided to have some fun with me. I saw him turn toward me, picking up speed, and knew that he was trying to throw a scare in me, knew also that he would not injure me, canceled my involuntary reflex to cringe, and at the last possible second, twenty-five centimeters from a dead-on shot into my solar plexus, he veered abruptly and shot off on a tangent, as I hoped he would, and I felt only his eerie slipstream over my skin, an echo of the power that had missed me.

Then they both swam up, begging to be touched. *Now that Bimbo's in here why doesn't she make it with him?* I thought ruefully. Suddenly, there was violent splashing as Ruby smashed him with her flukes. The message was unequivocably, "Get lost," and he got it and departed.

And she lunged on me! I put up my arm to ward her off, but she slid over it, painfully battering my face with her snout, forcing me backward, underwater, with her 200 kilos on top of me! I managed to shove her off or rolled out from under her or something. I didn't deter her! She lunged again, battering me harder this time. Having a 200-kilo dolphin trying to bowl you over is no joke, especially one as angry as Ruby seemed to be. It was no longer lovemaking, however selfish. There could be no illusion; it was rage.

Her bony snout slammed into my temple, and the impact *hurt*, goddamn it, *"Goddamnit*, baby!" I had all I could to do lift my arm and shove her off, and I slapped her on the flank hard as I could. *Smack!* She retreated to the center of the pool, eyeing me balefully.

What I did next sounds a little crazy, but I was trying to exercise a scientific point of view. I knew that there must be reasons for Ruby's behavior that, to her dolphin mind, seemed perfectly logical. Even if impenetrable to me, the reasons must be perfectly clear to her. Therefore, the breakdown in communications was my fault and had been since I arrived that day. Was this violence frustrated love play or violence of another sort? I felt as if I had to give her one more chance. I didn't feel as if the experience was over.

I got up and waded into the deep. She sidled up to me, and I felt her bump against my foot before she fell on me. I made no attempt to defend myself. I did not move. Ruby shoved me down. I caught my breath as the water closed over my mouth, and I felt my ears pop. Everything went murky as she pushed me into the mud bottom of the pool, raising a cloud of sediment. In a rather detached way I wondered if she meant to hold me until my air ran out. She did but didn't keep me from getting to the surface. Gasping, I headed for the shallows, but as my feet touched bottom, she thrust herself on top of me again. As I went under, conflicting emotions swirled across my brain—fear, anger, pain, rejection, confusion most of all. Then I was thinking, *Why am I putting up with all this shit from a goddamn dolphin?*

"Get off!" I roared, surprised at my own explosion, slapping her rubbery flesh wherever I could, standing up to my full height. She slid off me, splashing on the rocks of the shallows, cutting herself, and I

dragged myself out of the pool and sat for a long while with my head in my hands.

When I looked up again, the tour train was discharging its nine sweaty passengers on the far side of the pool and Ruby was lying placidly at my feet, waiting for me to open my eyes.

Beau was just around the corner. He was trying to fix the jumping hoop, taping a new loop of rope to replace the old frayed one that Bimbo had broken. He looked up as I came around. "What th' hell happened to you?"

"What?"

"*That!*" He pressed a finger against my temple, producing a dull ache. "Hit yer head on somethin'?"

"Other way 'round. Ruby did it."

"What? You're kiddin'! You must'a gotten her playin' rough with you!" he said with a grin I thought most inappropriate.

"There didn't seem to be very much play going on!"

"Well, sometimes, friend, they'll get rough, you know, and you gotta be ready for it. How d'you think I got all these scars? Shootin' narcotics? Nope, them dolphins done this to me. They don't seem to understand we aren't as tough as they are . . . even if we are smarter."

"She pushed me to the bottom and held me there. What does that mean?"

"*Mean*?" He seemed puzzled. "Why, it don't mean shit in so far as I know, Max! You sure are a great looker for meanings. I 'spect you find 'em under any rock! Quit askin' me what it means when they do this or that! I dunno! Like I said, ask *her* if you gotta ask anybody! It's just her way of playin' with ya . . . She done it to me, sometimes."

I grew irate. "Beau, I know you find my questions sometimes peevish and annoying, but you must understand I am trying to carry on legitimate scientific research against the most overwhelming odds! I readily admit I don't know the first damn thing about those crazy creatures, but I'm willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that Ruby was not *playing* when she did *this* to me! She was too fucking violent for *play*!"

"*Well, all right*, friend, you kin believe anythin' you want to, but that don't mean it's *so*, and it don't mean you gotta go pesterin' *me* about it! You talk about *your* important work? I got fifteen mouths to feed, seven dolphins and eight humans, self included, and lately we ain't been eatin' half so good nor so regularly as these here goddamn fish, with business bein' what it is. So if you'll *excuse me*, I'll get back to my own work!" Crushed, I turned to go. "Do take a look at yerself in a mirror, though. That's a nasty bruise she give you."

The skin was black and blue, but it wasn't broken. Ruby was nothing if not judicious. She never hurt anyone more than she had to to get her message across. I watched the show, and then I went back to see that silly dolphin. Trixy was with her, but only Ruby swam up to me and hovered below the catwalk, easily within reach. I extended my hand toward her. She backed off.

I collapsed inside. Now that the adrenaline was wearing off, my temple began to throb and all my pain and puzzlement floated to the surface.

In that moment Ruby lifted her head, and I noticed the fire was gone from her eyes. She approached, took my hand in her jaws, and oh so gently mouthed it, looking into my eyes. "I'm sorry," she seemed to say."

I found my anthropomorphism ludicrous, but there it was. "All right, Ruby, it's all right." I stroked her gums and scratched her tongue. She rolled away from me and went to the far end of the pen, by Trixy. I sat down, took off my sodden sneakers, and dangled my toes in the water, hoping that she would return, but it was Trixy that came over. She opened her mouth in order to bite my foot. I pulled back. She waited. I put my foot back in, and she began to squeeze.

When it started to hurt, I kicked her with the other foot and left. I fell for that trick before, and a dolphin that can't come up with a new trick is dull indeed.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

FUTURE QUAKE:
ARE YOU READY FOR WHAT'S AHEAD?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty-five questions which tell if you're apt to adapt

PSYCHOGRAPH

There are two things about the future that you can always predict: (1) it is headed this way, and (2) it's bound to contain surprises. Nowadays the future seems to be arriving faster than ever before, and the surprises it may have in store (such as nuclear war and global atmospheric pollution) seem more disconcerting than problems of the past.

All of this affects different people in different ways. Some people revel in the uncertainty and change that the future brings with it; others freak out. If you tell one person that we'll be even more mobile in the future than we are today, he may make plans to buy a summer house on the planet Jupiter. If you tell the same thing to another person, he may merely feel more disoriented and rootless than he already does. If you mention that the pace of scientific discovery will continue unabated and that the flow of new information will grow faster than ever, the first person may go out and buy himself a computer; the second may conclude glumly, "Jeezus, that means tomorrow I'll be comparatively dumber than I am today."

This quiz may give you an idea of how well you'll deal with future shock. The questions are designed to measure how adaptable and creative you are in the face of stress and uncertainty. A high score on this psychograph does not necessarily mean that you will be *happy* in (or with) the future, but it suggests that you are likely to land on your feet when the future starts dealing out some of those shocking surprises.

Researchers are still not certain whether certain types of change are more disorienting to humans than other types are, and they're not positive how fast the rate of change must be before it starts to affect us. But they do know that change and psychic well-being (or the lack of it) are closely linked. "Both change and mental-health problems are pervasive in the contemporary world," says Robert H. Lauer, a sociologist at Southern Illinois University and one of the foremost investigators of future shock. According to Lauer, his research "has suggested that the crucial variables are rate and kind of change rather than change per se. It has also suggested that social change is somewhat more important than change-in-life circumstances for generating high stress levels."

Current research also indicates that certain types of people cope with stress and change better than others do, and it's from this body of data that the following questions were drawn. Psychologists, psychiatrists, and sociologists, in their efforts to pin down the "coping personality," have devised all sorts of investigative projects. Researchers from the Menninger Clinic simply went and asked people, "Who's the most mentally healthy person you've ever known?" From the answers, they distilled traits that are common to people who adapt and adjust to the type of shocks that the future may bring. Psychologists from the University of Manchester in England have studied R.A.F. servicemen stationed on desert islands in order to find out what kind of man adjusts best to radical changes in his environment. Social scientists at the University of Stockholm are charting the behavior of a group of Swedes through their entire lives in order to learn who does and who does not cope well with change. Back in our own country, Dr. Frederick Ilfeld has studied the lives of 2,200 Chicagoans in the most large-scale attempt to date to pin down successful "coping styles." Ilfeld, who is a psychiatrist at the University of California Medical School at Davis, told us: "There are four or five coping styles. Some people, for example, try to avoid problems and are resigned to change; others seem to provoke ongoing conflicts in their lives. But the people who seem to cope best with change are those who consistently take actions that they hope will lead to optimistic results. If there's any single relationship that stands out, it's that the more optimistic the view one takes of the future, the lower the level of stress is likely to be."

It's research like this that has yielded the healthy list of questions in this psychograph. If you answer them honestly, you should get an idea of how healthy your prognosis for the future is.

1. When difficulties arise in personal relationships (and when you know your side of the issue is the correct one), are you more likely to (a) look for a compromise, or (b) hold out until your terms are met?

2. Do you (a) like to talk things out, or (b) prefer to keep problems to yourself?

3. Sit back and compare your life with the lives of other people you know. Does it (a) bother you that other people's lives are more exciting, dynamic, and financially secure than your own, or (b) seem as though your own life isn't so bad, even if it doesn't always compare favorably with the lives of others?

4. Do you often get discouraged about life in general? (a) yes (b) no

5. We often hear people say such things as, "I'm so busy that I don't even have time to think." Would you say that this statement characterizes your own life? (a) yes (b) no

6. Do you (a) tend to wait for time to remedy difficulties, or (b) prefer to force a solution through your own actions?

7. Would you (a) say that you are basically a curious person, or (b) be more likely to agree with the old adage, "Curiosity killed the cat"?

8. Do open-ended projects frustrate you? In other words, are you more likely to prefer tasks that have definable ends and produce immediate results? (a) yes (b) no

9. Do you try to avoid difficulties by looking at the bright side of things? (a) yes (b) no

10. Would you say that, financially, you are (a) as well off as you expected to be at your age, or (b) worse off than you expected to be?

11. Do you worry quite a bit about the skyrocketing cost of living? (a) yes (b) no

12. Do you feel that you *must* be successful in just about everything you do? (a) yes (b) no

13. Do you (a) generally finish what you start, or (b) find that your life seems to

be characterized by a series of false starts?

14. If you lose a favorite possession, do you tend to brood about the loss? (a) yes (b) no

15. When things go awry in your daily life, (a) are you usually able to pinpoint the specific cause of your difficulties, or (b) do the causes of your difficulties seem obscure?

16. Does it bother you if someone calls you a nonconformist? (a) yes (b) no

17. Do you like gambling? (a) yes (b) no

18. When you disagree with someone, do you feel compelled to voice your dissent? (a) yes (b) no

19. Do you often find that the goals you set for yourself tend to be unachievable? (a) yes (b) no

20. Do people seem to seek you out for companionship? (a) yes (b) no

21. Would the idea of going into a completely different line of work bother you? (a) yes (b) no

22. Do you (a) enjoy making decisions, or (b) dislike having to make decisions?

23. If you were traveling in a foreign country, would you be more likely to (a) eat whatever the local people eat, or (b) seek out food similar to what you eat at home (for example, ketchup on your fried eggs)?

24. Do you dislike having overnight guests because your routine is disrupted? (a) yes (b) no

25. Over the years have your hobbies and interests (a) changed and evolved, or (b) remained relatively constant?

26. Would you say that you're a self-confident person? (a) yes (b) no

27. Do you think others see you as a self-confident person? (a) yes (b) no

28. Do you feel that you are a person who "gets things done"? (a) yes (b) no

29. Do you think that other people view you as someone who "gets things done"? (a) yes (b) no

30. Do you derive pleasure from (a) a wide variety of interests, or (b) a small number of specialized interests?

31. Do you (a) tend to think of people as individuals, or (b) tend to peg them as members of specific ethnic, racial, religious, social, or economic groups whose behavior is relatively predictable?

32. Would you say that most of the mistakes you've made in your life have been (a) major, or (b) minor?

33. If given the choice, would you prefer to watch and/or play (a) team sports like basketball, football, and hockey, or (b) individualized sports like tennis, boxing, and skiing?

34. Would you say that you are primarily an (a) introvert, or (b) extrovert?

35. Which of the following statements comes closer to summing up your view of life? (a) I feel responsible for what happens in my life. I blame myself for the foul-ups and applaud myself for the successes. (b) Our lives are in the hands of fate, which alone decides whether we'll have good lives or bad ones.

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

The following answers are those most likely to be chosen by the man who is flexible, adaptable, and best suited to deal with whatever the future has in store for him.

1. a	6. b	11. b	16. b	23. a	30. a
2. a	7. a	12. b	17. b	24. b	31. a
3. b	8. b	13. a	18. b	25. a	32. b
4. b	9. b	14. b	19. b	26. a	33. a
5. b	10. a	15. a	20. a	27. a	34. b
			21. b	28. a	35. a
			22. a	29. a	

Give yourself three points for each of your answers that agrees with those on the above list.

If you scored between 75 and 105 points, you are probably highly flexible and should adapt well to whatever the future holds. You know how to roll with the punches. You are a survivor. In normal times this is a salutary attitude. You work well with the people around you and adjust easily to changing times. However, there are periods in history when people like you can cause a lot of trouble. If all those Germans hadn't been so flexible, so willing to adapt in the 1930s, a man like Hitler might never have gotten a foothold. If the future should develop in a similar pattern, your own willingness to compromise and to bend in the face of an ill political wind could place you squarely in the camp of the bad guys.

If you scored 36 to 72 points, you fall in the normal range. You have your flexible days and your inflexible days. You'll compromise on some things but won't budge on things that are important to you. Chances are that you'll muddle through the future like the rest of us, but if things become too distasteful, you'll stand up and complain vociferously. That's not a bad way to be.

If you scored below 36 points, you may have a tough time in dealing with the changes that the future has in store for you. Your apparent lack of flexibility could make you a prime target for future shock. Nevertheless, men with your brittle, independent frame of mind are usually the people who make life interesting for the rest of us. I might not want you on my basketball team, but you might make a hell of an artist, writer, musician, or scientist. People like Beethoven and Einstein weren't the most flexible guys either, and they probably would have scored horribly on this questionnaire. So you're in good company.

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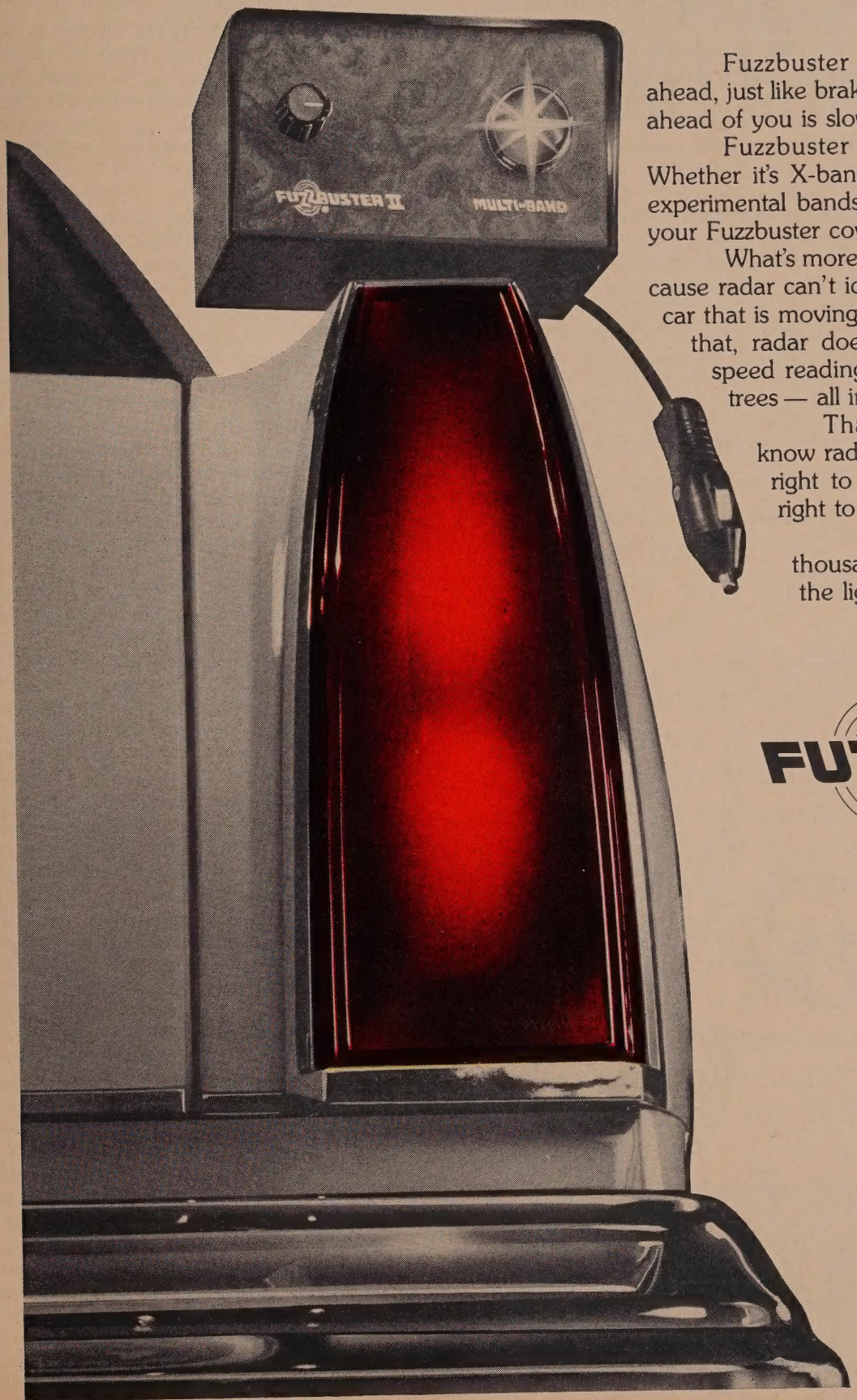

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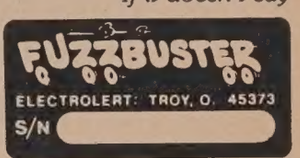

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IN THE OCTOBER *VIVA*

EARTHA KITT: From sultry sex symbol to fiery antiwar crusader, Eartha Kitt had remained an enigmatic figure in popular music. Now, Kitt emerges triumphant as the star in the Broadway musical *Timbuktu!* Vertamae Grosvenor talks to Kitt about her controversial life.

VISIONS OF GLORY: To most of us, the Jehovah's Witnesses are just the strange people who stand on street corners hawking *The Watchtower*. But to Barbara Harrison, the Witnesses were a terrifying and all-encompassing way of life that tore families asunder and destroyed lives, all in the name of Jehovah and his impending destruction of the world.

ROSALYN YALOW: A Nobel Prize-winning scientist who raised two children, did housework, and kept a kosher kitchen? Rosalyn Yalow, the quintessential symbol of the liberated working woman, shies away from being identified as just that. Elizabeth Stone does a surprising interview with a premier scientist of our times who refuses to toe the feminist line.

WINTER WARM-UPS: In October, the first gusts of winter come blowing along to remind us to dig out our Arctic gear. If last year's leggings leave you cold, check out *Viva*'s choice of cozy coats, snuggly sweaters, and bad-weather boots.

TENDER MERCIES: Tragedy comes in many guises. For the Coursers, tragedy arrived in the shape of the sharp, spinning propeller of an outboard motor, cutting through muscle and bone, vein and sinew, transforming a strong, healthy woman into a helpless, embittered invalid. Rosellen Brown tells the story of the hidden reserves of love and courage in a family that has no tomorrows.

PLUS: Advice on how to fascinate men, from a nineteenth-century courtesan, and bath accessories to turn your humble tub into a private luxury spa.

DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

was beginning to wish I'd brought a good book along when I finally perceived a small throng of hooded spirits milling about in the distance. Staring intently into their midst, I spied a face that looked vaguely familiar. The body on which it sat—a grossly overweight one—separated from the rest and headed slowly, deliberately, in my direction. As it did so, my own body was again transmogrified, this time into a realistically imperfect replica of the old one. For this and some other reason I felt oddly grateful.

It was only when the hooded spirit had waddled within a few yards of me that I was able to determine who it was: Al Grossman, late publisher of *Scrote* magazine and the last person in limbo I wanted to run into. I'd promised Al a smut piece some years back, had drawn a paltry advance, which I'd promptly invested in drink and drugs, had turned in a few rough pages, then had stalled him off until he finally fell fatal victim to an (unrelated) gastrointestinal attack. To my credit, I'd felt little remorse at his passing.

"You," he grunted.

"Al," I greeted, feigning concern, "how's death been treating you?"

His face assumed the familiar martyred mien beloved by prosperous schlock magazine publishers.

"Where's that piece you owe me?"

"Al, I gave you that piece six years ago. Or most of it, anyway."

He reached deep into the folds of his robe, produced a slim, tattered manuscript I recognized at once, and began reading the lead paragraph.

" 'When I first received the assignment, my initial response was decidedly ambivalent. Well, not *ambivalent*, perhaps, so much as *ambiguous*. On second thought, I guess you might say I was of two minds on the matter.' "

He looked at me accusingly.

"Now you tell me: what kind of lead is that?"

"It's a stream of self-consciousness," I offered in my defense. "It's the lead I always use."

He returned to the text.

"And this: ' "Take me," she said, with a serious smile.' What the hell is a 'serious smile'?"

"It's oxymoronic."

"Well, in the future," he snapped, "I want more emphasis on the oxy and far less on the moronic."

"Al, there is no future," I felt compelled to point out. "At least not as far as you're concerned."

"Listen mister," he leveled, "you're pretty damned lucky to be working for me at all."

"Same old Arrogant Al," I sighed. "You'd think if nothing else your death would at least have taught you a little humility."

"Don't talk to *me* about humility," he huffed. "*I'm* humble. Humbler'n *you*."

So saying, he lumbered off.

My initial relief was swiftly displaced by renewed anxiety as several other hooded spirits approached me. Among them were my crooked tax accountant, an ex-girl friend, and my boring old Uncle Louie, who'd succumbed to a rare case of terminal tedium some years before. I was torn between attempting a getaway and staying put, the better to find out exactly "what gave." As escape seemed out of the question, I decided to opt for the latter.

"It's like this," Uncle Louie volunteered, without my asking. "We're supposed to ease your transition into the afterlife. If, that is, you're really dead. A lot of them, it turns out, aren't. If you're one of those, then I don't know what we're supposed to do."

"What do *you* do?" I asked. "Here, I mean."

"I have a pretty good job," he said.

"You mean you still have to *work* for a living?"

"Well, only for a time, of course; eventually, you retire. You can even retire early, if you want. Of course, you pay for it in reduced annuities."

"Then what?"

"Most of us move into a little sort of retirement village—you know?—where it's pleasant. And then, of course, we pass away, generally quietly, in our sleep or homes."

"You *die*?"

"Well, only for a time, of course; eventually, you're rehired. *If* you're lucky. I knew one guy, he had a great job. Then he died. Then he came up here and got a great job. Then he died again. Now he's got a job that's only fair. It can happen."

"And that goes on forever—dying and getting jobs. I mean?"

"Pretty much forever," he nodded.

The afterlife, as Uncle Louie described it, was not quite what I'd envisioned. I was about to press him for further information, particularly re the availability of unemployment-insurance benefits, when a small, elderly man with trembling hands and a frankly demented stare—some sort of courier or messenger, evidently—unceremoniously interrupted.

"This the new fish?" he asked.

"Journalist," I corrected.

"B.L. wants a word with you."

"That would be the Being of Light," Uncle Louie explained. "He pulls a lot of strings up here," he added. "Better go," he advised.

I was about to give thought to several possible courses of action when I was abruptly transported from the dimly lit lobby to a bright, white space dominated by a brilliantly luminous specter. Slender, stately, a mite over six feet in height, the Being of Light proved an impressive sight. It was an appraisal he apparently shared, as he quite obviously enjoyed the transfixing effect he had on me, refusing for several lengthy, self-echoing moments even to acknowledge my presence. Though I'd been in countless similar circumstances with any number of executive editors, I found this

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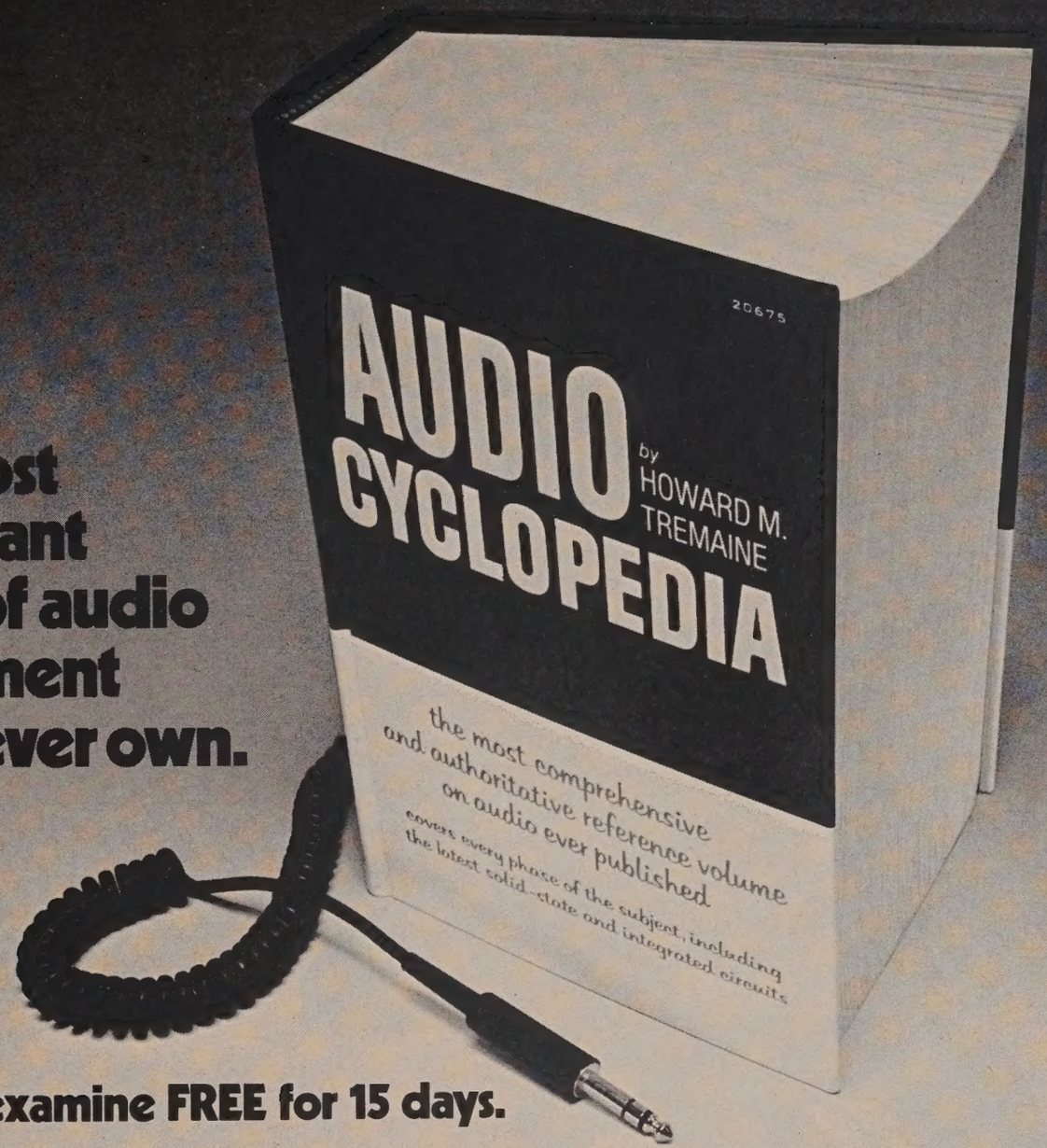
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situation even more unsettling than sitting in Mel's tiny writer's chair, anxiously awaiting The Word.

As he seemed perfectly content to radiate indefinitely, I took it upon myself to break the stasis.

"I'm from the press," I announced, clearing my throat and the air, "and I was wondering if you wouldn't mind telling me what it's all about."

I waited with no excess of breath for his perfect, unimpeded reply.

"*I* ask the questions around here," he finally 'spoke,' with some irritation. "Besides," he shrugged, "I'd be lying if I answered that."

"You mean . . .?"

"Look," he said, "I know my job, and I think I'm pretty damned good at it. But this is just one small sector, and what goes on outside it I honestly couldn't tell you. I'm well aware that you have a story to do, but They're very strict about that. It's a god-eat-god world." He sighed. "But if it's *questions* you want, I'd be more than happy to oblige."

He proceeded to rattle off a series of questions I understood without his actually asking, though the only ones I could later recall were these: Can analysis be worthwhile? Is the theater really dead? Who killed Sloane in the kitchen?

"But enough of this," he said. "Care to join me in the screening room?"

Sensing my ready assent, he led me across the bright, white space to a dark, cramped room with threadbare carpeting, a small screen, several rows of uncomfortable seats, and not nearly enough ashtrays. He located a reel of film and began threading it through a projector.

"This's only a rough cut," he remarked, "but at least it's in Sensurround. It's about time someone exhibited a little sense around here."

I looked wistfully at my watch.

"I don't get paid by the laugh," he said, "if that's what's worrying you. Take a seat," he added sharply.

Dousing the overhead lights and lowering his own luminosity a bit, he screened a poorly focused, frenetically edited exercise in cinema verité apparently assembled from my life. Rather than stressing the highlights (admittedly few in number) as Mel had presaged, its uncredited auteur had gone out of his way to place a marked (I might even say undue) emphasis on scenes of failure, frustration, and humiliation: one moment I was tumbling down a flight of stairs, landing flat on my five-year-old face; the next I was standing before a crowd of jeering peers, my pants around my eight-year-old ankles. The film continued in this fashion before finally running out. I experienced a strong desire to follow suit.

"That's only Part I, of course," the Being of Light informed me. "It gets better." He paused. "Well, not *very*, actually. In fact, it gets downright repetitious. Unless we can sell it directly to TV, I'm afraid we might have to shelve it completely. The audience for it just isn't there. Or wouldn't be, soon enough."

"Do you do much TV up here?" I asked, in search of subject-changing small talk.

There was more than a hint of pride in the affirmative nod that followed.

What next? I wondered.

"What say we skip the rest," he said, as though reading my mind, "and move right on to the 'blooper' reel?"

That suggestion arrived as something of a surprise. It seemed to me that what we'd just witnessed constituted a pretty fair 'blooper' reel in its own right, and I said as much to the Being of Light.

"You think that was something?" he asked. "That was nothing," he said.

To illustrate his point, he ran a grainy, soundless, black-and-white loop that featured most of my major erotic failures and many of the minor ones as well. While I sat through it in silent chagrin, the Being of Light found it much to his liking, snickering softly whenever one of my more flagrant *faux pas* flickered before us. He was reading a crude, hand-lettered flash card—"Coming Too Soon in a Theater Near You!"—when the film suddenly and violently snapped.

"Damn," he said, inspecting the damage. "That's the third time this week," he complained, with a rueful shake of the "head." "You'd think if they could put a man in the afterlife, they could spring for a new projector."

By the time we ventured again into the sobering glare of the bright, white space, his anger had dimmed to dull depression and we walked the length of the unchanging lightscape in uneasy silence. It was only after we'd traveled some distance that he deigned to speak to me.

"I want you to know it was nothing personal back there."

"That's okay," I replied.

It was, apparently, the wrong thing to say.

"That's not what I meant," he said, sulking.

"I was only . . ."

"Christ."

"You don't suppose . . .?"

"Not at all . . .," he muttered, trailing off.

Feeling ill equipped to cope with the complex emotional shifts of a Being of Light—particularly one who'd seen so many movies—I walked a few feet behind my enigmatic host, on whom I'd yet to get a solid "make." He certainly wasn't living up to his "fun guy" rep; that much seemed for sure. If anything, his approach seemed workmanlike to the point of indifference; his style, evasive in the extreme. Was he, I wondered, afraid of telling more than he knew? If so, it boded ill for my piece. We continued walking until we reached the border or limit of which Mel had spoken.

"If you look straight ahead," he said, suddenly brightening, "you'll notice that we're gradually approaching a sort of bor-

der or limit. Well, not a border or limit, I guess, so much as a door, wall, fence, railing, barrier, barricade, balustrade, portal, threshold, gateway, turning point, *cordon*, Rubicon, line of demarcation, or circumvallation, depending on your terminology. Beyond it lies the afterlife proper."

As he spoke, I felt mixed emotions, confusion ranking among the most prominent. What with my mock operation having been botched, I wondered whether I wouldn't be following him beyond the "point of no return" after all. No sooner had that question coagulated in my mind, however, than the Being of Light turned and granted me a long, hard look.

"Not on your life," he hissed.

Without further warning, I found myself hurtling backward at a breathless pace, out of the bright, white space, through the dimly lit lobby, and into the tunnel or void, where I received a rude surprise: hurtling just as rapidly in the opposite direction was Mel "Happy" Feller, executive editor of *Joie* magazine.

"Gastrointestinal attack," he shouted.

"Is the assignment still alive?"

"Better check with the new editor."

"Who's taking over?" I wanted to know.

But too late . . . by the time my words had formed, he'd already faded into the distance. Within moments, and much to Dr. Enswell's annoyance, I was lying alive and awake in my hospital bed, requesting nitrous oxide.

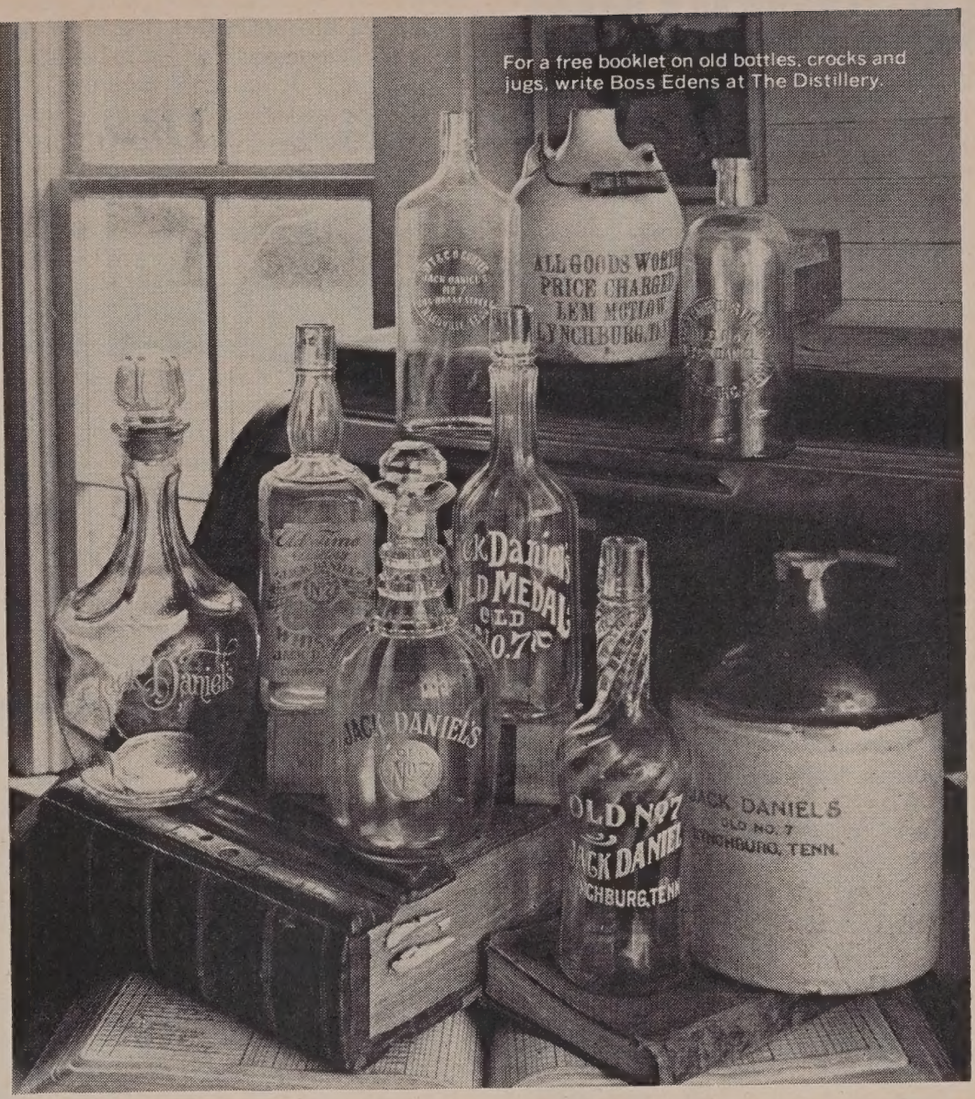
It was at this point that I decided to scrap my usual lead and plunge straight into the story.

"It wasn't so much as you might imagine, this being-dead business, I mean," it began, "but somehow much different from that. The overall feeling was so bizarre that it was really unreal. One moment you're alive somewhere, the next dead, somewhere else. You go through a sort of tunnel or void, I guess you might call it (a thesaurus may come in handy here), and people you used to know in the past, well, you meet them again, though they haven't changed all that much. You body alters drastically at least twice, especially the first time. Did I mention the Being of Light? Imagine, if you will, something you've never seen before and couldn't envision even in your wildest flights of fancy, only he's all lit up to boot, like an Xmas tree—to put it mildly."

"Uh, looks fine," said Mel's replacement, idly twirling his massive gray sideburns and simultaneously scanning my copy. "Great, great. I'll get back to you on it as soon as I, uh, can."

He helped me out of the tiny writer's chair and showed me the door. It looked quite the same as I remembered it.

I looked forward to the March edition of *Joie* magazine with ill-concealed anticipation. If anything, it proved even more revealing than I'd had any right to hope. I mean, never for a moment had I ever once suspected that Farrah wore a wig. ○—▣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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

tronomic observatory on the far side of the moon, one that will see out to the edge of space and back to the moment of creation. I think that will be followed, in ten years or so, by the establishment of a small colony on Mars: men and women with offspring born on Mars who will be unable to come back to the earth, because they will not be able to survive the pull of earth's gravity. They will become an offshoot of *Homo sapiens*. But they won't be a very large colony, because the conditions are very demanding on Mars and few people would want to leave this familiar environment for that terribly harsh climate. I do not think that any part of the solar system will become heavily populated.

Unlike the planets, the stars and the life around those stars *are* worth contacting. And that will happen—but not to us, not to flesh-and-blood beings.

Penthouse: Is there no possibility of having generation after generation, all born in a spaceship, traveling to some other solar system?

Jastrow: That's the "space ark" idea. I think it's a possibility, but not a good one, because it's just not in the human psyche to step aboard a craft from which you will never emerge alive, sustained only by the knowledge that your descendants a thousand years hence may or may not reach some other inhabited solar system.

Penthouse: What about Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill's proposal of building gigantic space colonies, metal worlds that contain earth and growing things, man-made planets to which thousands might emigrate?

Jastrow: Well, I think that O'Neill is doing a lot of valuable, pioneering work in driving home the meaning of the Copernican revolution, namely, that the earth is just a small speck in space.

But I disagree with him in his judgment of human nature. I think it is contrary to man's psyche ever to live or want to live in a hollow steel tube in which the horizon curves up and not down. I don't think anyone will ever follow O'Neill into these steel cylinders. And I'm confident that the Congress and the people will never support such a venture in the foreseeable future.

Penthouse: We have talked of the possibility of other inhabited planets. But science has even suggested that there may be another universe, an "anti-universe" involving antimatter. Could you explain?

Jastrow: Antimatter is a kind of matter that no one would imagine exists. Scientists assumed the existence of this antimatter after discovering, in 1932, that there are antielectrons, or positrons, in cosmic rays. This is a form of matter, a particle like the electron but with the opposite sign of electric charge, just as a photographic negative is the opposite of its print; thus the prefix "anti." Later we found antiprotons, and with antiprotons and antielectrons you can make "anti-atoms"; and collections of anti-atoms are antimatter. There are very few such antiparticles in our universe. But since we have found small numbers of antimatter particles, we can deduce that, in principle, a whole universe could exist near ours in which every hydrogen atom of that universe is an anti-atom—with a positive electron circling around a negative proton—that is the direct opposite of our hydrogen atom.

Now, of course, if there were beings of antimatter out there somewhere, they could not "join" with us. If you met one and shook hands with him, you would both disappear in a blinding flash of blue energy, since matter and antimatter annihilate one another on contact. We'll probably never meet those individuals, but according to the laws of nature, they could exist somewhere.

Penthouse: How do we know from what point the universe began expanding?

Jastrow: There is no such point. The universe, though infinitely compressed at the moment of creation, is nonetheless always infinite in extent. There's a double "infinity" in there, which always throws my students. One infinity is hard enough to grasp—two is too much. The best I can do is to say that the universe is infinitely *compressed*, which sounds as though it's packed into one point; but it is not packed into one point, because it is also infinite in *extent*.

> It seems unlikely that we are unique and alone in the universe, favored by a creator who chooses to have life on this planet and on no other.

Penthouse: Is this "packing in" the same as that occurring in so-called black holes?

Jastrow: Well, if the outward-moving galaxies would slow down and come to a halt and then collapse again—all under the inward pull of their own gravity—the universe *would* bear some resemblance to a black hole, because a black hole is something that holds everything unto itself by its fantastic gravity. The force of gravity is too weak, as far as we can tell, to make the universe collapse. So far as we know, the universe will expand forever. Even if that were not true, it would be a poor analogy to relate the original universe to a black hole in space, because a black hole is a star that has collapsed on itself and is squeezed down to a point; it exists in a definite place in space and has a center. But the universe has no center: no matter how far you travel, you will never reach the "edge" of the universe. No matter where you are and in what direction you look, everything is the same.

Penthouse: The terms "by chance," "by accident," "at random" crop up repeatedly in your writing. Does this suggest that you don't believe there is a guiding hand in the universe?

Jastrow: Well, I *do* believe that there are forces at work in the universe which have all the attributes normally given to God: the forces beyond the reach of our present scientific inquiry that are immortal, omniscient, and omnipotent. But what these forces are, I do not know.

Penthouse: Then how does Robert Jastrow stand in relation to God?

Jastrow: Well, I'm an agnostic in religious matters. A study of astronomy reveals that there was a beginning to the universe, which itself was a consequence of forces whose nature we cannot discover. And that brings me to the *edge* of a belief in God, but I am unable at this time to step over that line. At the beginning, some prime force must have set it all in motion, but I don't know anything more than that.

Penthouse: Let's come back to earth for a moment and talk about your two major projects at NASA. First, you are working on a weather forecasting system that could predict weather three months in advance.

Jastrow: Yes—but not, say, the weather in Los Angeles on a given date. The prediction—thirty, sixty, or even ninety days in advance—will be for the average temperature and rainfall, to a useful degree of accuracy, over an area the size of, say, the cornbelt or the Midwest or New England. If you are deciding what to plant, it is invaluable to know whether you're going to have a cool wet summer, a hot dry summer, a hot wet summer, etc. That information is like gold. Now, if you want to know whether you should take a flight to Chicago, we would not be able to tell you ninety days in advance. That information could only be given twelve to twenty-four hours in advance.

Penthouse: Is there any single factor or discovery in science that stands out in your mind above everything else you have learned?

Jastrow: Two things. One is the proof for the so-called big-bang theory—the moment of creation—because it indicates that what we call scientific knowledge is very limited in its scope. There is a deeper knowledge, perhaps possessed by others in the universe, which we also will possess someday. That is a very exciting prospect. The other remarkable fact is how far down the scale of evolution we are in the cosmos. We are newcomers in the universe—closer in time to worms and jellyfish on the earth than to the elders of the galaxy.

This is the new scientific perspective on the meaning of human existence. We have much to learn. All our impressive accomplishments will pale into insignificance compared with what has been done by other, older beings. Perhaps they will share that wisdom. That also is exciting.

"You're right, Mr. Filmore, you do have the most impressive case of crabs I've ever seen."

IN THE OCTOBER *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE THROBBING THIRTIES

The generation that survived the Vietnam War era is once again in turmoil—but this time the reason is sexual. In this excerpt from *The Shanor Study*, Dr. Karen Shanor examines the seven-year itch which seems to plague most American men.

AVOIDING MR. WRONG

Why are some women irresistibly drawn to creeps? Sick of being mistreated, Tracy Cabot swore off bastards. Then she went looking for Mr. Nice Guy—and found him!

CALIFORNIA LIFE-STYLE

America's future fads and crazes are happening right now all over the state of California. Follow the adventures of *Forum* author Carolyn See, who learns to cope with a swinging new sex life, a dozen new therapies, and an all-over tan.

FEMALE GRAFFITI

If you've ever watched what *women* write on bathroom walls, *Forum* brings you "Women in the John," in which women share their most private thoughts about men, sex, and each other. Compiled by Susanne Shaw.

TEN YEARS OF LETTERS . . .

People are *still* asking "Open Forum" Editor Rachel Gallagher whether or not those letters are real. Once and for all, she replies to the cynics, revealing the effect that "Open Forum" letters have had on her private life—and yours!

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

wife to change positions, with me on my back, she squatted over my cock, her back to me, and slowly lowered her ass until it completely engulfed my cock. She lay back on top of my chest and had Michael move between her legs so she could get him into her cunt. Dale knelt by us and leaned over our faces, making his cock available to us. I continued massaging my wife's tits, still nervous about getting it on with a man. My wife reached over with her hand and peeled back the foreskin of Dale's poised cock, revealing a shiny magenta head. Then Dale leaned forward, and my wife slipped the mushroom head into her mouth, sucking it as a baby sucks tit. I watched her suck and stroke Dale's cock. She could do nothing more than twitch her hips—they were so locked between Michael and myself—and I could feel Michael's cock inside her and his easy strokes. Gradually, the pleasure was overwhelming her, causing her to breathe harder. Her heavier breathing, coupled with the physical pleasure Michael and I provided her, caused my wife to stop sucking Dale's cock until she climaxed. Once she did, her breathing returned to normal, and she returned to nurse Dale's cock.

I knew my wife was experiencing more pleasure than she ever had in her life. The good feeling that I had for her, along with my own pleasure, brought me to the point where I could hold back no longer, and I came deep inside her ass. I lay there afterwards, feeling her body rock as Michael slowly built up the force of his own climax. After Michael came, I was able to get up and clean myself off.

When I returned from the bathroom, my wife, still going full bore, was on her side, doing her best to help Michael get it up again. Dale lay full length behind her, kissing the back of her neck. I knelt by her legs, spreading them apart, and massaged her very wet cunt. I could see Dale's cock, hard and inviting between her thighs. I moved my now wet hand between her legs and took his cock in my hand and stroked it. Dale rolled my wife over on top of him, her legs outside of his. I took a deep breath and lowered my mouth to Dale's cock, letting my lips encircle its shiny surface. I could feel the extraordinary smoothness of the skin. (I had never thought about this before.) I sucked that cock exactly as I like mine sucked: nibbling, kissing, tonguing the length and discovering my ability for deep-throating. When Dale began to twitch, I stopped and moved up to suck my wife's cunt. I sucked her for a few minutes. I then brought Dale's cock up with one, long suck and pressed it into her cunt. In the firelight I watched his cock moving in and out of the soft folds of her cunt. I kissed, sucked, and fondled them both as they moved together—her clit was popped out and made itself very available to me. When Dale came—and it was easy to see even apart from the sounds he made—I pulled his cock out and licked it clean. So it went, through the night and right into the dawn of the next day.

From this and past experiences, my wife and I believe we have returned to that initial sexual thrill we first had when we met. Be they male or female, anyone we bring home is mutually shared; so no more jealousy. What's more, we have been able to grow enough so that our individual needs are also met. For example, in our city there is a bathhouse for couples, and when my wife gets horny (which happens before and after her period), we go there, and she can experience as many men as she desires in succession. At one time she would not do this, because she had the feeling of shame ingrained in her of being "used" by so many men. Now she feels it just takes that many men to satisfy her physically. In turn, she feels really relaxed after experiences with women and looks forward to a woman "for a bit of sensuality unattainable with a man," as she puts it.

Together we have learned that the only limits in relationships are those one's mind imposes out of personal choice, not those given by society that go unexperienced.—R.R.

How refreshing to read a letter from such a liberated husband! Many married men go for threeways only if the threeway involves two women. Nothing wrong there, but why should the wife always be the one to share her man with another woman? Threeways can swing both ways, and there's no reason to put all the weight on one side of the bed. Share and share alike.

THE HORNY SAMARITAN

About three years ago, I met this really nice-looking girl, but I met her the wrong way—through a lot of guys. These guys told me she was really a great girl to be with, and I soon found out why.

I ran across a friend of mine one night while I was riding around, and after a while he said, "Pull over to this phone booth for a second." So I did, and he made a call. He told me to drive around for another ten minutes or so and then to go to this street about a half mile from where we were. After driving a while, we pulled onto this street, and there stood this girl (I'll call her Robin) in a pair of jeans and a button-down top. I pulled over, and my friend Alan got out and let Robin sit between us. I started driving around. After about five minutes, I looked over and saw Alan unzipping his pants. The next thing I knew, Robin was jerking him off. After she had played with him for quite a while, he put his hand behind her head, and she went down on him for almost five minutes.

Alan asked if he could drive for a while. We switched positions, and almost as soon as I got situated she was in my pants and giving me my first head job. It was great! I came in a hurry, and she swallowed it and went down for more.

This went on for weeks until we wound up one night in a motel—Robin, me, and

Actual, unretouched pictures of 22 year old, university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

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seven other guys. I was the last one in bed with her. When I got on top, something hit me. I thought, "What am I doing?" I was five years older than she was and still a virgin. I couldn't screw her. I didn't want to use her. I really wanted to make love to her, just her and me—no gang-bangs.

Well, since this incident, after talking with her, she has quit and gone "straight." I would like to take her out more than ever now. It's been an entire year that I've been after Robin, but she seems to think every guy has heard about her reputation. I'm still a virgin, and I'm trying to find a way of convincing her that I love her and want her to be the first girl I make love to. Xaviera, I really respect Robin as a person, and I want to help her forget her past. What should I do?—F.V.D.

From reading your letter, it seems to me that you have a rather peculiar attraction to this Robin, and I'm not quite sure if that attraction is something called "love." How well do you really know her? I can understand your desire for privacy when it comes to sex, particularly at the moment you're to lose your virginity, but could it be that your intense desire to make love with Robin now has something to do with having missed a good thing, i.e., the gang-bang? I imagine that your refusal to screw her at that time resulted in some ridicule from her and the other guys. Maybe now you need to prove them all wrong, not only by making love to her but by falling in love with her as well.

I could be wrong, but think it over. After a year of rejections from Robin, you might try looking elsewhere. I can hardly imagine the girl has become a celibate just because you two had some heart-to-heart talks. She may be screwing you in her own way.

AS THE WORLD TURNS

I'm very much in love with a young lady of twenty-one named Audrey. She is very shapely, with long, blonde hair, and I have always regarded her as beautiful.

We lived together for a while but realized we could never marry for various reasons. We matured tremendously and learned all about sex as well as love. But Audrey and I both needed to experience others, and we no longer live together.

Yet nothing I have experienced has come close to how I feel when I'm with Audrey. She says she feels the same way. I've been seeing her occasionally and have had a most memorable evening I'd like to share with you.

On this particular night, I really wanted to make Audrey squirm. Once her pants were off, I tongued her stomach, breasts, and thighs, slowly working around and licking the skin near her ass. This really got her going. I hadn't as yet touched her pussy, and when I lay down on top of her, she was soaking wet. (This is always a terrific turn-on for me.) After I finally touched her there briefly, I brought my moist finger to my mouth, which was just above hers. It tasted so sweet that I then slid it into her mouth. She anxiously tongued and sucked on it. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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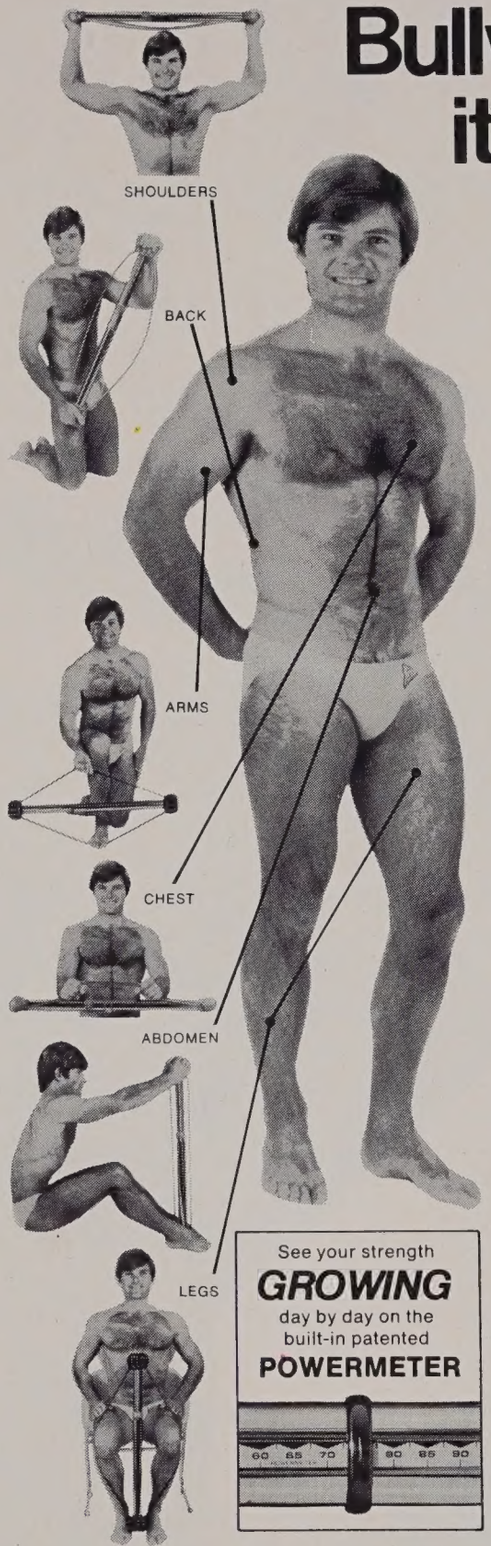

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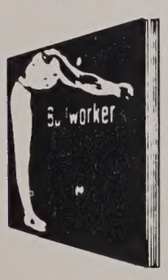

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SIX OF THE WORLD'S TOP AUTOMOTIVE DESIGNERS ENVISION THE CARS OF 2001.

FUTURE WHEELS

There was a time when automotive design was demonstrably important to the consumer. A client would approach Rolls-Royce, Hispano Suiza, or the Duesenberg brothers to purchase only the rolling chassis. He would then arrange for one of the great coach builders—James Young, Vanden Plas, Brewster, Murphy, Hibbard and Darrin, Locke, Le Baron, Park Ward, *Figoni et Falaschi*—to clothe it in custom bodywork that suited his individual taste. The very rich might order two bodies for the same chassis: a dual-cowl phaeton with wicker doors, perhaps, for summers in Newport and a formal limousine for winters in New York. The coach builders made special warehousing arrangements for these good customers and supervised their cars' semiannual personality changes.

Car design was an art in those days, an achievement to be celebrated. Despite what you see on the streets today, great car design is not dead. It is just in hiding. Good designers are still around, but their best work often dies on the studio bulletin board, thanks to a combination of government regulation and corporate timidity.

To call attention once again to quality design, we asked a half dozen of the most influential designers in Europe and America to show us the kinds of cars we *could* be driving. In order to give their imaginations full reign, we asked them to create vehicles that would meet the safety, economy, environmental, and human needs of the year 2001, not the petty fads of 1979.

Car makers are no longer free to cater to the public's every whim. Which may be all for the best. When technology becomes more important than advertising copy, fuel economy more important than horsepower, and substance more important than the marketing man's "high perceived value," can a return to good taste be far behind? These pages prove that good taste is alive, even if it is still an underground movement.

BY WADE HOYT

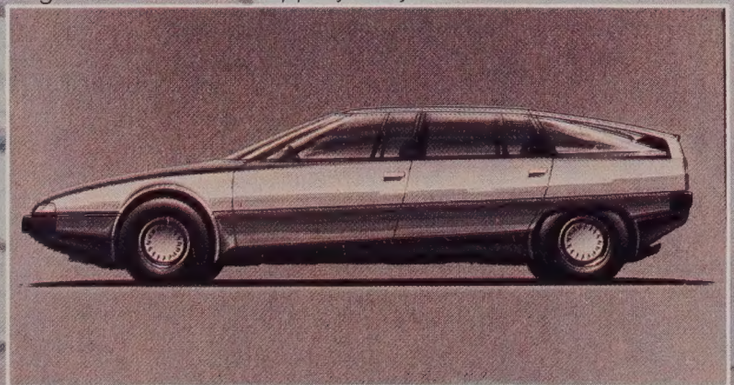
Curtis Brubaker left General Motors in 1969 to set up his own design studio and fabrication shop in Los Angeles, called The Brubaker Group. Curt's designs have run the gamut from the original Lear jet to the "Hawk" prototype used in the TV version of Arthur Hailey's *Wheels*.

Here we see Brubaker's vision of a turn-of-the-century van. The wedge-shaped upper body, including the cab, can be raised up to ten inches by an inflatable, elastomeric bellows between body and chassis, providing cargo volume to match today's boxy vans. When inflated, the bellows provide additional insulation from road noise and vibration. When lowered, the body nestles against the platform chassis to provide excellent aerodynamics, improved fuel economy, and sports-car styling. The sliding hatchback can be removed entirely to provide a pickup truck configuration. It is powered by a hybrid system, which uses a tiny, alcohol-burning turbine to drive a generator that powers electric motors at each rear wheel. The pneumatic suspension can "kneel" to permit easy loading of heavy objects via the rear gangplank.

For 20 years, Giorgetto Giugiaro has been the *wunderkind* of Italian automotive design, which is itself the most advanced and copied in the world. He has set the shape of numerous world-renowned models from such prestigious manufacturers as Alfa Romeo, Fiat, Lamborghini, Maserati, Lotus, and Volkswagen.

The car you see here is a four-door limousine of the future. Dubbed the M-8, it is a long, low projectile: its wheelbase is a generous 117 inches, but the overall length is only 191 inches and the height 49 inches. The slippery aerodynamics give the M-8 only half the drag of today's economy sedans and therefore better gas mileage. The flying buttresses at the back support the rear-door frames, thus permitting a high, round rear end made entirely of glass.

A power plant is not specified, but front-wheel drive and a dual-displacement V-6 or V-8 would be appropriate. Pioneered by Ford, dual-displacement engines cut fuel use by running on only half their cylinders when idling or cruising at moderate speeds. Additional cylinders come into play when more power or speed is demanded by the driver.

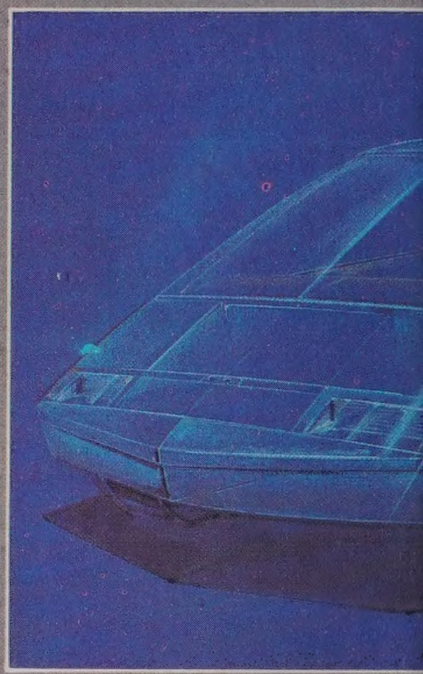


As director of General Motors' design staff from 1958 to 1977, Bill Mitchell has put his distinctive stamp on over 100 million vehicles, from Chevettes to Amtrak locomotives. Bill's tastes in personal transit run more to sports cars and fast motorcycles. One of his best-loved designs is the stylish GM Motor Home, a front-wheel-drive, air-suspension smoothie that is light-years ahead of the typical motor home's corrugated aluminum box on a truck chassis.

Mitchell's motor home of the future will have the fuel economy of today's sedans, thanks to the use of such lightweight materials as honeycomb aluminum, fiberglass, and thinner glass. Aerodynamic aids include the pointed nose, enclosed wheels, smooth belly pan, and an absence of the usual roof racks and external air conditioners. Photosensitive glass will darken in sunlight to cut the air-conditioning load. Flush-mounted solar-electric panels and lightweight batteries may replace the gas-guzzling generator. A small gas turbine between the rear wheels will power this mobile pad and provide the final touch in economy: it will run on almost any combustible fuel, "even your last bottle of Chivas Regal," notes the sybaritic Mitchell.

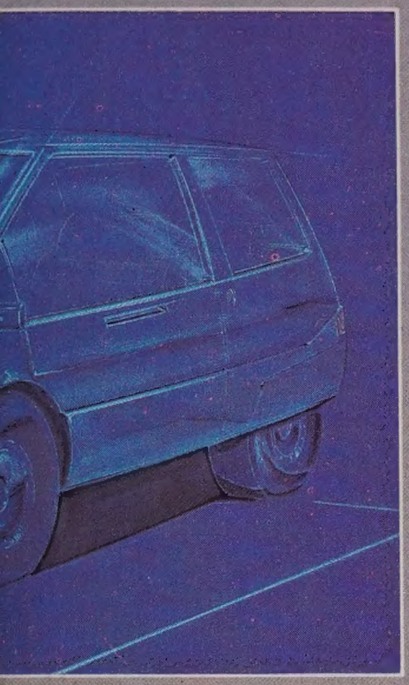
Albrecht Goertz is the industrial designer who shaped BMW's famous 503 and 507 models, as well as the Datsun 240/280Z, the best-selling sports car of all time.

Goertz's city car of the future has no trunk; the rear seats fold down individually when cargo must be carried. With its miniaturized power plant (possibly electric), it needs no hood. Uncommonly svelte (63 inches shorter, 13 inches narrower, but 3 inches taller than a '79 Bonneville), it will scoot through chinks in traffic and be easy to park. Its sliding doors and small size may qualify it for cut-rate garage fees in the crowded cities of our future. Yet the occupants will ride tall enough to see and be seen in heavy traffic. Lower bodywork of impact-resistant urethane —the material used in some 1979 bumpers —will ward off fender benders from every direction. It would also make a decent small urban delivery van and a great taxicab.



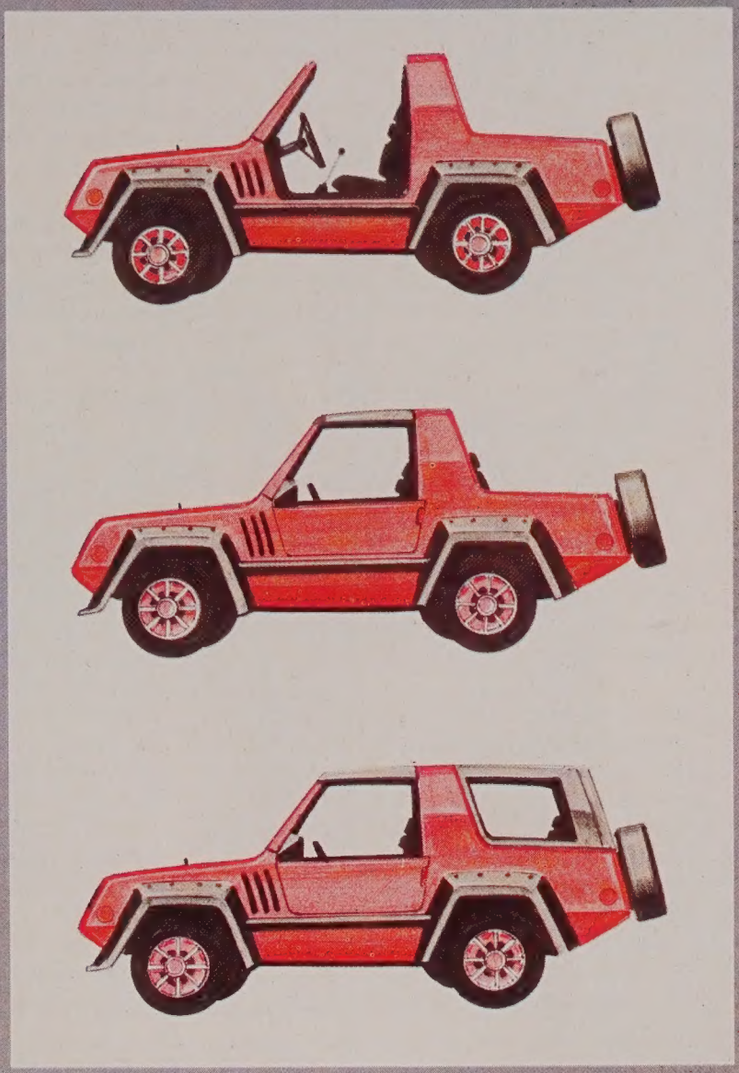
William Towns is an independent designer, best known for his Lotus and Aston Martin designs. His wedge-shaped four-door Aston Martin Lagonda has been the sensation of British auto shows since the prototype was first shown in London two years ago. Despite a price of $60,000, there is a considerable waiting list for Lagondas, and the first one was only recently delivered, with some fanfare, to the Duke and Dutchess of Bedford, owners of Woburn Estate, an English national landmark.

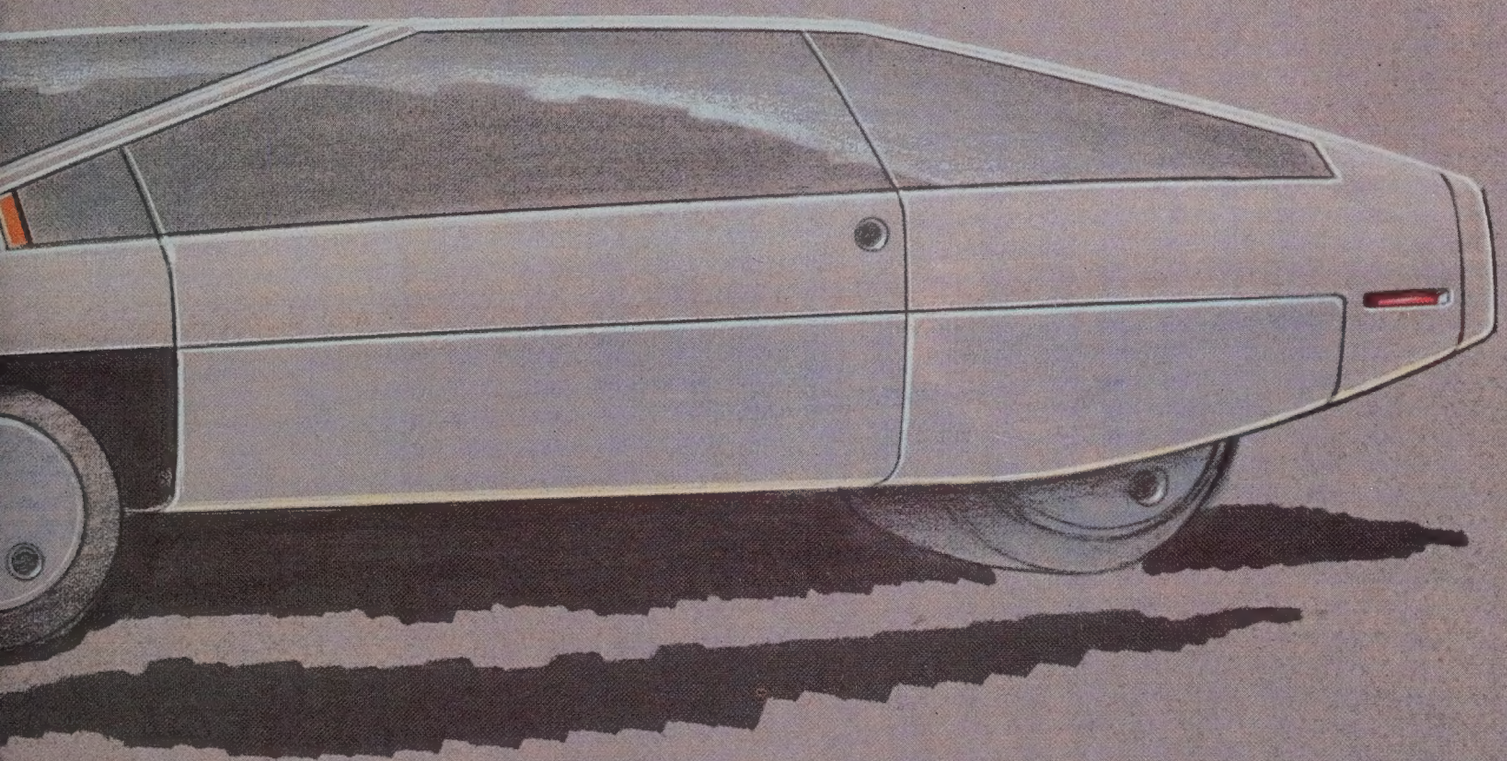
Bill Towns's design for a turn-of-the-century grand touring car is easily as striking as the AM Lagonda. The first aspect that screams for attention is the set of quadruple front wheels, a layout tried and abandoned by the Tyrrell Formula 1 racing car. It's also been adopted by the Panther Six, another big-bucks, low-production British sports car. Panther claims that in wet weather the front pair of tires act as squeegees to divert water from the second set, giving better steering and braking control. Other features of Towns's dream GT are a turbocharged 350-horsepower three-liter V-12 engine, torsion-bar suspension for all six wheels, and an aluminum body on a structural plastic-foam frame.



Dick Teague has been vice-president of styling for American Motors for fourteen years. He is the man responsible for such designs as the Pacer, Gremlin, Javelin, and AMX.

This off-road vehicle of the future—the Jeepster II—will be lighter, more fuel efficient, more durable, and easier to repair than present Jeeps. It will be powered by a turbocharged four-cylinder diesel engine and feature four-wheel drive with fully independent suspension. The integral rollover bar provides an anchoring point for the removable roof panel and rear window. The windshield can fold flat onto the hood. Even the plastic doors and wheel flares can be removed (the latter for fitting narrow highway tires that give better fuel economy). The rear roof cap is an option, and the backseats can be positioned to face forward or backward for versatile fun truckin' into the future.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

could feel her "bear down" each time I slid my finger into her vagina, and she would gasp softly. Finally, I stopped this and started licking her again, but this time closer and closer to her pussy. She was getting really hot, moaning and shivering with delight. At last I swirled my tongue around inside her, giving her everything I had. When she came, she was thrusting upwards almost uncontrollably. I was in heaven, and Audrey was totally spent.

Our love life is fantastic, but I've seen her only a few times in the past four months. She apparently can't accept me as her lover. This may be due to her strict religious upbringing. How can I help her rid herself of these guilt feelings? I will always love her and have a very real need for her. Please help.—Sam

If you've been watching a lot of daytime television lately, you just might think that love conquers all. In your case, it seems to be battling in a losing war. True, the girl's strict religious upbringing could be at fault, but is that any reason for her not to see you? She screws with you, yes, but how about just *seeing* you? Does she see other men, or is Audrey a "celibate," like the Robin in the preceding letter?

If you haven't done so already, you should try to express your emotional needs verbally to Audrey. And above all, find out where her head and heart are. Her apparent standoffish attitude may turn out to have nothing at all to do with a religiously inflicted guilt.

LOOKING OUT FOR MS. GOODBAR

I've been a bartender for the last seven years and have had many unusual sexual experiences with various young ladies. However, a few months ago I had an experience that has made me apprehensive about all these illicit sexual affairs.

A young redhead, named Jill, came in one night, and the only other customer at the bar was a girl I had been dating. So I divided my time between Jill and Lois. After a while Jill asked me if Lois was my girl friend, and when I said no, she asked me if I thought she, Jill, was pretty. She was fairly attractive, with a nice body—no Ann-Margret, but nice—and I said she was very attractive. Jill then asked me if I would like to go to her house after work for some coffee. After I said yes, I told Lois I had to go right home after work and that she might as well leave, which she did.

When we got to Jill's house, we went right to the bedroom and stripped. There was no coffee. We were fondling each other and talking when she asked me if she could do one of her "tricks" on me. She went to the kitchen and brought back some whipped cream and proceeded to apply it to my cock. I couldn't believe it—what a turn-on. She started to lick it off very slowly and then increased the action as she got closer to the head. Just when I was about to come she turned around and sat right on my face. She started right in again, and I started licking her as anxiously as she was sucking me. Just before we both came, I turned around and decided it was time to fuck. So I jumped on top of her and slipped in. As I did this, I put my hands under the pillows to get some leverage—and found a knife.

Needless to say, I lost my hard-on and my concentration. Jill started laughing and said she kept the knife there for protection because she lived alone. It made sense, but I wasn't about to stay around and fall asleep or something.

I've run into some weird girls in my time, but this really made me think that I should be a little more careful about the girls I fool around with. Since this experience, I haven't made or accepted advances. Am I being unnecessarily gun-shy, or should I continue in my old ways?—Luke

Having lived most of my adult life as a single woman in an urban setting, I can sympathize with Jill's need to protect herself. But a knife under the pillow seems a little on the wild side. Generally speaking, you're pretty safe if you go to the other person's apartment for your sex rather than to your own pad. When you're *their* guest, there's no chance of real robbery (unless you're the one who's into a little pilfering) or getting stuck with someone who just needs a place to sleep for the night (as in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*)—or murder (not to be morbid, but it's unlikely that any stranger would kill you in her own apartment).

As a bartender, you're in an ideal position for picking up women. You can get to know them gradually, night after night, and once you've checked out their behavior around the bar, you can make your decision. After all, you don't have to fuck after your first hello. Such quick sex can be a thrill, I know, but if it's safety you're looking for, look again and again and again before you make that first plunge. It could be your last.

FOUR ON ONE

As is normal for most males, I'm ready for sex anytime, anywhere. My best friend and I usually go out drinking on pay night, and this night was no exception—except that my wife joined us. I'm happily married, and so is my friend. In the past Josh and I have talked about threeway sex but never have been able to find any interested women. I had also talked about the idea to my wife, Carol, and she said she would be interested, too, if it was with the right person.

So, this one night, I decided to invite Carol to go with Josh and me. We had already decided to see if we could get Josh in bed with us. As the night progressed, we started feeling a little high, and Josh started to dance with Carol. Finally, the bars closed, and we decided to go back to our house for a few more drinks. After we had settled into the den, we decided to watch

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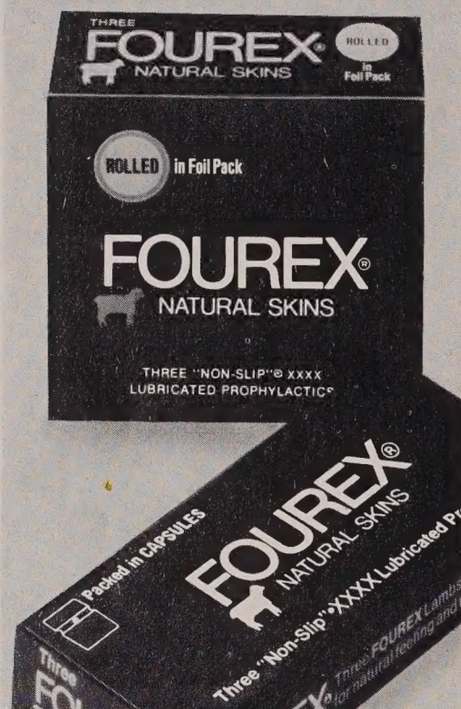

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some stag films. Since everyone on screen was naked, we decided to undress. After we had gotten into some light petting, Carol suggested that we go into the bedroom. Once we were there, Josh went down on Carol, and she gave me the best blowjob of our marriage. Then I screwed Carol while she sucked Josh off. We kept switching like that for about three hours and were totally exhausted by morning. We have repeated this same scene several times since and enjoyed it more each time.

However, Carol and I feel that maybe we should start looking for someone else. Josh has said that he'd like his wife to get involved as well. How could he go about bringing up the subject with her?—J.T.

Reread your own letter if you want the clue to seducing Josh's wife into the joys of multiple sex. What worked on Josh, obviously, should also work on his wife. Wine, music, dancing, a relaxing atmosphere, and stag movies . . . If the woman's human, she will comply.

UNSPEAKABLE BUT GOOD

The Penthouse *June letters on anal sex have prompted me to write. My husband of twelve years and I have talked for a while about the subject, but neither Alex nor I had really decided to try it. One night, we had had an exceptionally emotional evening and were quite relaxed. After a long love session in which I had come four or five times, my husband asked if he could try the "back door." I was feeling so relaxed and loved that I readily agreed.*

Alex got the Vaseline and put some on his penis and my opening. We started playing around, and when we were both aroused, he slowly started to penetrate. It hurt a little, but Alex kept talking to me, telling me to relax, and kept playing with my breasts and pussy. All of a sudden I realized that he was totally in me, and I really felt complete. Then Alex started moving very slowly so we could get into some kind of rhythm. He was teasing and playing with me, and he put two fingers in my vagina. It was an amazing sensation to feel his fingers through the wall of my vagina press on his penis. We were both going crazy and exploded together. There was such a feeling of closeness and oneness with each other that I can't even express it. When you give every part of your body to the man you love, it's just indescribable.

Alex is the only man who has ever made love to me, and I can't believe another man could satisfy me as he does. We have a very active, full sex life. Since that one time, we have had anal sex on only one other occasion, and neither of us has the desire to do it again. But at least we have experienced it with love.—T.C.D.

I am writing because of your recent responses concerning anal intercourse and anal stimulation. I feel the need to offer some more complete solutions to the initial pain problem so frequently discussed.

Most people can accommodate a well-lubricated index finger—their own or the partner's—so that is where they might be gin. Albolene Cream is excellent for thi purpose but sometimes requires severa applications over a period of time. Drinkin alcoholic beverages or smoking a joint wi also help the person to relax the sphincte muscles. I recommend self-stimulatio until the person can handle the sensatio and is a little stretched out. Next, use tw very well greased fingers and concentrat being relaxed and enjoying the turn-on The next step would be to employ a smal flexible vibrator in self-manipulation.

The woman needs to be able to contro the amount of penetration and the rate o the thrusts. I have also found that I can take anal stimulation two days in a row—perhaps others should try this only when they really want to and when there is no soreness in the anal area. Anal intercourse is a long-range goal, and it is well worth the effort! The male should enter slowly and only as far as his partner finds enjoyable Relaxation is vital here, and practice is its own reward. My husband especially enjoys it when I use a flexible vibrator anally when we are screwing—it's a double pleasure fo us both.—R.J.B.

How nice to have you readers aiding other less knowledgeable readers! The only advice I can add regarding the joys of anal sex is some hints on positions. Positioning your body just right is very important when it comes to losing your virginity anally. It's also very important if the penis happens to be a particularly large one. In such cases I recommend that the man lie on his back so that the woman can sit right down on his penis. This way she's the one in control and if things should become too painful she can easily (if you'll pardon the pun) rectify the situation. Also, if the woman finds the experience too painful to begin with remember: it gets better with practice.

AN UNDERCOVER MAN

I'm a twenty-year-old man, and I have always been quite open-minded. I've also lived away from home since age sixteen. My girl friend, Monica, thinks I have a bad problem, because I told her that I collected underwear from women that I had sex with. I never thought I was insane for keeping my memories, but Monica seems to think it's horrible. I do have a nice collection—1,999—only one more pair until I hit the 2,000 mark. Please let me know if this is wrong?—Gary.

What's your girl friend complaining about? As long as you don't take your collection to bed with you, what concern is it of hers? On the other hand, I do wonder about a twenty-year-old guy who *says* he's slept with close to two-thousand women. Either you're a satyr or you're into buying women's underwear. Also, why were all those women so eager to give up their panties? I prefer reusing mine.

Regarding underwear fetishes, I must tell you a funny story about something that

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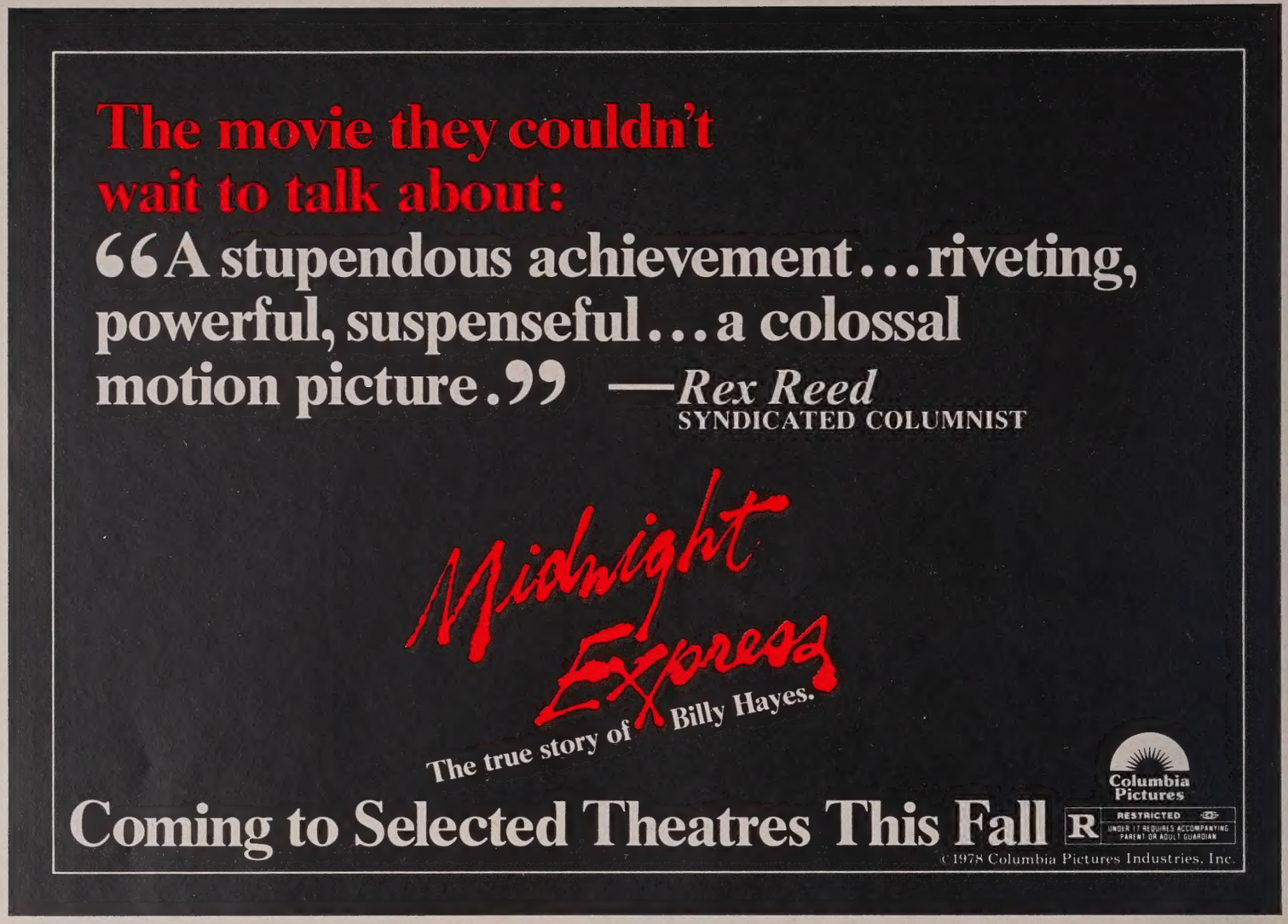
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happened to me shortly before I had to leave Canada a few years ago. Before I moved, I put an ad in the paper saying: "Xaviera Hollander leaving country. Selling everything. Furniture, car, clothes, et cetera." Then I gave my telephone number. Well, you can imagine how my phone began to ring. Naturally, I met a lot of interesting people. I must have met more than a dozen couples who begged me to sell them my lingerie and underwear. To top it all off, I was usually requested to sign them with a black felt-tip pen. The funniest incidents involved early-morning phone calls. "Miss Hollander?" they would say. "Can I please buy some brassieres and underpanties from you"—any piece of underwear at all?

"Yes," I would reply.

"Are they clean or somewhat soiled? If not, could you please wear something for me today so I can sniff it out once I buy it from you?"

Then there were the phone calls requesting rubber items, such as kitchen gloves, aprons, and boots. It so happened that I had a pair of muddy old rubber boots. Well, you should have heard the excitement over the phone when I told one man about these. "I'll be right over," he told me. "But please make sure you don't clean them, or polish them up in any way, because I want to lick them clean."

Do you still think you're doing something wrong? I doubt it. Just get the figures right.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

I have been happily married to a very beautiful woman for twelve years. Marie has the kind of face and figure (37–25–35) that will turn any man on. Her cone-shaped tits are nicely firm and have no sign of sag; her stomach is trim and flat; her ass is firm, and her legs are long and well shaped.

For the past seven years, Marie has been putting out to other men on the average of two to four nights a week, often in front of me. She has two to four lesbian encounters and at least one good gang bang per month. Away from home, my wife has a reputation as a very easy piece of ass. Yet around here she is considered sweet and innocent, a respectable housewife, even if she is somewhat of a prick tease.

Marie is proud to be a woman, proud of what she has to offer a man or another woman. She dresses to show, not to hide, what she has to offer; she dresses to be feminine and attractive, at home or in public. We believe "clean and neat" is sexy and that makeup and perfume are as important as garments are.

Marie doesn't need a bra, but she always wears one. They are mostly red or black, some cut so low that her nipples protrude over the top. She usually selects a color that will show through her blouse and show her tits. Her skirts and dresses are mid-thigh to show off her legs, yet allow her to wear a garter belt and stockings.

I'm a photographer and have adorned the walls of our living room and bedroom with framed 11 x 14 color pictures of Marie wearing only panties or a bra. The pictures are posed to emphasize her legs and tits and the seductive expression on her face. I have often seen the men visiting our home get a hard-on while stealing glances at these pictures.

As I write this letter, I see Marie sitting across the room, from time to time giving me a glimpse up her skirt. I see those beautiful legs, the dark band at the tops of her stockings, the black straps of her garter belt, the contrast of the tight, pink bikini panties against the creamy flesh of her smooth, firm thighs. I think of the hundreds of men Marie has taken between those lovely legs. There is a feeling of pride about my wife putting out.

We love each other, and sex is something we seek in others.—B.F.J.

To each his own. Maybe there are some men who love their wives in a more possessive manner and don't feel like sharing her with anyone else, much less having her play the whore. Other couples aren't necessarily possessive; they just like their privacy.

I've known many women who've fantasized about spending just a day or so in some whorehouse, servicing any customer who comes along. Obviously, you and your wife believe in giving a literal form to all your fantasies. Who am I to object? ○+—

A CONVERSATION WITH LEONARD NIMOY

The star of the most successful space adventure series tells how "Star Trek" anticipated our current fascination with science fiction.

Photograph by Ted Rozumalski

For four years in the late sixties, Leonard Nimoy, Boston born and bred, played the role on a television series called "Star Trek" of a half-human from outer space: Mr. Spock. As Spock, Nimoy didn't have (or couldn't show) his emotions. His logical approach to the many crises of the starship *Enterprise* turned out to be the perfect foil for the oh-so-human impulses of fellow actor Bill Shatner's character, Captain Kirk.

Shatner was supposed to be the star of the show, but Nimoy's character quickly became more popular. Television fans, particularly women, took a special fancy to this alienated fellow from the planet Vulcan and showered him with tons of mail. Women said they wanted to mother him, love him, show him how to feel. Even off-screen, Nimoy enjoyed the tensions of this unique Vulcan-human relationship. In one personal appearance, a young woman asked him how old he was. He replied with a very straight face: "What did you have in mind?" When the laughter over that response died down, he added, "The question obviously reflects your need to judge the possible relationship between myself and other human beings, possibly even yourself. This represents an illogical human compulsion on your part, based on certain insecurities and a fascination with linear time. It would be better if you humans could rid yourselves of this fixation."

When "Star Trek" was canceled (despite wounded cries from thousands of "Trekkies"), Nimoy moved into a role on the television series "Mission: Impossible," but he finally left the security of a steady job so that he could branch out and grow. "I'd been in a cave at Paramount for five years," he says. "I wanted to explore and find out what was outside that cave."

He took a course in photography at U.C.L.A. He started writing poetry. In 1971 he took on some challenging, un-Spock-like roles on the stage. He was Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof*. He was Goldman in *The Man in the Glass Booth*. And the next year, he published a book of poems, *You and I*, which he figured might sell from 2,000 to 3,000 copies. It sold 300,000. He has since published three other books of poetry—and an autobiography called *I Am Not Spock*.

His happy identification with Spock goes on. And now he, along with all the old members of the crew of the starship *Enterprise*, has just completed a full-length feature movie called, predictably enough, *Star Trek*. Paramount has

scheduled this picture (which had a $15 million budget) for release sometime in 1979.

Nimoy and his wife, Sandi, a former actress, live in an attractive, flower-filled home close to U.C.L.A. West Coast free-lance writer Robert Kaiser interviewed Nimoy there. The subject: science fiction.

Penthouse: Did *Star Wars* deserve its tremendous box-office success?

Nimoy: Sure!

Penthouse: It didn't bother you that it had no social significance?

Nimoy: No. You could say the same thing about the circus: no social significance. But it's *fun*. There's a need in our society today for some sheer fun. People are saying, "Let's just have some fun." If *Star Wars* met that need, then it deserved the great response it got. It was an idea whose time had come. It's also an extremely well made film. You can hiss and cheer and boo and have a good time. It's just an experience of total involvement, created by a great bunch of talented people, working hard and achieving their goals.

Penthouse: So, now it's time for a "Star Trek" movie.

Nimoy: It does seem like we work a bit backwards. Usually, a picture is made because somebody has written a good script. But here a studio says to itself: "Science fiction is now highly successful. It is commercial. It is desirable to have a good science-fiction feature on the market. 'Star Trek' is a terribly recognizable and successful title, with a good track record. So"—the studios say—"let's do a 'Star Trek' movie."

Penthouse: Isn't it time? Wasn't the title "Star Wars" itself a takeoff on "Star Trek"?

Nimoy: That's probably true. "Star Trek" laid the groundwork, cultivated the area. So I think it's fitting that "Star Trek" should step back into its own territory.

Penthouse: Your "Star Trek" movie has the advantage of a ready-made cult, right?

Nimoy: Oh yes. We still have a cult. A few months ago I was walking down the street in Cleveland, and a very pretty girl gave me the Vulcan salute [right hand upraised, with a V formed between the middle and the ring fingers]. "Yes," I said, "but can you do it with your left hand?" She tried it—and failed. Then she shrugged and said, "Well, I speak it with an accent."

And just the other day I was stopped for a red light in Westwood, and a fellow started shouting at me. I couldn't hear him; so I lowered the window on my car and heard him say, "Make a great movie. We are all waiting for it." I love the choice of words: "*We* are *all* waiting for it." Such high expectations. But that's good. There have to be high expectations in order for us to do an acceptable piece of work. There's nothing wrong with that. There are even high expectations abroad. I'm getting more and more fan letters from abroad.

Penthouse: What about those "Star Trek" conventions?

Nimoy: They're not just conventions. They're mass celebrations. Somebody says there's going to be a "Star Trek" gathering at a particular hall or hotel in such and such a city. There will be people there who are connected with the making of "Star Trek," perhaps some of the actors. Memorabilia will be exchanged, sold, shown. They will show films of past "Star Trek" episodes on a giant screen. They'll hold panel discussions on space and "Star Trek." Some of the writers who wrote the show might appear. Harlan Ellison, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, might be there. There may be some reps from NASA. Thousands of people will attend.

And they talk and talk about—"Star Trek." They have trivia contests. What did Captain Kirk say to Mr. Spock in "Amok Time" at the moment when Spock thought he was leaving for home? They quote each other lines, chapter and verse. They have wardrobe contests, look-alike contests—some people do come to these conventions dressed up like some of the characters.

Penthouse: Are these people kooks?

Nimoy: No. I think the press has not been totally fair with these people, implying that they are freaky, weird, strange. I have met a lot of people—educated, successful, well dressed—who tell me, "I'm a Trekkie," almost in defiance of the denigrating aspect

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of the appellation. And it shouldn't be denigrating.

Penthouse: Are you a star attraction at these rallies?

Nimoy: I'm afraid so. The last convention I attended was at a hotel in New York. I gave a little talk and then started wandering around this hotel, poking my head into this seminar or that. Pretty soon the word got out that Spock was on the loose, and people started jamming up the halls to get close to me and choking up the elevators. The security people were talking about having to call the fire department.

Penthouse: Did you think you'd be attacked?

Nimoy: Absolutely not. The people who come to see me—call them "Trekkies" if you want—are far more civilized than the security people paid to protect me. The security people tend to aggrandize themselves for days about their responsibility. They imagine all sorts of terrible things that will happen if they don't take precautions. So they plan various devious and circuitous routes to get me in and out of the auditorium—through a kitchen, maybe, à la Robert Kennedy. They say, "Take a freight elevator . . . climb in an unmarked car at the back door . . . don't tell anybody except your girl friend"—who tells her girl friend, of course, who tells her boyfriend, and soon you've got sixteen followers who are all "securing" you. Security people create hysteria. It's easy enough in a crowd situation to create an atmosphere of mutual respect and communication. But these security people do just the opposite. They project their own vibes: "This is a tense situation!"

Penthouse: And the crowd just comes to these spirited Trekkie rallies to have fun!

Nimoy: That's right. And they're just yelled at: "Stay back!" At the slightest sign of anything not working right, the security people get hysterical. Strange.

I did a trip to Oakland about a year and a half ago. I walked in and found the kids, as usual, taking a lot of pictures—lots of little flashbulbs going off. Well, there was a phalanx of security people, arm in arm, cordoning off the stage. I started talking to the audience; they were very responsive, and everything was going off beautifully. Suddenly, I became aware of a couple of young security men, the type who probably work the rock concerts and are looking for the same atmosphere when it *isn't* the same atmosphere. People who come to see me aren't going to fill the aisles and storm the stage.

Well, these security guys tried to stop the kids from taking flash pictures. *They* decided that no one could use a flash. It was just an arbitrary decision on their part—it didn't make any difference to me if the kids used flash or not. But these security guys were starting to yell at the people. And it was disturbing to me, because I was making a speech. And they were shouting, "Stop the flashes! Get that flash, Charlie! Get it away from that kid right there!" Finally, I stopped and said, "Hey, it's okay. Let 'em do their flashes." And this security guy turned right to me and said, "Mistuh Nimoy, there's enough light in here. They don't have to use flashes." Wait a minute! This is anarchy! I don't believe this. I'm in a confrontation with a security guard!

Penthouse: You don't travel with an entourage, bodyguards?

Nimoy: I'm not Muhammed Ali. I'm me. I try to keep it low-key. I just try to talk to people as people, try to reveal some of the behind-the-scenes stuff they seem so interested in. But I have also developed a technique that makes it fun. Sometimes I play my Mr. Spock role. I'll come onstage and get a tremendous ovation, and so I have to tell the crowd, severely, "You're a very emotional group of humans." They love that.

At DeAnza College near San Francisco not long ago, a voice from the audience sang out, "Mr. Nimoy, I'm picking up a vibration. There's something on your mind, something you're not telling us, something very intense, something very close to your heart. I'd like you to feel free to tell us about that." I said, "You obviously have ESP." He said, "Maybe I do." I said, "Well, in that case, why don't *you* tell me?" The place went crazy.

Penthouse: Don't you ever get tired of being Spock?

Nimoy: Not a bit. A few years ago, I wrote a

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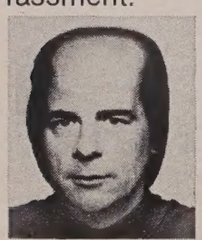

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kind of autobiography called *I Am Not Spock*—which made people think I hated and detested the Spock character. Too bad they didn't bother to read it. Even press people assumed from the title that I was trying desperately to rid myself of the Spock image. The same people probably assumed that *Gone with the Wind* was about a hurricane. There is no reason for me to hate the Spock character.

Penthouse: You weren't worried about being typecast?

Nimoy: I don't agree with the popular idea about typecasting. I believe that every actor who is successful is typecast to some degree. An actor who is not "typeable" is nowhere.

Penthouse: Has the "Star Trek" television series been dubbed into other languages?

Nimoy: About forty.

Penthouse: And the reruns go on and on?

Nimoy: Right.

Penthouse: We assume they're still paying you handsomely.

Nimoy: No. It's amazing how that concept still prevails. When we signed on with Paramount, we signed the standard Screen Actors Guild contract. We got paid so much for making the episode, then so much—a dwindling amount—for each rerun. But no more after the fifth rerun. We got our last checks about eight years ago.

Penthouse: So who makes the money now?

Nimoy: Well, theoretically, Paramount. But I doubt you could get anybody over there now to admit there was any "profit."

Penthouse: What's made "Star Trek" such a success?

Nimoy: One percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration. That was our "genius."

Penthouse: Well, you could have worked hard and still gone unappreciated.

Nimoy: True. And in the case of science fiction, it's never been very well appreciated until very recently. Oh, the form has existed for a long time. There has always been a place for it.

Penthouse: Of course, everyone remembers that old science-fiction character, Flash Gordon.

Nimoy: Sure, and I remember owning a Buck Rogers ray gun when I was a kid. But we never expected too much out of science fiction. And when we grew up, we never expected to find a great novel in that particular guise.

Penthouse: So, why do you think the genre grew?

Nimoy: Science fiction started to get much, much better. Writers were presenting more interesting ideas, and their stories were of the multi-level kind we used on "Star Trek."

Penthouse: "Multi-level"?

Nimoy: I mean, a kid of ten could watch a "Star Trek" episode and enjoy it for the gadgetry and the rocketry and the aliens—the obvious plot. Six or eight years later, maybe as a high-school graduate or college student, that same kid could watch a rerun of the same episode and catch the social implications of what we were talking about, things he wasn't aware of before. I think that's why the show is being watched and rewatched today. There are new elements to be discovered as the viewer changes.

Penthouse: And early science fiction wasn't "multi-level" in this sense?

Nimoy: Many of the stories and movies were simply designed to frighten an audience. But there were exceptions. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* was a good one. It touched us. It made us examine ourselves. In that movie aliens were coming from another planet and looking at us. So *we* had to look at ourselves.

Penthouse: And "Star Trek" wasn't designed to frighten?

Nimoy: No. "Star Trek" wasn't "doomsday" science fiction. It was upbeat.

Penthouse: What was the message of "Star Trek"?

Nimoy: You must be the only one who doesn't know. But the plot line is this: we're in the twenty-second century, and all the planetary governments have united to form this United Space Fleet—not a United *States* Fleet but a *federation* of planets, a United Nations of outer space, working successfully for peace. Of course, there are some bad guys out there, but this group of good guys is working to avoid self-annihilation.

Penthouse: What was the attraction of that idea for your viewers?

Nimoy: Well, nowadays we live in a science-fiction age. We are now *living* the stories that were dreamed by science-fiction dreamers not more than twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Stop to consider: we have had human beings standing on the moon. Twenty years ago that was nothing but science fiction. I mean, in the summer of 1969 I went out in my own backyard and then looked up and said, "There are men walking up there on the moon." I had seen them on television, but it wasn't the same thing as actually looking up there and realizing there were men on the moon. Wow! Incredible!

In fact, there are some wonderful stories about some people's need to reject this kind of experience. I heard people say that those guys stepping out onto the moon looked too much like the old Buck Rogers serials. It looked too much like a film set to be real. But, of course, despite these people, the future is here, and we're going ahead. I think the acceleration into space will now be exponential. I mean, when was it—sixty years ago?—that the Wright brothers were just getting a few feet off the ground with a paper airplane? And now we think nothing of air speeds faster than sound, of enormous aircraft carrying several hundred people.

We're beginning to see why we have spurts in development. In World War I, the military strategists said, "Wouldn't it be great if we could fly over armies and drop things on their heads?" And they did. Well, that was a tremendous push forward, and we found the people and money to do it. Then, the Second World War—more strides. Unfortunately, both of these were

war situations. But then the economics of technological research and development started to make sense, even when there wasn't a war to inspire such development. In recent years people have wanted to travel and have become affluent enough to do so. So, when the economics start to make sense, when there is a need—politically, emotionally, socially, whatever—you see this tremendous burst forward.

Same thing in outer space. The U.S.S. *Enterprise* space shuttle is going to be a tremendous milestone in the development of space potential—for economic reasons. For the first time, we will have a reusable spaceship—one good, they say, for up to one hundred missions. We started off with ships that could carry one man, then three. Now we're talking about a ship that'll carry six or seven people. The multiples begin to build. And this is a ship that will take off, perform its mission, come back, land on a runway, and within a month be ready to take off again.

So the economics begin to turn around: more use out of one piece of equipment. This ship will then begin to work in space for industry. This ship will be able to capture a nonfunctioning satellite, repair it, and relaunch it—all in space—or bring it back to earth, repair it, and send it into orbit again. Industries will begin to find ways to make money by renting space on the *Enterprise*. The flow of dollars is going to change. I've heard that in five years NASA will be earning back the amount that it has spent on its entire space program up to now. Spaceships will become like buses and trucks in space.

Penthouse: Do you think we'll ever have space colonies?

Nimoy: Sure. I think that before long we will see families developing in space. We'll begin to see people committing themselves to leaving this planet and not coming back, going out to explore and colonize in deep space, with the idea that maybe their children or grandchildren might some day get back to earth. I see it as a very feasible option for the future, particularly when it becomes economically sensible. Frankly, I think taxpayers are a little weary of the idea of supporting a space program just to bring back some rocks or whatever. But we're already benefiting from spin-offs of the space program: communications satellites, weather satellites—that sort of thing. And also some very practical benefits—for example, the pacemaker, now implanted in I don't know how many human beings, keeping them alive. All these things came out of the space program. In any case, when the government can finally report that there was a profit from the space program this year, and somebody feels he's paying five dollars less in taxes because of it, then we're on the way.

Penthouse: So science fiction isn't fiction anymore?

Nimoy: Well, the science-fiction dreamers are the ones who set the goals for the scientists. OH

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Loan shark

I thought that some of your readers with a little spare money to lend might be interested in the loan arrangement I have made with my spendthrift sister-in-law. A couple of months ago, Cathy, who is married to my brother, had gotten herself deeply in debt by overuse of her credit cards. Since she didn't want her husband to find out, she asked me if I would lend her the money to clear up her debts. I agreed, but I thought that she would have a hard enough time paying back the loan and badly needed to learn a lesson in money management. So I made her agree to pay interest on the loan by being my sex slave on a once-a-week basis.

Every Thursday night after my wife has left for class at a nearby evening college, Cathy arrives at my house. As soon as she is inside the front door, I tell her to strip down completely and crawl on all fours to the top of the second-floor stairs, where I am waiting to be her master for the evening. The sight of her thirty-eight-inch melons swaying back and forth as she crawls ignites both my cock and my plan of action.

When she gets to the top of the stairs, she has to crawl on her belly to the foot of my bed, where I make her kiss and suck each one of my toes. While she sucks them, I snap the first of many five-by-seven pictures, which will record the night's action and be my ultimate insurance that the loan will be paid in full.

With the preliminaries out of the way, I place Cathy on all fours on my bed and then push her head down to a pillow and tie her hands over her head to the bedpost. I am now ready to work on her pleasingly plump ass with it's tight little hole. Using pink lipstick, I paint her rear tunnel entrance pink and then, using bright red lipstick, write in big letters on her quivering cheeks, "Fuck My Ass." As soon as I have recorded the scene with my camera, I mount her quickly from behind, shoving my straining, eight-inch rod as far as it will go up Cathy's chocolate tunnel. The pink lipstick paint job is the only lubricant she gets, as she needs to feel some pain in order to understand the evil of being literally up to her ass in debt! As soon as my cock has had a mind-bending explosion in her hole, I untie Cathy's hands from the bedpost and flip her over and tie her spread-eagled across the bed.

The second phase of Cathy's slave duty begins when I coat the inside of her humid honeypot with something hot and tingling like mouthwash or horseradish. Next I tape plastic bags full of ice cubes to her well-rounded tits. The alternating hot and cold sensations flowing from her pussy and boobs to her brain make her as cock-hungry as a nympho doing a life sentence. Feeling that the best way to satisfy her hunger is to stick my cock right down her throat, I straddle her upper torso. While I hold her head immobile with my hands, I fuck her mouth until my semen is oozing out the corners of her mouth. As soon as she has swallowed my come, it is time for the final phase of Cathy's slave treatment.

Out of my dresser comes a vibrator, with which I slowly tantalize Cathy, touching her almost everywhere except on her quivering clit. After a few minutes of the vibrator treatment, Cathy's hips are bucking wildly as if she were a bitch in heat. At the same time, she starts to scream at the top of her lungs for me to fuck her cunt as hard as I can. But since I have decided that she won't get my prick in her pussy until she has repaid her loan, I ignore her pleas for a good hard fucking. Instead, when I think she cannot stand any more tension, I quickly jerk off all over her face and then untie her and send her home.

By the way, as a result of our sessions, Cathy is repaying her loan faster than I had expected!—*A.B., Boston, Mass.*

Get your pop rocks off

My seven-year-old nephew turned me on to some new candy not long ago. It's called "Pop Rocks," and it comes in Kool-Aid-coated envelopes. It's a coarse powder in several flavors.

The instant the powder touches your mouth, the candy starts crackling, like fireworks on the Fourth of July. This new find has literally gotten many of my friends off! Knowing me to be an aficionado of oral sex, a friend jokingly suggested another use for this novel candy. Always willing to try anything new, I decided to try it on my next date, who is a sexy songwriter and bears a strong resemblance to John Holmes from the waist down.

We were at my apartment, and I had just given his delicious body a tongue bath, omitting to touch his gorgeous prick. I excused myself for a minute and returned to my unsuspecting lover with a mouthful of grape pop rocks. I took his cock into my mouth, and my saliva started the pop rocks working. I thought that he would come unglued! The pop rocks gave him undreamed-of sensations. My mouth was acting as a vibrating bed of pleasure for him.

I'd suggest pop rocks as an imaginative way to please your female or male lovers alike.

My boyfriend is going to try using them on me tonight, and I'm hoping my orgasm will be like bombs bursting in air. I think most of the buyers of pop rocks in this city are adults—turned on to them by word of mouth. No pun intended!—*M.B., Salinas, Calif.*

Saturday night fever

I'd like to relate an experience your readers might be interested in. My three buddies and I get together regularly for camping trips. Frank, Larry, Paul, and I go away most weekends to hunt and fish in the mountains. One Saturday night, not having much luck with the fish, we sat around a big camp fire, all getting stoned on some dynamite Colombian. Our usual poker game pro-

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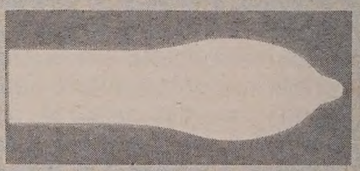

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By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism,* you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism.* There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism.*

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more.*

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Silverman Research, Dept. P-1078
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more.*

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

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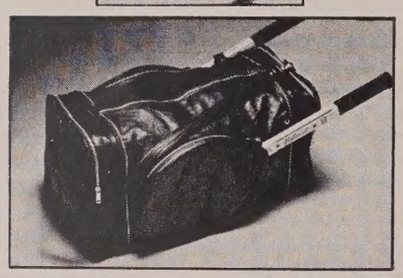


YOU'LL HAVE A BALL WITH THIS EXPANDABLE BAG.

You'll also have a few rackets on the side. Because this weekend bag unzips and expands into a tennis bag. It comes in Black, Brown, Rust & Tan. Looks like real leather. Dimensions: closed—5"x11"x12" open—23"x11"x12"

To order: send check or money order for $35 plus $2.00 p. & h. or charge to AE, MC or VISA (include signature, expiration date and account number plus interbank # for MC). Mail to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

ceeded for a while until someone suggested that we make it a game of strip poker. All of our heads were three miles up anyway; so it was agreed that the player would take off an article of clothing each time he lost. Frank was never a good player anyway, and he was the first to go—his naked and tanned body was there for all of us to see. Larry had stripped, he suggested that the others join them *au naturel*. Being both stoned and horny and not knowing what to expect, we agreed. Frank mentioned to Larry how well hung he was, and we all had to agree. I didn't have a tape measure, but it was the biggest, fattest, and thickest cock I'd seen. (Having been in the air force for four years, I'd seen and compared a few guys before; I think everyone secretly does.)

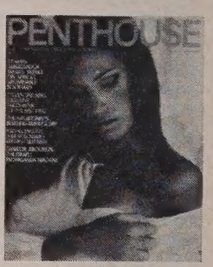
Larry jokingly asked Frank if he'd like to suck on it for a while and leaned back invitingly in the moonlight. Frank hesitated and then crawled over and started fondling the large cock, pulling back the foreskin to expose an enormous head. He stroked Larry slowly back and forth, and both his and Larry's cocks began to enlarge and expand until both were jutting straight out, Larry's having a slight upward curve to it. Then Frank reached down and pulled the huge knot into his mouth, rolling his tongue around it and bringing moans of ecstasy from Larry. Paul and I could only watch as Frank took as much of Larry into his mouth as he could, with his head bobbing up and down on the thick shaft. By now he had moved around so that his cock dangled above Larry's head. Immediately Larry gobbled the member into his mouth, his hands caressing the hanging sac and fondling the swollen balls. It wasn't long before both of them were jerking and crying out, as you could see the cocks of both muscular men jerking wildly. Frank's face contorted as his lips gripped tightly around the glans, and he was soon gulping down Larry's hot sperm. Frank wasn't long in coming himself.

By this time, you'd have to be a mongoloid not to get turned on, and Paul and I were busy fondling each other's cock. Paul said to me in a husky voice to get on my knees, and I was strangely excited by the thought. As I crouched on all fours, I felt the hot and sweaty shaft of his penis slowly climb my leg, until the huge head was right against my ass. He pushed slowly against my puckered anus. Luckily, he had lubricated himself, but it was still slow and painful while he made his entrance into me, all the time stroking my rock-hard joint for all it was worth. Soon he was pumping in and out with vigorous abandon, his meaty balls slapping my hairy ass with a sound that seemed to carry forever.

I was beside myself with joy, now knowing what women felt like when I had entered their dark caverns in the past. I reached behind to feel the huge, thick pole enter me and grabbed a handful of his balls, squeezing them tightly. I felt his strokes come quicker, and as my rectum seemed to tighten, I felt a load of hot come explode

catch up with PENTHOUSE

JANUARY 78



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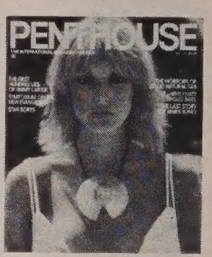

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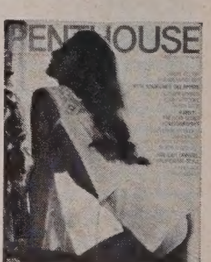

AUGUST 78

Per-issue prices are: $1.50 through August 1977; $2.50 for December 1977 and January 1978; $2.00 for all other issues. Please include $.50 for each copy ordered to cover postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:
PENTHOUSE Back-Issue Dept.
21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

inside me. I myself reached orgasm from Paul's deft handjob. We both collapsed, as Frank and Larry looked on. Later on we switched off, with me enjoying Larry and Paul having Frank. This was a few weeks ago, and ever since we've found it best not to miss another trip, because even if our poles are unsuccessful in one place, they sure come through later on! Try it yourselves. You might be surprised. I know I was.—*R.M., Tucson, Ariz.*

I found it at the movies

I would like to tell you about an incident that happened to me last weekend. I'm a fairly good-looking black guy who likes blondes. I went to see an X-rated movie. While I was watching the movies, a nice-looking blonde sat down next to me. On the screen in front of us the couple was in a sixty-nine position. The man had his tongue on the girl's pussy while she got almost all of his nine inches down her throat. While this was going on, the girl next to me was getting turned on. She was squirming in her chair. I reached over and rubbed between her legs. She was soaking wet down there; so I started to massage her cunt. Then she opened her legs and started to unzip my pants. My dick, rock hard, is ten and a half inches. She started jerking it, and soon I was finger-fucking her.

On the screen the lady and man assumed a doggy-style position. His cock was all the way in her, and her head was going back and forth. At about this time, my girl reached a climax. I could feel her juices. A few seconds later I shot my load; it got on her hand. She took it and licked it off. I asked her if she wanted to go to my apartment, and she accepted.

When we got there, we went straight to the bedroom, where we got into a wild sixty-nine. After about fifteen minutes of foreplay, she mounted my dick, and while I sucked her tits, she rode up and down. I shot my come into her, and she screamed, "Fuck me with this big, black dick. Fuck me!" Soon she reached her climax, and then I rolled her over and ate her pussy out, like it was my first. Soon my dick was rock hard again, and she wanted it in the ass. I then slipped it up her tight hole. Did I pump away at that ass! She was loving every stroke I put in her. She was screaming with pleasure, and we reached a climax together. After I pulled out, we fell asleep. The next morning she was gone but left her number. We're going to have more nights like that to come.—*Name and address withheld*

It's the real thing

I have a cousin, whom I'll call "A." My story starts back a few years ago. I was getting very interested in sex and pictures of nude girls. (We were both in our mid-teens.) I was really into masturbating while looking at a picture of a beautiful cunt. A friend showed me pictures of a couple performing all kinds of sex acts, including oral sex. I was really fascinated seeing a tongue disappear inside a juicy cunt or ass hole.

That's when I got this idea: instead of

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And that's something you'll both find very stimulating.

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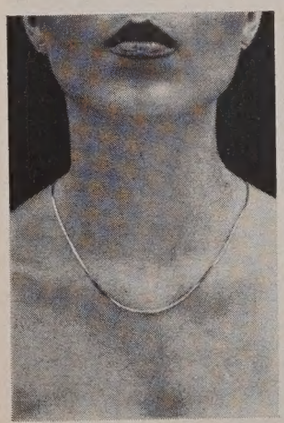

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having a picture of an ass hole or cunt, why not have the real thing open in front of me while I jerked off?

"A" happened to be staying over at my house; so the next morning I took her into the bathroom and had her lift up her nightgown. I then wiped her between her legs with a warm washcloth. She asked what I was doing. I told her I was going to lick her. We went back to my room. "A" lifted up her gown to her waist and lay back on my bed with her legs wide open. I knelt down, my face only inches from a really beautiful sight, and I placed my mouth on her cunt, spreading her lips with my lips, inserting my tongue, tasting her delicious juices. It was far greater than looking at a picture of a cunt! Needless to say, it didn't take me long to reach orgasm while I was masturbating in that position.

Since then we have set up a deal where I have to work for what we call a "licking session." I will take "A" for a piggyback ride (with my finger up her asshole) and other similar things, and she in turn will allow me to lick her. "A" will kneel in a chair with her pants down. She will bend over, lifting her fantastically shaped ass in the air, spreading her cheeks with her hands, allowing me to lick as much of her cunt and ass hole as I can reach.

We've done it so many ways and so many times that I've long since lost count. Sometimes I'll lie on my back with my legs up and spread. "A" will lick my balls while I jerk off. She likes that, especially because this way she can see the "white stuff" come spurting out of my dick. It's only been recently that I've been trying to teach her how to give a really fantastic blowjob, explaining to her techniques that other girls have used on me. She's doing very well deep-throating me, and I especially like it when she brings me to climax, because she'll pull it out of her mouth to allow me to shoot my load all over her face before returning it to her warm wet mouth. But of course, when necessary, she'll swallow every drop, such as when we're driving or on a bus, at a museum, or at other places where you wouldn't want to walk around with droplets of come on your clothing.

Let me tell about some of our licking sessions. We go to my room to watch television. I lie on my back, head toward the set. She removes her pants and squats over my face, spreading her cunt lips, and I slip my stiff tongue inside her. I lie there, lapping at her cunt while she watches the show, every once in a while looking down and smiling at me, lifting her cunt up a few inches so that I can see what I was tasting.

Thanks, "A," for the privilege of masturbating in front of you, on your face and body and inside your mouth, while I took a real, live cunt instead of just a picture. Your cunt is the sweetest ever. And, *Penthouse*, your magazine is the greatest.—*Name and address withheld*

Generous spirits

My wife, Rina, and I have been married five years now, and we have a great sex life.

Reading magazines like *Forum* and *Penthouse* gave us ideas about how to make it even better. however. Recently, we decided that it would be a big turn-on if one of us had sex with someone else while the other was present. My wife told me that at the office there were a couple of guys who had hinted that they had the hots for her. One guy was her boss; the other is a technical rep, Dave. We decided on the latter.

I work midnights; so on my day off, Dave and Rina went for drinks and came home to our place quite loaded. It was summer and pretty hot out, and all the windows were open, affording an excellent view. I watched and listened outside as Rina questioned Dave about fantasies, group sex, lesbianism, and the like. It seemed to me that he didn't want to commit himself. He then pulled her gently onto the couch and began stroking her hair. I watched as he unbuttoned her blouse and laid her down on the couch. His mouth was on hers, and he slowly licked his way down to her nipples, which looked hard and wrinkled.

The two of them were in a frenzy. His pubic area was grinding into her cunt, even though she had pants on and he was still fully clothed. Then my wife just put her arms around him and held tight, and about one minute later he got up, kissed her good night, and left. I continued to watch my wife and found myself pulling my cock out. I masturbated to the sight of my beautiful wife getting ready for bed, and I came twice. Then I went to her, and we fucked our brains out. She later told me that her visitor had gotten so horny that he came right in his pants while he was lying on top of her. He had felt so ashamed that he left.

Then one day, a few weeks later, we were playing strip poker with some friends. Before I knew it, we were all on our waterbed, this other guy, Bob and I on our backs, his wife guiding my cock into her wet cunt and my wife placing her first uncircumcised cock into her sopping cunt. Then Bob's wife reached over and started playing with his nipples, and he in turn reached down and felt my cock deep inside her. I looked down and Rina's fingers were moving expertly over this girl's clit. Seeing all this drove me wild, and Rina knew it. So she switched places with her counterpart, and we fucked until I came three times. She told me that she lost count at nine.

Another time my wife made it with another male admirer, then came home and turned me on by telling me every detail. They had done it in his parked car. The first thing he did was to put his arms around her, kiss her, and touch her bush and clit with his hand. When he arched her back and pulled her dress over her head, he moved his face down to her cunt and licked away like a kitten lapping at its first saucer of milk. He plunged his middle finger deep inside her, and Rina cupped her breasts and was squeezing her nipples and moaning like hell. After a while he had to come up for air and told her he was awfully hot. She then unzipped his fly and helped him slide his pants down, where she found a cock that,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
IF YOU TAKE A LOOK AT LAST MONTH'S PENTHOUSE, YOU'LL SEE THAT WE LEFT HOMER SAPIENS PEGGED OUT IN THE DESERT (A FATE BROUGHT ABOUT BY INDULGING HIS DEVIATIONS WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY!) AND WITH AN ULTIMATUM HANGING OVER HIS HEAD.....
FIND SOME WAY TO GET MY MONEY BACK — OR ITS "GOODBYE, HOMER SAPIENS!"
WELL, YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOMETHING.....
THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, SAPIENS — OR ITS BACK TO BUZZARD BAIT FOR YOU!
LOVE YOUR TAN, HOMER BABY — IS IT LIKE THAT ALL OVER?
YOUR FRAILTY APPEALS TO ME! I'D LIKE TO THROW YOU OVER MY SHOULDER AND CARRY YOU OFF TO SOME CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS!
THIS GREAT CULTURAL CONTRIBUTION TO 20TH CENTURY ART IS BY FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

IF YOU'LL JUST PUT ON THESE SPECTACLES AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PLAYING CARD?
THEY'D BETTER SUIT ME!
HOMER - YOU'RE NAKED!
YOUR BATHROBE! I CAN'T SEE YOUR BATHROBE!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT? SOME NEW AND KINKY WAY OF EXPOSING YOURSELF!
THE CARD, MOSTRESS! LOOK AT THE CARD!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I CAN SEE THROUGH THE CARD!
YES, MOSTRESS - THE LENSES PENETRATE MOST PAPER, LINEN AND PLASTIC FABRICS!
IT'S A PROCESS I STUMBLED ON WHILE ENGAGED ON A RESEARCH PROJECT FOR A CERTAIN WELL KNOWN EUROPEAN VOYEUR.....
SPARE ME THE SORDID DETAILS!
CONCENTRATE ON THE CARDS!
THE DYES USED TO NUMBER THE CARD AND DENOTE SUIT REMAIN VISIBLE. I CAN ACHIEVE THE SAME EFFECT WITH CONTACT LENSES!
SAPIENS - VAST NEW HORIZONS ARE OPENING UP BEFORE ME!
YOU REALIZE THAT IN THE WRONG HANDS THIS COULD BE PUT TO CRIMINAL USE?

OF COURSE, MOSTRESS— BUT IN THE WESTERN WORLD ANYTHING DONE IN THE NAME OF BUSINESS AND THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH IS CONSIDERED HIGHLY RESPECTABLE!
VERY INTERESTING! THAT'S A VERY WELL UPHOLSTERED GUY DOWN THERE!
LEMME SEE, BOO'FUL— LEMME SEE!
YOU'RE ON THE UP AGAIN, HOMER BABY!

OOOH, GRUDDY — WHAT BIG ....YOU'VE GOT!
EKE!

WANDA BRIEFS HER PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS....
I DO THINK YOU'RE BRAVE, BOO'FUL— APPEARING IN PENTHOUSE IN THAT GET UP!
THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS, PUSSCAKE!
YOU LOOK GREAT, MEN! YOU'D PASS UNNOTICED AT A PRESIDENTIAL GARDEN PARTY!
WE MUST LOOK AS INCONSPICUOUS AND INNOCENT AS POSSIBLE...
THIS SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA DO MUCH FOR MY IMAGE!

...BUT I WANT ALL THOSE CASINO BANKS BUSTED BY MIDNIGHT!
NOW, YOU'VE ALL BEEN FITTED WITH YOUR CONTACT LENSES.....
....SO KEEP YOUR EYES TO THE GROUND WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE —AND DON'T GET SIDE-TRACKED!

MY HUSBAND, WHO OWNS SEVERAL GAS STATIONS BACK IN LI'L OLE SHIKELLAMY, PENN. — SAYS TO ME, DOLL, HE SAYS....
...JUST YOU SHOOT OFF DOWN TO VEGAS AND ENJOY YOURSELF!
ONLY TROUBLE IS— I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME! DOES IT MATTER?
WOMEN OF THE WORLD—OUR DAY OF TOTAL CONQUEST GROWS EVER CLOSER!
NO PROBLEM, LADY —WE'LL BE PLEASED TO TEACH YOU AS WE GO ALONG!
IT ISN'T A QUESTION OF EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN — THEY ARE SUPERIOR! IF MAN HAD ANY SENSE HE'D ACKNOWLEDGE IT WITHOUT ANY STRUGGLE AND SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SUBSERVIENT ROLE!
SOB
IT'S A JOLLY GOOD GAME, ISN'T IT? I LIKE IT BETTER THAN MONOPOLY!
20 YEARS I'VE BEEN DEALIN'— AN' WHAT I'VE SEEN TONIGHT JUST AIN'T POSSIBLE!
SIMULTANEOUSLY, ALL OVER THE CITY, THE CASINOS ARE CLEANED OUT BY WANDA AND THE PUSS COMMANDOS.....
YOU NEVER CAN TELL THESE DAYS.....
LITTLE WOMEN
...SHE SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BIG TIME GAMBLER!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY! THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT ALL OVER THE CITY!
HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE PHONE— SAYS HER NAME'S VON KREESUS!
BUST! CLEANED OUT! IT'S LIKE SOMEONE CRACKED FORT KNOX!
I'M GONNA KILL MYSELF!
HOW DID THEY DO IT?
SHE SAYS—DO WE WANNA GET OUR MONEY BACK?

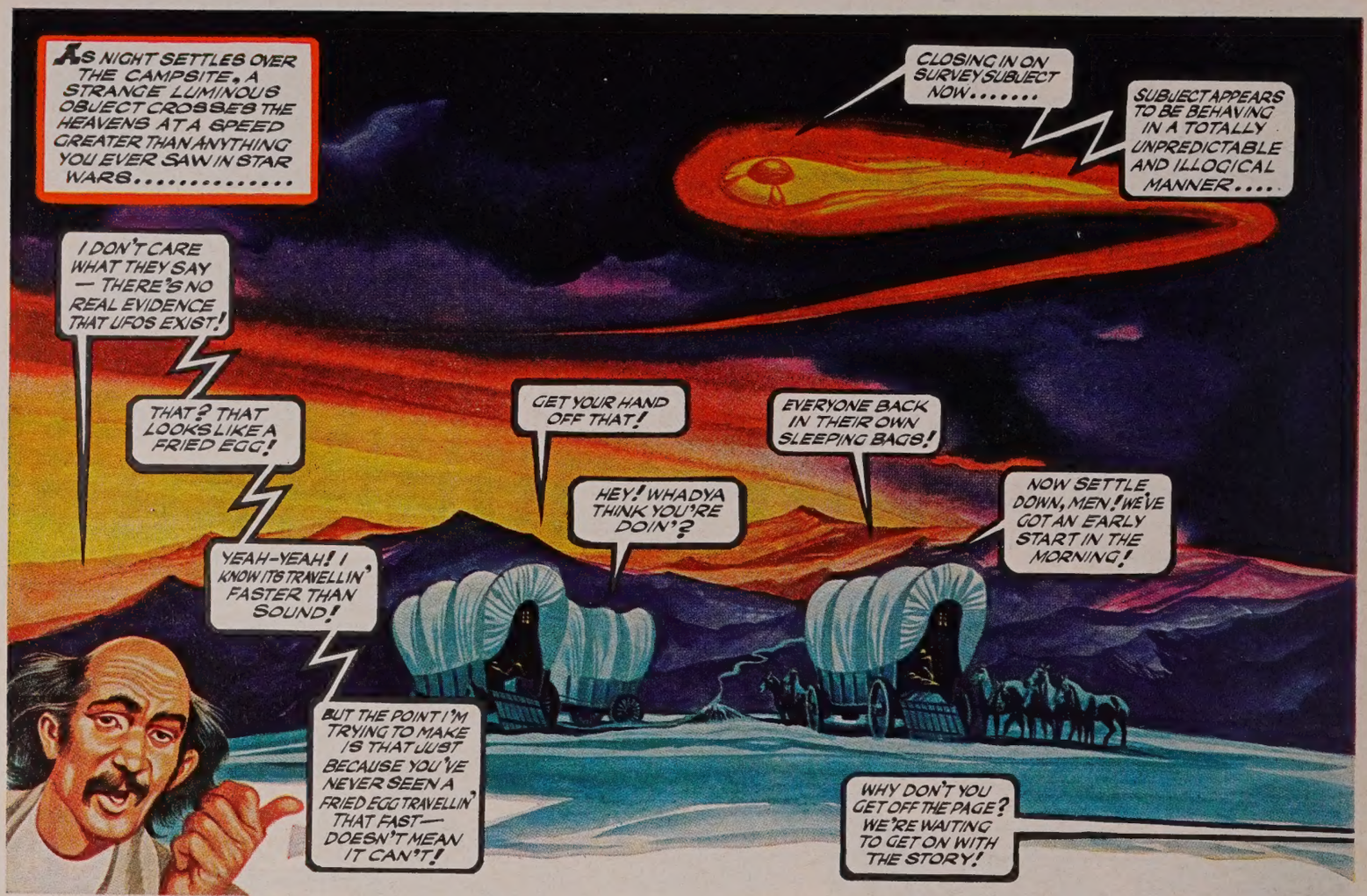
CAN'T I EVEN KEEP THE BUBBLE GUM CONCESSION?
IT'S ONLY MONEY, CHARLEY!
ONLY MONEY! ARE YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND?
IT WAS HIS WHOLE LIFE—COUNTING THAT MONEY EVERY NIGHT!
THERE NEEDN'T BE ANY PUBLICITY, GENTLEMEN—WE DON'T WANT TO AGGRAVATE THE ECONOMIC CRISIS....
...AND I CAN ASSURE YOU—YOU'LL FIND ME A VERY GOOD NATURED EMPLOYER!
WE MUST MAKE A FEW MODEST ADJUSTMENTS TO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CASINOS...
ANYONE WITH A TAIL LIKE THAT CAN'T BE ALL BAD!

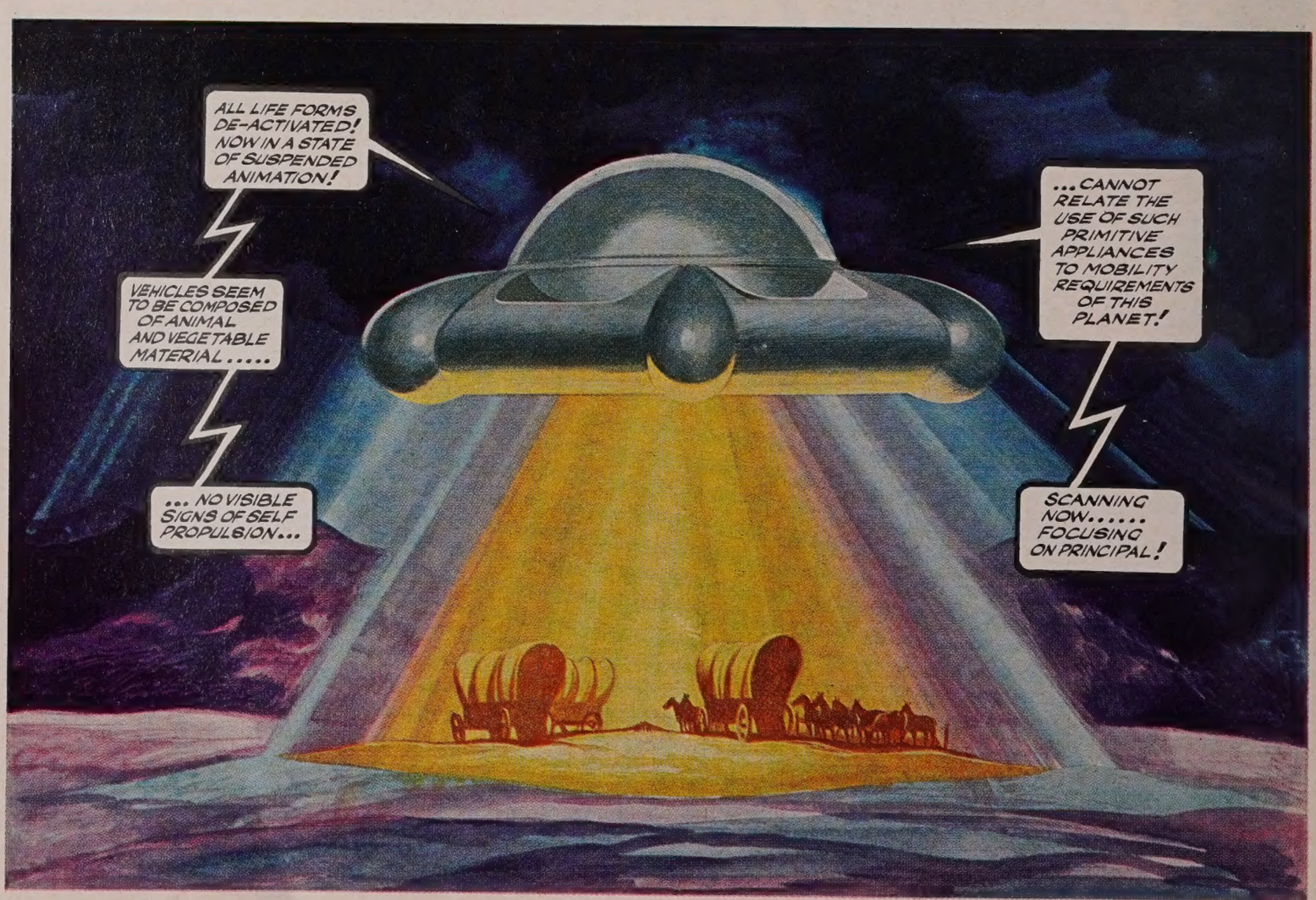
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, FELLERS—NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN LAS VEGAS, TAKE A LOOK AT THE LIGHTS!
VON K BURLESQUE SHOW
CASINO
Topless Poker
VONK'S
Last chan Saloon
SEX
VON K's Lucky
Horses
COSH, BOO'FUL—WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO OWN A WHOLE CITY?
THE CITY TODAY—THE COUNTRY TOMORROW!
BUT ENOUGH OF MY AMBITIONS! ARE YOU STILL WEARING YOUR CONTACT LENSES?
TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUY OVER THERE!
AS IF I WOULD, BOO'FUL!
WHICH ONE?
YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT GIRLS LIKE THAT, ARTIE BABY! GIRLS LIKE THAT DON'T KNOW HOW TO FRY CRISP HASH BROWNS OR MAKE YOUR FAVOURITE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!
AW GEE, MA! THERE'S GOTTA BE MORE TO LIFE THAN HASH BROWNS AND SHORTCAKE!

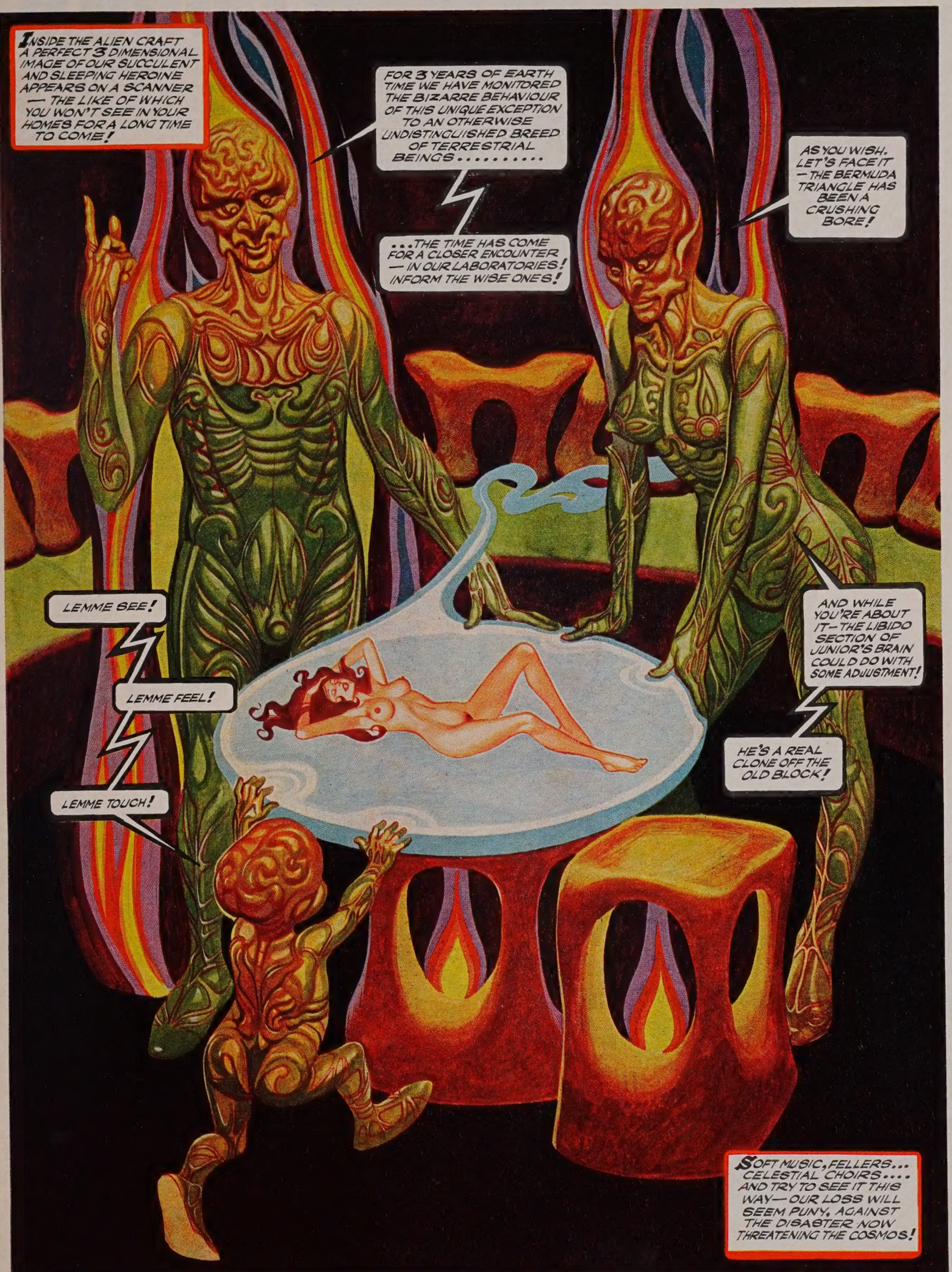
OKAY— SO THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT QUITE WELL.....
...BUT THAT'S NO REASON FOR COMPLACENCY!

TOMORROW AT DAWN WE'RE TAKING TO THE WIDE OPEN SPACES FOR A TRAINING EXERCISE.....
....YOUR MINDS ARE GOING TO BE NEEDLE-SHARP AND YOUR BODIES LIKE WHIP-CORD!
NO EXCEPTIONS — SAPIENS AND GRUD!
PHYSICAL EXERCISE! ITS ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SELL OUT TO THE RUSSIANS!

SADO MASOCHISM IS NO FUN WHEN ITS NOT ON YOUR OWN TERMS!
I'M GONNA LOOK FOR A NEW COMIC STRIP!
I MEAN—WHAT THE HELL'S AN ALBANIAN JAILER DOIN' IN THE WILD WEST?
COME ON, YOU BUNCH OF DUDES! WE'LL BE MAKING CAMP SOON!


AS NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE CAMPSITE, A STRANGE LUMINOUS OBJECT CROSSES THE HEAVENS AT A SPEED GREATER THAN ANYTHING YOU EVER SAW IN STAR WARS.....
CLOSING IN ON SURVEY SUBJECT NOW.....
SUBJECT APPEARS TO BE BEHAVING IN A TOTALLY UNPREDICTABLE AND ILLOGICAL MANNER.....
I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY — THERE'S NO REAL EVIDENCE THAT UFOS EXIST!
THAT? THAT LOOKS LIKE A FRIED EGG!
YEAH-YEAH! I KNOW IT'S TRAVELLIN' FASTER THAN SOUND!
BUT THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE IS THAT JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A FRIED EGG TRAVELLIN' THAT FAST— DOESN'T MEAN IT CAN'T!
GET YOUR HAND OFF THAT!
HEY! WHADYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?
EVERYONE BACK IN THEIR OWN SLEEPING BAGS!
NOW SETTLE DOWN, MEN! WE'VE GOT AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!
WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF THE PAGE? WE'RE WAITING TO GET ON WITH THE STORY!


ALL LIFE FORMS DE-ACTIVATED! NOW IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!
VEHICLES SEEM TO BE COMPOSED OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE MATERIAL.....
... NO VISIBLE SIGNS OF SELF PROPULSION...
...CANNOT RELATE THE USE OF SUCH PRIMITIVE APPLIANCES TO MOBILITY REQUIREMENTS OF THIS PLANET!
SCANNING NOW..... FOCUSING ON PRINCIPAL!


INSIDE THE ALIEN CRAFT A PERFECT 3 DIMENSIONAL IMAGE OF OUR SUCCULENT AND SLEEPING HEROINE APPEARS ON A SCANNER — THE LIKE OF WHICH YOU WON'T SEE IN YOUR HOMES FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
FOR 3 YEARS OF EARTH TIME WE HAVE MONITORED THE BIZARRE BEHAVIOUR OF THIS UNIQUE EXCEPTION TO AN OTHERWISE UNDISTINGUISHED BREED OF TERRESTRIAL BEINGS.....
...THE TIME HAS COME FOR A CLOSER ENCOUNTER — IN OUR LABORATORIES! INFORM THE WISE ONES!
AS YOU WISH. LET'S FACE IT — THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE HAS BEEN A CRUSHING BORE!
LEMME SEE!
LEMME FEEL!
LEMME TOUCH!
AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT — THE LIBIDO SECTION OF JUNIOR'S BRAIN COULD DO WITH SOME ADJUSTMENT!
HE'S A REAL CLONE OFF THE OLD BLOCK!
SOFT MUSIC, FELLERS... CELESTIAL CHOIRS.... AND TRY TO SEE IT THIS WAY — OUR LOSS WILL SEEM PUNY, AGAINST THE DISASTER NOW THREATENING THE COSMOS!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 199

she said, was about half as big as mine. With her left hand she jerked his foreskin back and forth, and her right hand went to her bush and found my little friend. She then asked him if he'd ever watched a girl masturbate, and his eyes got as big as two silver dollars. He uttered a quick negative grunt, and then I guessed that he didn't want his come all over his new car; so he slowed her down and just played a little more and then drove her back home. In the next two days we fucked at least twenty times with her relating the story 50 percent of the time, which drove us both over the brink of ecstasy. When we weren't in bed, we discussed the idea of her giving him the fuck of his life. I have a feeling he'll go along with the idea.—*J.B., New Orleans, La.*

Rub-a-dub-dub

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon, and my girl friend and I decided to take a bath, a common practice. But, on this particular afternoon, I was feeling especially erotic and decided to change our regular bath into a candlelight fantasy. I scurried upstairs and filled up the huge slope-back, claw-footed tub, added scented oils and bubble bath, and set up a table with a sponge, soap, pot, and wine. My girl friend entered the bathroom and was obviously amazed at my romantic setting. Dropping her bathrobe, she slipped into the tub, her skin shining like gold in the soft candlelight.

We played a game of backgammon while we enjoyed a few tokes and some wine. When I won, she tossed a sponge full of water on me. I playfully splashed her back, and the next thing I knew I was soaping her lovingly from head to toe. I began gently, bypassing her genital area, teasing her to a point of ecstasy! Then, as I ran my hand softly up the inside of her thigh, she quivered and arched her pelvis up out of the water. I responded by squeezing warm water from the sponge between her legs and then running the tip of my tongue first between her legs and then around her hardened clitoris.

I was about to spread her lips when suddenly she swung both legs over the side of the tub. I started nibbling at her toes and worked my way up the inside of her leg, back to her pussy. By this time, she had worked her way right out of the water and had her hands on one side of the tub, arching her pelvis across the other side. I thrust my throbbing cock into her soft, wet pussy, using long, drawn-out strokes until I was at the peak of an orgasm. Suddenly, she jumped off the tub onto me, wrapping her luscious legs around my waist and knocking me backward onto the toilet seat. I never realized how strong I was. I stood up and was actually holding her in my arms, pumping her up and down on my swollen cock until we both collapsed on the floor in a terrific orgasm. Wow! After a brief rest we moved into a sixty-nine and experimented

with different positions around the toilet. After exhausting our needs doggy-style, we curled up in each other's arms on the soft, brown rug and finished our wine. Later we both slipped into the tub for a quick wash. Men, try surprising your lady friends this way some day. It will work miracles for your love affair or marriage.—*Name and address withheld*

The great pretender

Lately, my boyfriend, Steve, has been bringing home your magazine. He started me reading the "Forum" section, and the more I read, the more turned on I got. This finally led us to trying some different methods of making love that I never thought I'd experience. I was reading away one night when I had an idea. I jumped out of bed, left the room, and came back in wearing a short halter dress, low-riding panties, and high heels. I told him that we were going to pretend, and that he was to play along.

First, I asked him how much he had paid for me and my time. He answered me, and we fell right into our playing roles. He told me he was the type of customer who enjoyed some slightly kinky things. I was delighted that he had taken our play so seriously. I was so turned on by it that I agreed to my customer's whims. Steve lifted my dress up and forcefully tore my panties off; I assured him I felt no pain and asked him to continue. My time was his. He kissed my thighs gently and then worked his way toward my dripping slit. I played evasive in order to entice him more.

Steve grabbed me and threw me on the bed and called me his little whore. He said all he wanted was my hot pussy to put his tongue into. He tied my hands to the bedpost and my feet to the headboard. He removed the rest of his clothes and proceeded to lick and tantalize my clit. His beautiful cock had grown to an enormous eight inches, and it was aching. He said he'd paid enough money for me that I'd have to suck him before he felt satisfied. So he lifted his hips up into the air and placed his cock in my mouth. I sucked and licked his anxious head and tasted a few drops of love on my tongue. I knew my little fantasy was working when he told me he couldn't stand it any more and sat back to slip his love muscle into my hot, dripping pussy. He threatened me, saying that I had better satisfy him or he would not give in to my pleas.

I began to resist him, crying out that I wouldn't let him fuck me at all. It was such a turn-on for him that he began to thrust hard into my cunt while he stared at me with wild intentions.

All the while I was thrashing to get loose. Soon I felt him ready to let loose. I began to rotate my hips, and it finally built up and brought us both to a roaring climax. I knew it had been good when I felt him collapse on top of me. We both came so violently that neither of us could breathe. So, satisfied and happy, we fell asleep in each other's arms but not until he told me that he felt very good and that I could play his

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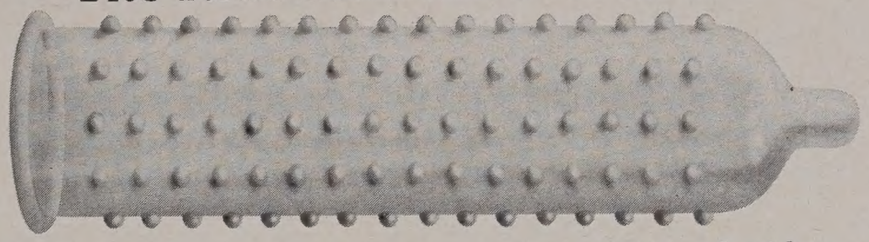

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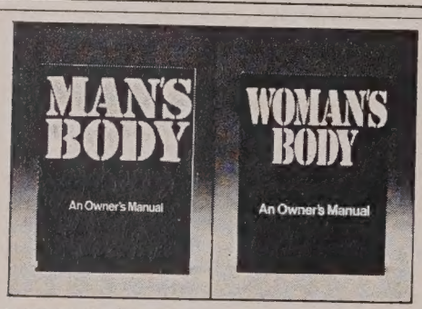

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I wouldn't trade my Steve in for anything, but now there's an extra to add to our sex lives. I think a lot of it came from *Penthouse*. Thanks to you and to my stud!—*V.P., Omaha, Nebr.*

Muscle madness

Wrestling has always been a turn-on for me. Back when I was ten, a friend and I would strip down to our briefs and proceed to grunt and groan. It wasn't too many bouts before I began getting erections from just thinking about applying a hold or being punished. Often I would apply a hold so that my cock was up against bare skin. I'd masturbate in private after a bout, because I didn't have guts enough to do something hot with my buddy. Boy! Was I naive, because, as I recall, my friend would bump me from time to time during a match, but since I didn't react, neither did he.

A few years later I moved away from my wrestling buddy. I'd still wrestle other guys from time to time, however—sometimes even in the dark, where I'd allow myself to get trapped in a leg scissors. I'd nudge the guy's ass or balls with my nose, and the musky scent would drive me wild. Since he couldn't see what I was doing, I'd reach my cock and masturbate inside my briefs. They were sweat stained; so he was no wiser about the sperm stains.

Still, I had no luck in fulfilling what was becoming sexual wrestling matches in my fantasies until one weekend when a friend stayed overnight with me. I'd always been attracted to Gordon, because he had a super body. I had fantasized about wrestling him many times, but when I saw him shaving in the nude I couldn't resist taking him down. I knew Gordon was an athlete, but I never knew he could wrestle. With his strong hands and arms he broke my full nelson. In doing so, he made me fall to my knees. Gordon quickly dropped to the floor, wrapping his legs around my stomach in a brutalizing frontal body scissors.

He did a wrestler's bridge with his neck, which caused his abdominal muscles to ripple. God, was his body beautiful! The sweat dripping off his body and the muscles in his thighs bulging as he applied pressure was driving me crazy with excitement. I could see that his cock was getting hard. It immediately went completely erect. He quickly looked at me, and before we both could think, my cock was between his firm buns and my hands were stroking him. We both came at the same time in one glorious muscular spasm. For the next several hours we wrestled and made love. We forgot which was which, but it brought new meaning to the saying "Wrestlers know the best holds."

I'm now much older, married, and have three kids. Sometimes when I'm having a little trouble getting it on with the old lady, I just remember Gordon's glorious thighs and rippling abdominal muscles, and I go wild. What my wife doesn't know won't hurt her. She thinks I've discovered the fountain of youth.—*Name and address withheld*

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Learning fast

I'm an eighteen-year-old guy, slim and said to be good-looking. I was always popular in school, but for some reason I had never made it with anyone, although I had always been strongly attracted to both exceptionally beautiful girls and handsome, stud-type guys. Well, one day that all changed.

I was in the music department of a store, checking out the albums, when I felt as if someone were staring at me. I looked up, and about fifteen feet away was this great-looking guy. He was about twenty-four years old and very well dressed. The next thing I knew, he was standing right next to me. I took a quick, nervous glance at him and could tell that he was a real stud. His blond hair was perfectly styled, and his satin shirt was unbuttoned halfway down, exposing his downy-haired chest. He pulled an album from the rack and asked me if I had heard it before. I said I hadn't. He then asked me if I would like to listen to it with him and his girl friend. As I stumbled for words, I noticed that he was staring at my crotch, and he himself had a huge bulge in his very tight pants. Without even thinking, I said, "Sure, why not?" He paid for the album and said, "Great. Let's go."

On the way to his apartment he explained that his name was Dave and that his girl friend's favorite fantasy was to watch him make it with another guy. He said it was something that he always fantasized about, too, and he asked if I was game. Although I was very nervous, I agreed and told him that it was also my fantasy.

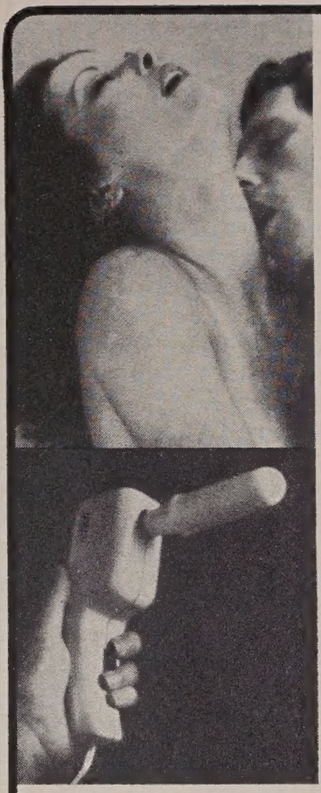
At his place, his girl, Trisha, greeted us in a T-shirt and a pair of shorts so tight that her crack was plainly visible. She was very pretty, with blonde hair and a great body. Between looking at her gorgeous body and Dave's bulging crotch, I was really getting horny and my crotch was also bulging and throbbing.

We sat down and talked while we looked at some terrific pictures. Then Trish put one hand on my crotch and one on Dave's and said, "I think you're a little cramped. Why don't you go in the bedroom and relax and get to know each other better?"

We did, and Trish sat down in a lounge chair with a vibrator in hand. I was very nervous and didn't really know what to do, but Dave very calmly said, "Let's fuck."

That was it! We both stripped and jumped on the bed. Dave had a terrific body and an eight-inch cock, which was hard and throbbing. He lay down on his back and told me to straddle his stomach and suck him while he licked and sucked my straining cock and balls. I shot off within seconds all over his chest, and he came immediately afterward, filling my mouth with a huge wad of his great come. We then licked and tongued each other from head to toe and were both hard within seconds.

This time he had me sit on his chest while he sucked me off and ran his fingers up my ass. I came as I never had before, grinding my pulsating cock in his mouth. I then rolled off, exhausted. He began massaging and licking my aching prick, and in no



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time I was hard and ready. I rolled over on him and we tongued each other while we ground our cocks against each other. We both exploded and then licked each other clean, and then we heard Trish moan as she furiously jerked her vibrator in and out of her beautiful, dripping cunt. She nearly passed out, but when she quit coming, she jumped into bed with us. We'd been jerking each other off while we watched her; so she finished us both off, slurping down every drop of come.

After a rest, we decided to try something different. Trish got on all fours, and I shoved my prick into her tight little ass. Dave then put his cock up my ass. It took a little time and patience to get our rhythm right, but when we did, it was out of this world. We all came in a mind-shattering explosion and then dropped in exhaustion.

I'm looking forward to more experiences with Trish and Dave, but none could ever top the first.—*Name and address withheld*

Healthy instincts

It is quite reassuring as well as a great turn-on to read more and more letters from other women readers of *Penthouse*. Because I've felt in the past somewhat unusual as a devoted fan of a "men's" magazine, it's gratifying to know that I am hardly alone in using *Penthouse* to enhance and develop my erotic life.

For the last eight years your pictorials, stories, and letters have been a vital part of my expanding sexual experience. When I first discovered sex at fifteen, I also discovered *Penthouse* and began to enrich both my fantasies and my real-life sensuality through your pages. All the various features of your magazine have helped me realize that the world of sex is full of infinite possibilities and that I need not feel ashamed for wanting to try to live out my most outrageous sexual fantasies, many of which have been inspired by your bold, arousing photos, daring articles, and revealing letters.

In high school I was into looking at and touching my own body well before I had sex with boys. I often modeled myself after the women in your layouts and, through exploring myself and masturbating frequently, gained a great deal of confidence about my sexuality. I found that when I began petting and making love with my boy friends, my own self-assurance about my attractiveness and my needs made the boys both more at ease and more excited with my naked body.

Your pictorials of women together made me feel more at ease with my otherwise "unnatural" attraction to the pretty and physically budding girls I went to school with. I realized that I didn't have to feel guilty about getting turned on in the showers when I watched my classmates soaping up their ripe young bodies, the water streaming down over their firm breasts, through the freshly sprouting pubic hair, and down their glistening thighs. Sometimes I'd get so aroused in the drying room by the sight of so many taut nipples and

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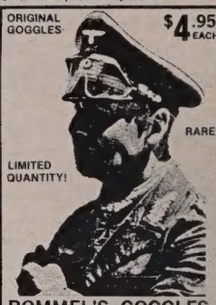

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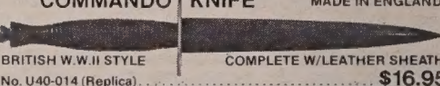

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pink, bouncing buttocks that I'd have to masturbate in the bathroom before going to my next class.

The summer after graduation I shared my *Penthouse* collection and my secret desires with my best friend. We spent several evenings getting high and turned on as we savored the magazines together, and for the rest of the summer we experimented with different ways of satisfying each other. From the first time I touched her soft breasts, felt her nipples hardening between my fingers, tasted the bitter-sweet juices of her vagina, and felt the delightful sensations of being probed by her hands and tongue, my appetite for all the varieties of sex was tantalized beyond all conventional limits.

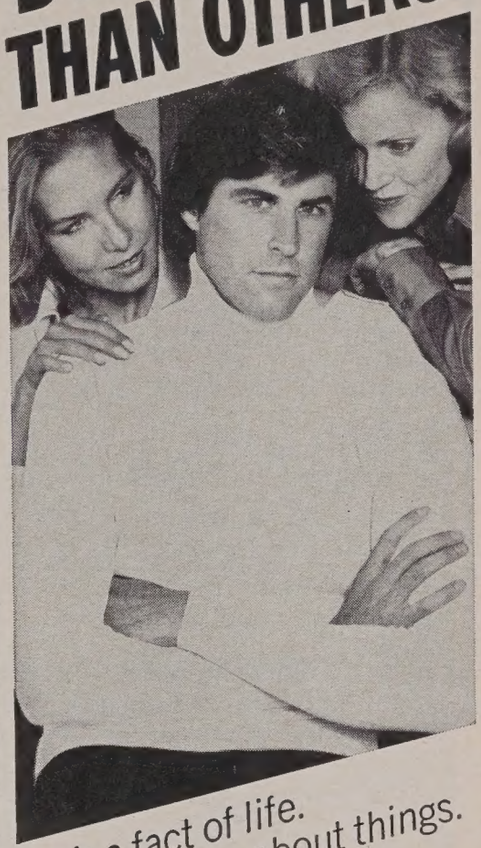
Since those earlier years I have often used your magazine as a taking-off point for my own experiments. When I see or read about other people acting out delicious fantasies, it becomes so much easier for me to pursue their fulfillment. Your "Bawdy Bathers" pictorial in 1974 inspired me to invite two of my boyfriends over for a midnight swim. As I walked to the edge of the pool to join them, I slowly peeled off my swimsuit before slithering into the water. They followed my lead, and after some awkward fumbling about they became very adept at sharing my eager body. Being ministered to by two aroused males had long been a dream, but now I really did have two stiff pricks to enjoy. I felt like Superwoman as I gave head to one while the other plowed into my cunt from behind. Even the previously imaginary scene of being fucked simultaneously with a cock in my vagina and another in my ass became finally and undeniably real.

As recently as last winter I had still not been involved in a *mènage á trois* with a man and another woman. It was a long-standing fantasy of mine, fueled and fired by the descriptions I'd read and the layouts I'd relished in your magazine, but the right combination just hadn't come along. Then I met a man with whom sex was so good that I could talk to him about anything, and he would do anything to please me. I knew that I could, without fear, share him with my favorite girl friend-lover and that as a threesome we would all take each other to new realms of pleasure.

One Saturday morning I woke up deciding that this was the day I'd propose bringing another woman into our lovemaking. Greg was still asleep, his soft, thick penis resting invitingly across his lower stomach. I gently held his balls in one hand and ever so tenderly slipped his flaccid dick into my mouth. He moaned in his sleep as his cock slowly hardened in response to the licking and sucking I was administering. By the time Greg opened his eyes, he had a full throbbing erection, glistening with saliva and come, sliding in and out of my wet mouth and throat.

I slipped away to the living room for a moment and brought back two issues of *Penthouse* from last year. They featured two of my favorite mixed-threesome pictorials.

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



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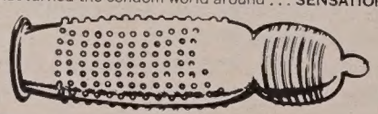

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"Look at these while I ride you," I grinned, "and think about how exciting it would be to have another woman with us." I straddled Greg's hips and positioned myself above his stiff penis, guiding it to my nether lips and slowly impaled myself down its thick, rigid length. "Ooh . . . we could be doing that," I breathed, pointing to one of the pages. Greg groaned as I wriggled my hips, churning my cunt around his big prick, "What, uh, mmmh persuasion!" "Two more breasts to feel and suck . . . another . . . aahh, wet cunt to, unh, lick and . . . plunge into like mine," I sighed. He turned the pages clumsily as I bounced up and down on his cock. I was nearing a climax but had to be sure I had him with me. "Two women," I whispered, "their lips and tongues and fingers . . . oh, God . . . all over you. Ooh, your cock, uh, your ass, aaahh!" Greg was there, too. "Oh, Christ, yes," he panted, thrusting upward, crashing into me with sudden fury, "Aah! Yes, two . . . anything, shit, sooo . . . oh . . . good, mmmh . . ." I let myself go, lost in the orgasm, swirling on his spurting prick, his warm semen flowing into me, my desires and fantasies becoming his.

We rested in each other's arms for a few minutes, savoring the afterglow in our warm bodies, and then I got up and called my friend and lover (whom I'll call) Toni. I asked her if she was up for a new sexual adventure, and she said she'd be right over. By the time the doorbell rang, Greg and I were incredibly high with anticipation. He wanted to answer the door with his gorged penis sticking out proudly in front of him. I stood next to him literally dripping with excitement.

Toni is a woman of mixed race, a ripe twenty-one years of age. Her skin is a creamy milk-chocolate color, her hair a warm brown worn in a seminatural that flows down around her soft beautiful face. She has the type of phenomenal figure that inspires envy in other women and arouses animal lust in every man who sees her. She's of medium height with long slim legs, a high firm fanny, tiny waist, and large, round, fleshy breasts that are so firm they never need support. Toni always dresses to show off her body: deliciously tight pants, skimpy tank tops, and T-shirts or flimsy revealing blouses, and occasional slinky dresses that beg to be ripped off.

She stood before us in tight white shorts that highlighted the smooth coffee tone of her silky legs and creased sharply into her crotch. Her clinging T-shirt accentuated the size of her chest, the dark shadows of her nipples taunting us through the yellow cotton. She gaped at Greg's hard prick but coolly stepped forward, grasping his hard-on as if she were shaking hands and said, "This *is* a big surprise!" She turned to me, kissed me fully on the mouth with her soft lips and probing tongue and told me, "You know I'm always ready for something new, lover." Stroking Greg's dick with one hand, she slid the other over my breasts and down my belly, dipping her fingers into my steaming vagina. Then, licking her now

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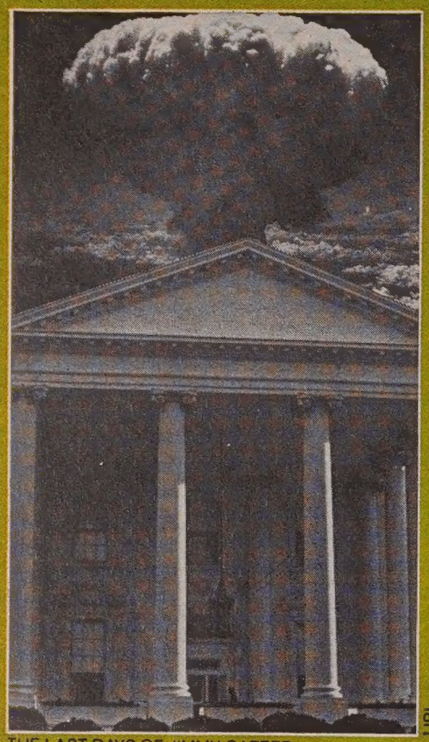

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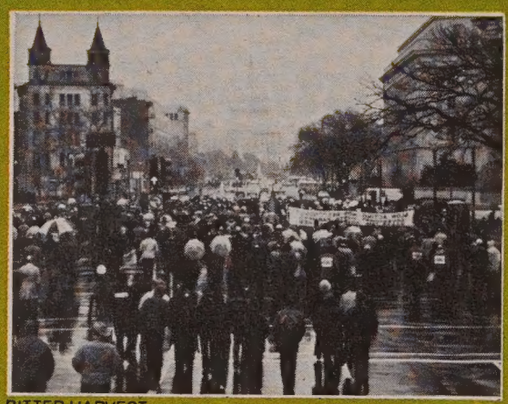

BITTER HARVEST

Jim Smith

CHARLES HORMAN

SMUGGLING

High Times Magazine

The Last Days of Jimmy Carter—It's 1980, and President Carter refuses to take his low standing in the polls lying down. In this outrageously funny political satire by Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway, Carter's men launch a misbegotten scheme to have the president stand tough against antinuclear radicals. Bert Lance, Ham Jordan, Jody Powell, Pat Caddell, and all the other good old boys follow such traditional behavior patterns that what is presented here as satire is likely happening now behind closed doors in Washington.

Bitter Harvest Part II—In Part I of this two-part series on America's farm crisis, we learned that more than 1,000 farms a week are going bankrupt. Last winter thousands of farmers traveled to Washington in an attempt to show the politicians why the independent farmer is necessary to American life. David Harris was with them and recounts their repeated efforts to gain justice and their betrayal by the government. Harris's dramatic report of the sellout of the American farmer clarifies why Carter is considered "the Benedict Arnold of agriculture."

Smuggling—Marijuana is one of the biggest businesses around—as big, in fact, as the entire American tobacco industry. Americans spend about $12 billion a year on Colombian weed alone. Ed Rasen, in an intensive six-month investigation, infiltrated the ranks of several megaton Colombian smugglers, learning firsthand how these operations are conducted and why so few smugglers are ever caught or prosecuted. As one U.S. Customs official admits, "The ones we do catch should be arrested for stupidity, not for trafficking."

The Execution of Charles Horman—Charles Horman, a young American free-lance writer who lived in Chile, disappeared two days after a military coup overthrew Salvador Allende's government. When the American ambassador did nothing to help, Horman's father flew to Chile to try to save him. Thomas Hauser's account of this nightmarish journey, the father's discovery of his son's terrible death, and the likelihood of American State Department complicity in the murder are presented in this compelling excerpt from the upcoming book *The Execution of Charles Horman: An American Sacrifice*, to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Election Day Guide—As yet another election-day disaster approaches, political analyst Jeff Greenfield confirms the awful truth that defeated voters suspected: politicians *always* do exactly the opposite of what they promise. Elected politicians, Greenfield says, immediately run for reelection by appeasing opponents and ignoring campaign pledges. The way to beat the system, once you know this, is simple: vote for the candidate who offers the opposite of what you want. A cynical but persuasive argument for voting in reverse, in our November "Advise and Dissent."

wet fingers, she sighed, "Mmmm, it tastes like you two have already had some morning fun and games with each other. Let's get started."

Toni lifted her shift over her breasts, and Greg gasped in awe, "My god! It's like a dream!" While he helped her with her top and swooped down on her perfect coffee-colored bosom, I unzipped her shorts and slid them down her long, tan legs. I couldn't help fondling her prominent ass and briefly sip at the succulent folds of flesh adorned by thick, tight curls of black hair. Since Toni's vagina is low slung and perfectly situated for rear entry, I suggested that she and I "sixty-nine" with her kneeling over me, allowing Greg to slip in from any direction.

In a flash I was on my back, Toni above me, our mouths glued to each other's moist vaginal deltas. Her huge breasts pressed against my stomach, their hard, brown nipples burning into my flesh. With my fingers I spread her delicate labia, revealing her pink clitoris and glistening inner tissues, which my hungry tongue lapped crazily. Toni's brown face was completely buried between my thighs, her lips pressed inside my vagina, her tongue darting deep into the crevice, driving me absolutely mad. Then Greg knelt in front of her, offering her his penis. As she raised her head to oblige him, her hips lowered her cunt more firmly against my mouth and I continued to eat her out while she voraciously fellated Greg's slick erection.

After a few more minutes of slurping and sucking, Greg moved around behind Toni, obviously ready to plunge his reddened prick into her more-than-ready cunt. He placed his hands on the tawny globes of her round ass and slid his cock right above my face toward her wet entrance. I reached up and guided his hot, stiff penis into Toni's quivering vagina, licking his shaft as it sank into the fleshy opening. "Ohhh! That's it, honey," Toni moaned. "Mmmm, fuck me hard with that pretty dick!" Soon her sighs were muffled in the wetness of my cunt as she drove her strong, hot, probing tongue back into me.

The first trio was only a stimulus to more experimentation that day and many others. We tried numerous positions and variations, including gentle bondage, playful spanking and tickling, and the use of oils, honey, whipped cream, dildos, and vibrators. We always end up fucking each other at such a furious pace that, like the tigers in "Little Black Sambo," we seem to lose our original identities and melt into one flowing, buttery mass. We've talked about bringing other friends into our expanding sexual universe and continue to look to *Penthouse* for innovations and new frontiers.—*L.S., Los Angeles, Calif.*

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